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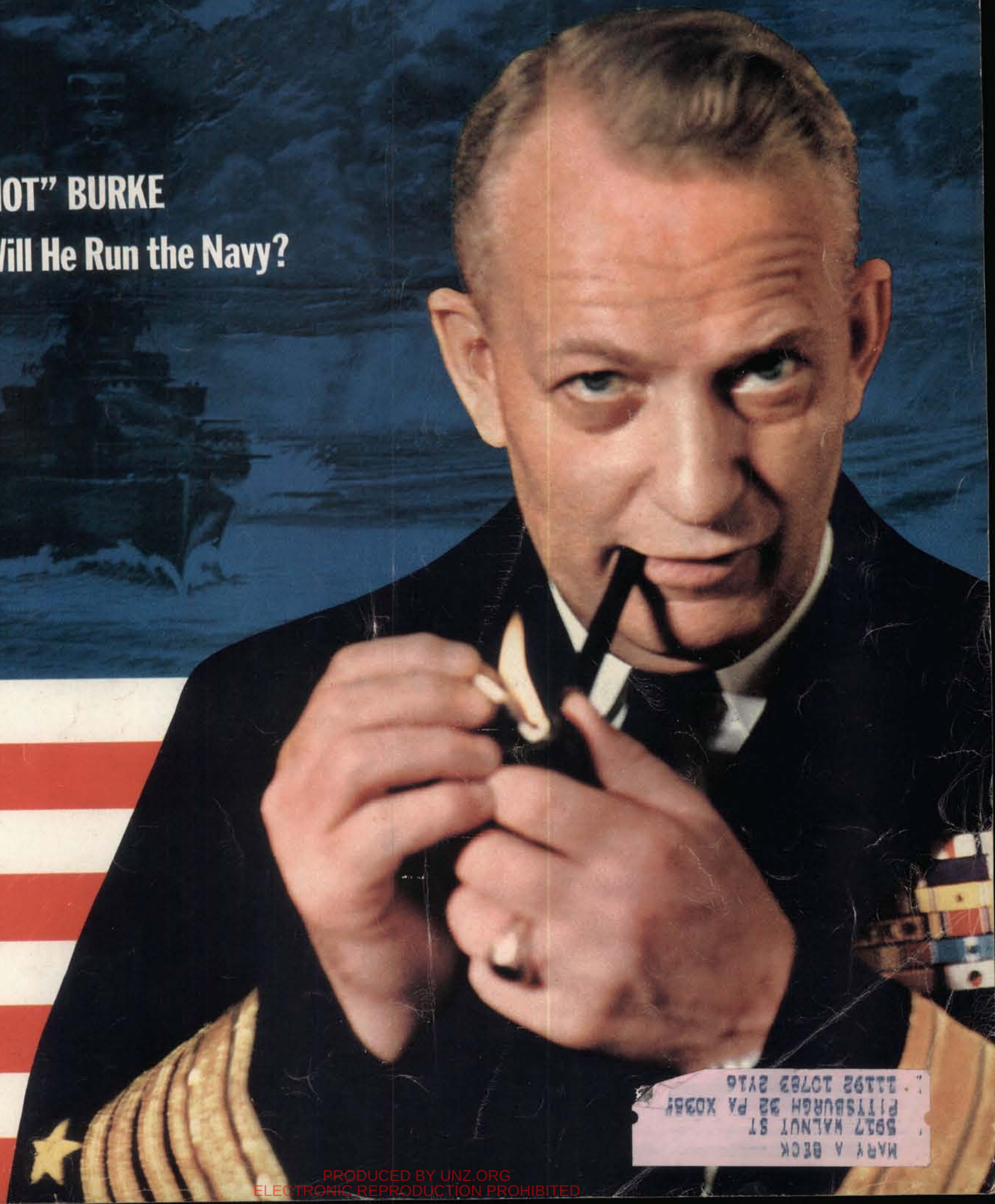
Collier's

SEPTEMBER 16, 1955 · FIFTEEN CENTS

FRANCIS WALLACE'S
16th Football Preview
WILL YOU PAY FOR TV?



"31-KNOT" BURKE
How Will He Run the Navy?



MARY A BECK
5927 WALNUT ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA 40384
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When you see Fleischmann's on a liquor bottle, you can be sure there's a quality drink inside. Whether you're choosing whiskey or gin, the name Fleischmann is your assurance of highest distilling standards.

FLEISCHMANN'S PREFERRED — BLENDED WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • FLEISCHMANN'S GIN — FIRST GIN DISTILLED IN AMERICA • DISTILLED DRY GIN • 90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEESKILL, N. Y.



YOUR FUTURE HOME may have electric master panels like this, where you'll control lighting, indoor weather and scores of electric helpers, some not even invented yet. Atomic energy probably will provide much of the additional electricity you will use—electric company engineers are now developing ways to apply it economically and practically.

YOUR FRIEND...THE ATOM

More electricity...improved health...better foods...new products...all coming from the atom

The day is coming when the power of the atom will be used more for peaceful purposes than for weapons.

Probably the widest use of atomic energy will be to produce electric power. It is expected to join coal, gas and other fuels as a vast new source of heat to run power plants.

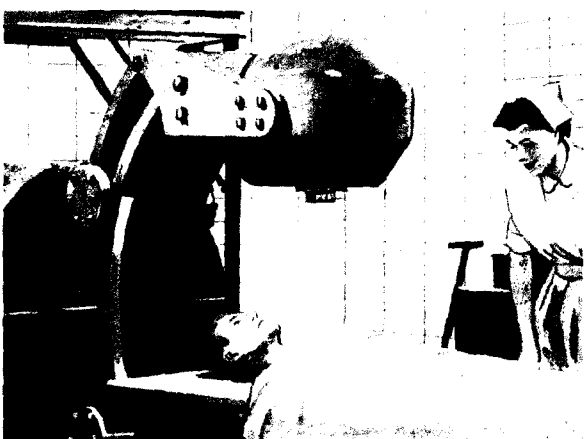
And it will be needed, too. For you are putting to work more electricity all the time, *doubling* your use every 10 years or so! In the years to come, America will need much more electric power to maintain and even advance a high standard of living.

That's why the electric light and power companies are studying and planning for atomic-electric power plants. Now that use of the atom is no longer limited to weapons, the people and companies most experienced in producing electricity—and medicines, chemicals, foods and other products—are free to develop its promise for you.

AMERICA'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*

*Names on request from this magazine

"YOU ARE THERE"—CBS television—witness history's great events



BETTER HEALTH from atomic energy. Radioactive materials for treating cancer and other ills, substances that can be "traced" through the body by Geiger counters, drugs sterilized by the atom's radiations—these are some of the medical advances already developed.



BETTER FOODS are coming from other uses of the atom: radiation of plants to provide bigger and better harvests, sterilization of packaged foods against spoiling—farming and food specialists are finding dozens of ways to put the atom to peaceful work.



BETTER PRODUCTS of many kinds will appear as industries find ways to make the atom work. Atomic energy inspects, measures and checks things being made, simplifies the production of plastics and other materials, will make possible brand-new products for you.

Picture OF THE MONTH

As a prize-winning, suspense-spinning best seller, "Trial" left absolutely nothing to be desired—except filming. And this, we're happy to say, has been magnificently arranged by M-G-M with a superlative cast starring Glenn Ford, Dorothy McGuire, Arthur Kennedy, John Hodiak and Katy Jurado.

"Trial" is the story of a teen-ager accused of murder on his first date—and of the strangely contrasting people caught up in the dramatic case. It begins with a girl's scream knifing the warm dark of a lover's beach somewhere on the West Coast. It may well end winning the Academy Award.



For here is no ordinary thriller. Even before publication, the novel by Don M. Mankiewicz had won the coveted Harper Prize over 885 other entries. It's easy to see why. Never sensational for sensationalism's sake, "Trial" is fast, electrifyingly outspoken and as full of sudden splendors as of surprises.

Glenn Ford, who has enlivened the screen with a series of fine performances, clicks again in a part that pits him against unpredictable violences. He is David Blake, professor of law, who undertakes the unpopular, almost impossible defense of Angel Chavez, who is 17, Mexican and innocent. Since this is David's first case in a flesh-and-blood courtroom, he is in his own eyes—and those of the not-so-private secretary he shares with an unscrupulous partner—on trial himself.

Dorothy McGuire's secretary is a beautifully muted portrayal of a woman who knows what's what and who's who and, at David's kiss, wishes she didn't. Arthur Kennedy, a ruthless friend, and John Hodiak, a compassionate foe, return to the screen from the stage in triumphant style. Through the antagonists they so vividly personify, we are hurled into a larger arena than that in which Angel Chavez's slim life is at stake.

Credit producer Charles Schnee and director Mark Robson for underscoring every nuance and shock. The urgent screenplay, by Mankiewicz himself, bars no holds, ducks no issues, spares no feelings.

"Trial" is thus strong stuff indeed, the stuff of greatness. Produced in the same year by the same company that made "The Blackboard Jungle", it reveals a similar daring frankness, a no-punches-pulled realism. And it's the screen's closest look to date into what makes people tick... what makes them love without end or hate without reason... what makes them reach for the moon or reach for a gun... what makes them, in short—people!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents "TRIAL" starring GLENN FORD, DOROTHY MCGUIRE, ARTHUR KENNEDY, JOHN HODIAK, KATY JURADO with Rafael Campos, Juano Hernandez. Written by Don M. Mankiewicz, from his Harper's Prize Novel. Directed by Mark Robson. Produced by Charles Schnee. An M-G-M Picture.

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 16, 1955

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THE COVER . . Bob Phillips

When Admiral Arleigh Burke was upped from Commander Destroyers Atlantic to Chief of Naval Operations (see pages 21-25), his staff at Newport, Rhode Island, was hard put to find a suitable farewell gift. It was finally decided to commission naval artist Fred Freeman, whose work has frequently appeared in Collier's, to paint one of Burke's outstanding engagements of World War II—The Battle of Cape St. George, in

which his Little Beaver Squadron sank three Japanese destroyers. Some 50 members of Burke's staff and destroyer officers who had served under him contributed to the gift fund. The completed picture serves as a backdrop for Collier's cover photo of the admiral. In the upper right-hand corner is Howard Cassidy of Ohio State, named "Back of the Year" in Francis Wallace's annual Football Preview beginning on page 28



The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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TOOTH PASTE DOESN'T DO IT . . . No tooth paste

gives you the proven Listerine method of stopping bad breath with germ-killing action!

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH 4 TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE

Germs are the major cause of bad breath and no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine—instantly—by millions!

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. Research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than any tooth paste.

Listerine Antiseptic Kills Germs by Millions

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact. Test after test has shown that even fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, germs on tooth, mouth, and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward, as much as 80%.

No Tooth Paste Kills Germs Like This . . . Instantly

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action. As a result, Listerine stops bad breath instantly, usually for hours on end. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

LISTERINE CLINICALLY PROVED FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE

BAD BREATH
WAS REDUCED
THIS MUCH
BY LISTERINE



1 HR. AFTER USING

BAD BREATH
WAS REDUCED
THIS MUCH
BY TOOTH PASTE



BAD BREATH
WAS REDUCED
THIS MUCH
BY LISTERINE



4 HRS. AFTER USING

BAD BREATH
WAS REDUCED
THIS MUCH
BY TOOTH PASTE



NO
SIGNIFICANT
REDUCTION

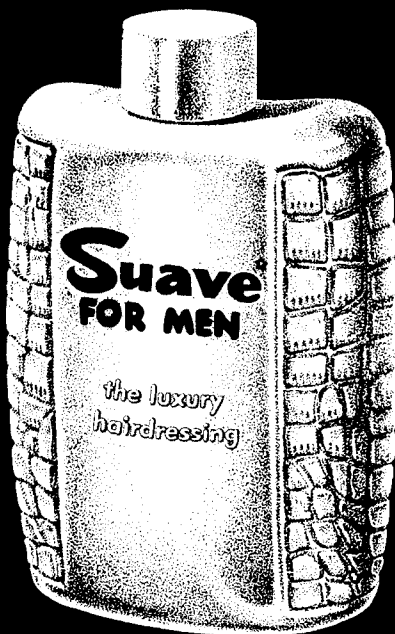


LISTERINE

. . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world



treat
yourself to
the luxury
hairdressing



in this
handsome
squeeze flask

Created for the one man in four who'd rather pay a little more to get a lot more in grooming satisfaction, SUAVE FOR MEN is America's finest hairdressing. Greaseless, of course... can't stain hat-band. Insures natural good grooming all day. To look suave, use SUAVE* daily.

In alligator-grained plastic squeeze flask \$1
Travel size 60c

*TRADEMARK

(plus tax)

Appointment with O'HARA



By JOHN O'HARA

WHEN I was hired for this delightful job I was not asked how much experience I had had in the field of economics. I had had enough experience to know how much dough I wanted; to ask for it; and to hold out for something like twenty minutes till I got it. It was all done at a luncheon meeting at a club to which I then belonged, a Fifth Avenue organization where the food is so good and the Stanford White architecture so awesome that any editor would be impressed. Shortly after I made the deal I resigned from the club because I couldn't afford it, but that is another economic matter.

I wander a bit, but back I go to economics, lured back by radio commercials, particularly two of them that I hear all too frequently. The two I have in mind proclaim to all the world that one of the sponsors is the largest dealer of, let us say, Oaklands in the whole country; and that the other dealer, who sells, let us say, Metzes, is proud that the Metz, a more expensive car, is now one of the Big Three. The impression that the Oakland dealer tries to convey is that if you don't buy from him you are going to get stuck with a dealer who will be out of business Monday morning. The second sponsor, I infer, is telling you that if you don't buy a Metz you are going to get stuck with a car that will fall apart on the way home, and that you are a dope if you buy out of the Big Three.

Let me tell you something. The second largest dealer is staying out of jail, and the fourth largest-selling car is a good car. Cars made in this country are all so good that when I bought a new one last spring I was influenced by two principal factors: the kind of body I wanted, and my satisfactory experience with my local dealer. (I also own an English sports car, which by my scale of living is what an extra yacht is to Harold S. Vanderbilt.) My dealer probably doesn't "move" enough cars to put him among the first hundred, but when I was buying a new car I didn't ask him that.

SOME OF you readers, loyal and true, seem to remember this department's campaign to get people to stop hanging their arms out of their cars, particularly the drivers of cars who may or may not be giving you a traffic signal.

An ugly accident in Michigan would not have happened if the injured party had heard about and heeded this campaign. A man who apparently was riding with his hand

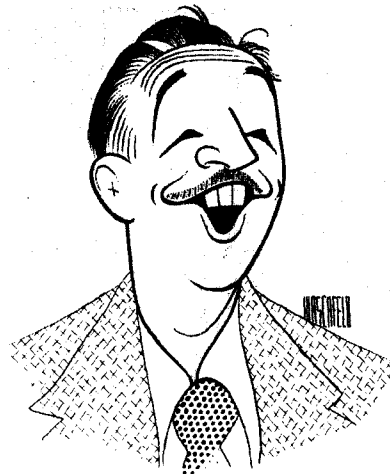
trolling got his arm wrenched out of the socket. That was something I knew might happen, and it did. But my campaign is directed against the stupid, inconsiderate habit not because of the danger of grotesquely dramatic incidents, but because the driver who follows the hand-hanger (or top-gripper) is confused and misdirected by Casual Boy up ahead.

Another character who annoys me is Dashing Type. Dashing Type, usually in his late teens or early twenties, sits on the edge of his seat with his elbow jutting out like the engineman of a steam locomotive (but on the opposite side). Whenever you see Dashing Type, give him clearance. He is going to play broken-field runner with his car, which he drives as though it were a hot rod, but is just as likely to be a light delivery truck. He is in an excellent position to bash his skull on the windshield, and to that observation I can only add the comment that it's his skull.

I DON'T THINK this has been printed before, and to tell you the truth I don't give a damn if it has been. I can't keep track of everything the opposition publishes, and if once in a while they see something first, let me say, with all the graciousness at my command, "High time. Opposition, high time."

What is certainly news to me was my discovery, made in the course of a vigorous investigation, that Walt Disney was unable to get the Post Office to call Disneyland Disneyland. I captured a citizen of Disneyland and tortured him until he confessed that the nearest town, a place called Anaheim, objected to

AL HIRSCHFELD



Anaheim won't let Walt Disney call it Disneyland, California

Disneyland's being called Disneyland, California.

I think that's pretty mean of Anaheim. There is a place called Santa Claus, Indiana, which is a nice thing to know a few weeks before Christmas. People send stuff to the postmaster there and ask him to stamp the S.C. cancellation on cards and packages, and it would be rather sweet (if rather commercial) to have a Disneyland postmark on things for the kids.

My pachydermic memory reminds me that Anaheim used to get a lot of free publicity on the Jack Benny radio program, along with Azusa and Cucamonga. Wouldn't it be no more than good manners for Anaheim now to let Disneyland have a postmark?

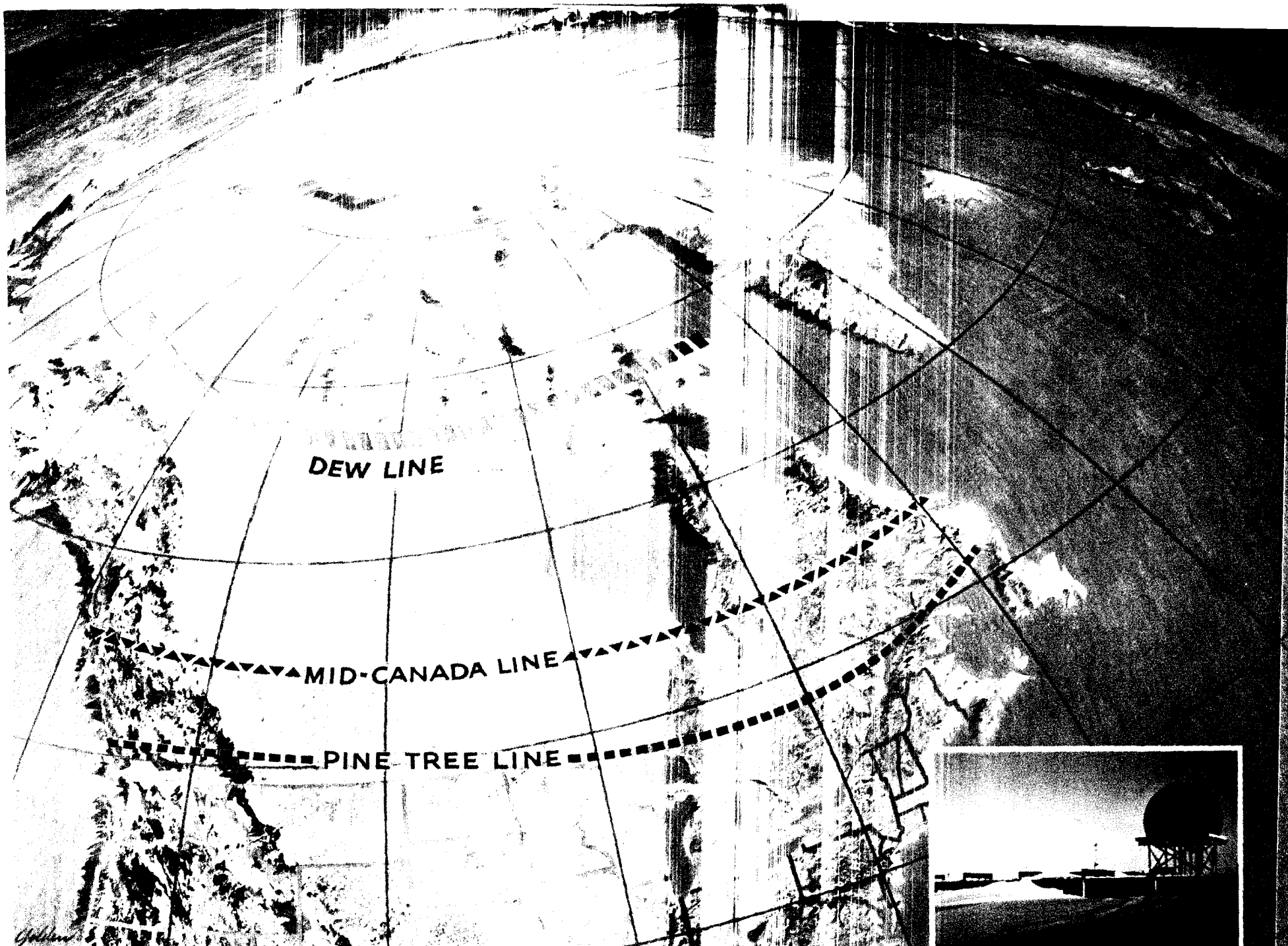
WE ALL ought to play more polo. How long is it, now honestly, since you came home from the office and instead of just sitting around the house with a bottle of beer, listening to the ball game, you went out and had a few chukkers before dark?

There's one thing you can say for polo that you can't say for baseball. It's simple. There are practically no rules in polo. It isn't all lawyered up and statisticked up so you really ought to carry a slide rule to the game. Any man who gets to wear a major-league uniform for three weeks is sure to get in the record books. Maybe he holds the record for brown-eyed natives of North Carolina with most put-outs in 10-inning games. Or Most Successive Bunts off Left-handed Pitchers in Games Called on Account of Snow.

I think we Americans are too impressed by arithmetic, and yet we say a man batted a thousand when his average is 1.0 or 1,000,000,000,000. Both the same thing, neither one a thousand.

TO US EASTERNERS Joseph Henry Jackson represented literary life on the West Coast. A man who was born in New Jersey and went to college in Easton, Pennsylvania, became, in our minds, the outstanding Far Western critic and more. If you put together two words, California, and books, you thought of Joe Jackson first. And rightly so. His reviews of my books were not always favorable, but as an author I had respect for him as a critic and I will miss him as a man I wish I had seen oftener. He was at the top of my list of men to visit on my contemplated journey to San Francisco, and he was always at the top of reviewers whose opinions I value.

Collier's for September 16, 1955



Artist's sketch of early warning line plan.



DEW Line radar station in the Arctic.

NEW RADAR SKY-WATCH TO GUARD ARCTIC FRONTIER

If enemy planes ever attack from over the North polar regions, every minute of advance warning of their coming will be precious — for minutes may mean the difference between a successful defense and a crippled America.

Today, across the northern rim of the continent a line of unique radar stations is being built in the icy Arctic wastelands. This is the Distant Early Warning Line . . . DEW Line, for short.

DEW Line radars will scan the skies constantly . . . spot any invaders and instantly flash a warning to defense command centers in the United States and Canada. This outermost Arctic sentry will give us earlier warning . . . will work with the Mid-Canada and Pine Tree radar lines that the U.S. and Canadian governments are providing farther south. All three will function in one vast protective net.

Basically, an early warning radar line is a communications system. So Western Electric, which produces and installs equipment for the Bell Telephone System, was called upon in 1952 by the U.S. Department of Defense to build on the northern shores of Alaska an experimental early warning

line based upon development work done at Lincoln Laboratories, at M.I.T.

We started at once to organize a team for the task. We selected communications specialists from our own ranks; from 17 Bell Telephone Companies, Bell Telephone Laboratories, A. T. & T.'s Long Lines Department and our Canadian affiliate, Northern Electric Company.

Joining forces in much the same way we do to provide Bell telephone service, we pooled our experience and went to work . . . research scientists, procurement and transportation specialists, construction engineers, microwave technicians, transmission experts, skilled operators of electronic equipment . . . all with a single mission: to build a first line of defense for America.

Hundreds of other firms were called in to help. Special buildings and construction techniques were invented to meet the severe Arctic weather. Electronic equipment was specially made or converted to cope with magnetic storms. There were major transportation problems to be solved, for tractors, buildings, machinery, millions of gallons of fuel . . . thousands of tons of materials . . . all had to

be delivered to faraway barren sites. Yet, the job was done on time.

The test installations proved successful — and the U.S. and Canadian governments promptly decided to extend the DEW Line across the Arctic. Western Electric again was called upon — was asked by the U.S. Air Force to undertake, as prime contractor, the job of building the thousands of miles of radar line with responsibility for all phases of it: development, design, engineering, procurement, transportation, construction, installation, testing and training of operating personnel.

Again we have assembled Bell System men and experience to get the job done. We're at it now. Already thousands of tons of heavy equipment have been delivered by air, tractor-train and ship to Arctic sites — much of it by the Air Force and the Navy. Construction is going ahead rapidly before the Arctic winter sets in. Working together, we are pressing forward on the project at full speed.

Western Electric



MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM



A hit . . . and run for a tall,
tinkling glass of Hires—the root beer
that refreshes right! It's balanced
refreshment—blended as only Hires
has done it since 1876. No wonder
Hires is America's largest selling
root beer. Have a Hires today!
It's wonderful with snacks—
or any time! At your dealer's
or at fountains and dispensers
everywhere. Hires to you!

Hires

Refreshes
RIGHT!



COLLIER'S CREDITS..

THE Kids are back! Those riotous, numerous, extremely normal Berenstain kids whom you've seen pictured in action in Collier's in various localities, from skating rink to Saturday-afternoon matinee. Since the first one of those drawings in 1948, they've been among the most popular features we've ever published. Literally thousands of readers were delighted and said so, the latest being Beppe Aloardi, of Milan, Italy, who asks: "Where can we see the moppets?" Why, Beppe, you can see them on page 66.

In addition to their regular cartoon work, the Berenstains do a syndicated newspaper feature, *Sister*, and have written and illustrated several books, the latest being *Marital Blitz*. They have acquired a reputation, undeserved they say, as child-behavior experts and people are always dropping knotty problems in their laps. The only one they solved satisfactorily was, "Can you give me advice on how to control my children when I go shopping?"

"Don't take them with you," was their reply. Could Dr. Gesell do any better?

JAMES THOMAS DUGAN is a product of Altoona, Pennsylvania, and Penn State. He had written magazine pieces on various subjects before he was drafted and did 41 months in Europe as a medic, Eighth Air Force reporter and *Yank* magazine staffer. "Heeding my mother's advice to watch out for foreign girls," he says, "I looked out so good that I ran into Sergeant Ruth Lonergan in London and married her. She is from White Bear Lake, Minnesota, and used to have a job tracing lost freight cars for the Northern Pacific Railroad. Needless to say, she's never lost trace of her husband."

In 1944 the Dugans met Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau, and soon Sergeant Lonergan became U.S. agent for Cousteau's Calypso Oceanographic Expeditions, helping him write his marvelous book *The Silent World*. Dugan responded by writing his *own* best-selling book *The Great Iron Ship*, no relation to Cousteau's now famous vessel, the Calypso.

In 1954 Dugan, as ship's reporter, did join the Calypso on a 35,000-mile

cruise of the Mediterranean, Red Sea, Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean. That's where he got the scent of the coelacanth which resulted in the astonishing article in this issue. And that's why Dugan stuck his finger in our chest the other day and snarled: "People are stuffed with spaceman dope. The real frontier is the sea."

To each his own frontier.

"IN CASE you need to prove to the reading public I know what I'm talking about," writes Captain Walter Karig, author of the article on Admiral Arleigh Burke, "I was on the staffs of Chiefs of Naval Operations Louis Denfeld and Forrest Sherman in 1949 and 1950, where I worked intimately with Burke. I was also with him on the staff of Commander Far East Turner Joy in combat in Korea. I am author of the six-volume authorized naval history of World War II and was technical director of the television program *Victory at Sea*."

Karig could also have mentioned that he had a fine-arts education, served with the French and Polish armies in World War I, was editorial writer and Washington correspondent for the Newark (N.J.) *Evening News* for many years, and has written and sometimes illustrated numerous books including a best-selling novel (*Zotz!*), a Micronesian history and dictionary, and both juvenile and adult mysteries.

Q. Gledhill Cameron, while visiting numerous men's clothing establishments and interviewing salesmen for your story on page 44, did you or did you not pick out a suit for your husband, in his absence?

A. I did, because . . .

Q. Just answer the question, please. Isn't it true that with dark suits all the style, you chose a light suit for him?

A. Yes, he looks nice in . . .

Q. One more question. After your husband saw the light suit, tell the court in your own words what happened.

A. He exchanged it for a dark suit. Thank you. *That is all.*

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

CHARLES MYERS



The Berenstains with their own moppets, Leo, seven, and Mike, three

Collier's for September 16, 1955

GIVE YOUR CAR THIS NEW

1-2-3 POWER!



ONLY NEW *Sky Chief* GIVES YOU ALL 3

- 1. PETROX.** This is the exclusive petroleum-base element that really puts new life in your engine, and keeps it younger, longer! Unlike ordinary additives, *Petrox* can leave no harmful deposits. It actually *protects* as it *powers*. Less power-wasting wear means longer engine life... and more, money-saving miles in every gallon of Sky Chief with *Petrox*.
- 2. TOP OCTANE** Sky Chief gives you smooth, mile-after-mile knock-free power. More than 75 million dollars have been invested in the past year just to increase Texaco octane quality. Today you get the highest octane Sky Chief gasoline ever available—to assure you *all* the power your engine can deliver... so that you'll enjoy a brand new *power-feel* every mile you drive!
- 3. 100% CLIMATE-CONTROLLED.** You get the *only* premium gasoline that's *pecially blended* for climate and altitude wherever you fill 'er up in all 48 states! So—*wherever* you drive, Sky Chief assures you top performance: quicker starts, faster getaways and pick-up, full responsive power in traffic, on the open road and up the hills!

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in all 48 states

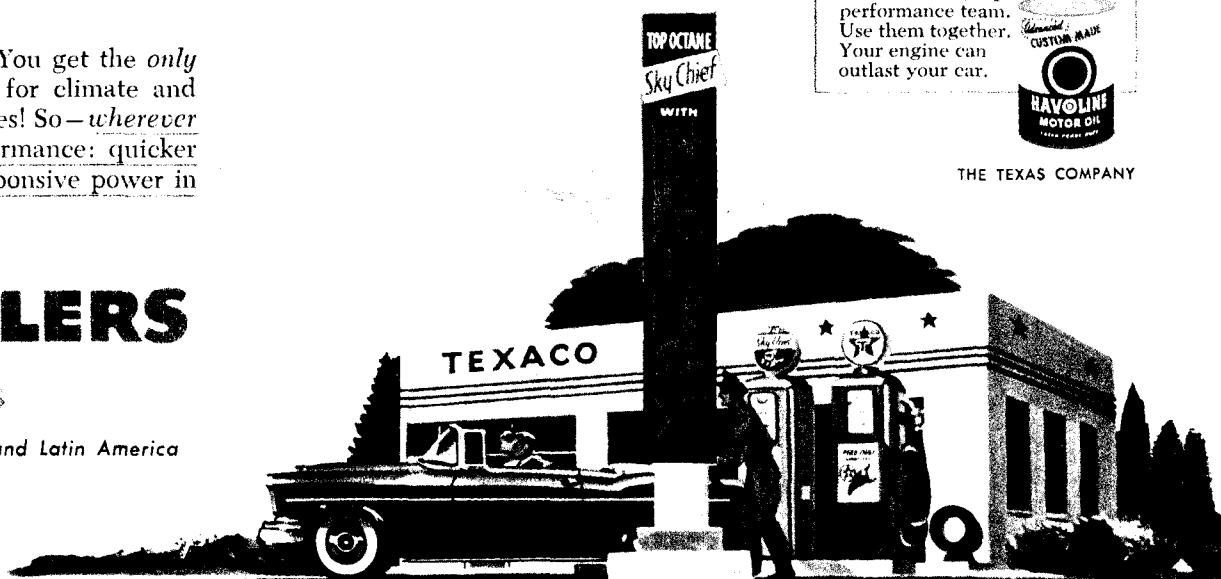
Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America



TIP—Sky Chief and Havoline are the tested, top-performance team. Use them together. Your engine can outlast your car.



THE TEXAS COMPANY



TUNE IN... TEXACO STAR THEATER starring JIMMY DURANTE or DONALD O'CONNOR on television, Saturday nights, NBC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

If he were discovered in this apartment, he knew his chances of staying alive would be slim

DEATH

ON

the Avenida

By BORDEN DEAL

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK MCCARTHY

ALL happened very quickly. The Avenida Paseo de la Reforma in Mexico City is a wide, beautiful street where traffic moves swift and deadly. The man wearing slacks and a conspicuous white *guayavera* shirt was obviously an American, for Mexicans do not dress in that manner in the capital. He appeared suddenly from a narrow street that angled into the Avenida; he paused, looking toward the American Embassy building.

He paused only briefly before starting across the street, moving fast. But he did not move fast enough. A long, powerful automobile crumpled him against the concrete, tossing and dragging him like a bull with a downed matador, until he lay still in the middle of the Avenida.

It seemed to be an ordinary traffic accident, but beneath the surface of circumstance, it was not an ordinary accident. It had started the night before, planned and foreordained. And a planned accident is, of course, a murder.

Perhaps it went back to the morning six months ago, in Acapulco, when Jimmy Elliott had listened to a serious man talking about serious matters. Jimmy had been sitting on the beach and the man had sat beside him in his careful business suit and his white shoes, which he lifted gingerly in the sand, like a cat walking in water.

"You know Mexico, Mr. Elliott," the man had said. "We have no one down here who knows it as well as you do—the bullfighters, the artists, the theater people. We need you to work with us."

"But I've never worked at anything," Jimmy Elliott said. "Why should I begin now?"

"You worked at fighting the war," the man said. "This is just as important."

Jimmy Elliott sat silent under the implied rebuke.

"There's a lot going on down here," the man said. "Something bad is coming soon in Guatemala, for instance."

"And where do I come in?" Jimmy said.

"You know your way around down here," the man explained patiently. "You can see a lot and hear a lot. Will you do it?"

"All right," Jimmy said. "Tell me what to do."

"Just keep your ears and eyes open," the man said. "You'll get pointers on whom to get to know. Take your time—it may be a year before you learn anything that's worth coming to us about." The man stood up to leave, and looked up and down the deserted beach. "And don't get into trouble," he said. "We won't be able to help you."

But it had not taken a year. Within three months Jimmy had received a message asking him for all he could learn about a certain man named Korzon, who had come to Mexico in the early days of the Nazi war and was now quietly pursuing a musical career.

Jimmy Elliott knew him well; in fact, he was shocked when he read the name in the letter. Korzon was a quiet, dark little man who, though he lived shabbily, moved in the most brilliant artistic circles of Mexico. Jimmy Elliott began to cultivate him more intensively, and shortly he became one of the small group of intimate friends who were invited to Korzon's apartment for Sunday *café* and *pan dulce* and conversation.

THEN the great break came. He went to Korzon's apartment late one afternoon. He knocked on the door, but there was no answer. He knocked again, impatiently, and the door came open. It was unlocked.

He shoved at it cautiously, opening it wider, and stepped inside, calling Korzon's name loudly. No answer. He took a deep breath. He had never been in this apartment alone before and he had no illusions; if he were discovered here, his chances of staying alive would be very slim.

But he plunged into the room as into deep cold water. There was a desk in the far corner of the room and he searched it very carefully, but he found nothing. The only other hiding place could be the piano. He lifted the lid of the bench and rifled the music there. Nothing. Then he casually raised the lid of the piano and saw it immediately: a packet of oilskin-wrapped papers laid carelessly and yet carefully far back where it did not touch

Have you outgrown fun?

FUN ISN'T JUST FOR CHILDREN, you know—or for the rich—or the happy-go-lucky. Every woman needs fun, almost as much as she needs food!

Fun keeps you feeling young, looking young. And you should keep in mind, especially if you have a family, that fun makes you *fun to be with*.

But—if you're like all too many women today—maybe you're missing out . . .

Perhaps each day seems alike to you . . . gray, and . . . yes, a little grim. You do the same monotonous chores. You almost drag yourself from one task to another.

You feel yourself irritated by little things. Even your children's laughter, perhaps, tends to make you edgy and annoyed. And what makes it worse is that *underneath* you know there's really good-natured, even-tempered *you*.

It's difficult to understand *why* this gradual change has come about, leaving you feeling so . . . so "in-between."

No, you're not really sick

You tell yourself that you're not really sick, so you actually can't blame your health. *But you're far from being really well.*

It might comfort you to know that you're not the only one who feels "wrong" day after day. Millions of people have the very same experience. They're missing out on fun, too—and they don't know why, either.

After all, it just wouldn't occur to the average person that anything as simple as the *caffeine habit* may have a marked effect on the way he feels.

Yet, without realizing it, *you* may be one of the millions bothered by the *caffeine* in coffee or tea.

Your doctor would tell you . . .

Your doctor would be the first to tell you that, for some women, one of the worst offenders against the human nervous system is caffeine.

The use of this strong stimulant day after day, week after week, may make you tired, dragged-out, nervous, irritable.

However, if you're addicted to this habit, there's *nope!*

There's no reason in the world why you can't get yourself in tune again, begin to feel as you'd like to.

You replace a bad habit with a good one

You switch from caffeine-heavy drinks to a new, wonderful hot beverage—

Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum, now available for the first time!



What a rich aroma this new drink has! And it's *so full-bodied, so satisfying*. You can enjoy this *new coffee flavor beverage* straight, or with cream and sugar, all day long, without fear.

You make coffee flavor Postum *instantly*, right in the cup. Just add boiling water and stir. There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour or a headache in it. It can't make you nervous, irritable because it doesn't have a single speck of caffeine in it.

Why not do this?

You owe it to yourself and to your family to try this wonderful, caffeine-free beverage not just once, but for 30 consecutive days. After all, you can't expect to free yourself from the accumulated effect of a habit of years in two or three days, or even a week.

Of course, if you're one of the many people who

don't care for the taste of coffee, remember that *regular* Instant Postum is still available. *Regular* has a distinctive taste all its own.

Your grocer has *both* flavors—*regular* and *Imitation Coffee Flavor*. So inexpensive, too, compared with coffee—it costs less than a penny a cup.

So, try Instant Postum for at least 30 days—take this one step that may make a real difference in your everyday life—every waking hour, every sleeping hour.

Don't let another day go by without giving a fair trial to this satisfying, caffeine-free beverage—Instant Postum. See if you don't feel better! Act better! Look better!

Start the 30-day Instant Postum test *today*. The Instant Postum Beverages are fine products of General Foods. Postum is a registered trade-mark.

Advertisement



Of all the fine
whiskies made in Kentucky,
Kentuckians themselves
overwhelmingly choose
Early Times over all other
straights. It's every
ounce a man's whisky

EARLY TIMES



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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE 1, KY. • 86 PROOF

the strings. He fished it out, allowing himself one quick look out the narrow window before he opened it.

He gazed at the papers. Dear Lord! he thought. And they were worried about Guatemala! He knew, even with his limited knowledge, that he held dynamite in his hands. Or nuclear fission. He whistled softly under his breath.

I'm going to the embassy, he thought. This can't wait until I can establish a contact. And if it uncovers me it's worth it. He lifted his flapping *guayavera* shirt and tucked the packet securely inside the waistband of his trousers, dropping the shirt to cover it again. He let himself out into the alley and walked quickly toward the street, holding his breath. In two minutes he would be safe.

BUT the two minutes were not given him. As he emerged, he saw Korzon and three other men walking toward the building. They called to him.

"Hello," he said, trying to keep his voice quiet and amiable, but with a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. "I was looking for you."

"For me?" Korzon said. "What does my friend want with me so late in the day?"

"A party tomorrow," Jimmy said. "You must come and drink with us and play for us."

"But of course," Korzon said. "But now you must come and drink with us." He hooked an arm in Jimmy's elbow. "You can't leave without drinking with us. I have a new bottle of tequila."

Jimmy wanted to pull himself away but he did not dare. Any little thing could arouse suspicion now; the plans he had tucked inside the waistband of his slacks were well-forward plans, crystallized, just this side of action. Korzon must not get suspicious.

"All right," he said, giving in gracefully. "Just one drink, though. I have time for only one."

Jimmy Elliott felt that he was going into a trap when he walked back into the alley with them. They entered the apartment and settled themselves while Korzon got salt and limes from the kitchen. They began drinking and, after a while, the tequila led to stories and singing and more tequila. More people came in.

Jimmy tried not to show that he was drinking little, and he sang *rancheras* and shouted with the rest of them. The apartment was smoky now and he knew the night was wearing on. Once he tried to escape, but Korzon would have none of it and an argument developed. Jimmy gave in again and contributed money toward more tequila and limes, showing that he was a good fellow at heart after all. And all the time he could feel the papers inside his waistband, an instant betrayal if they should be missed.

It was far into the night before Jimmy Elliott escaped. He had drunk too much tequila and his steps were unsteady as he slipped unseen out the front door. He walked to the street again, breathing the fresh air, thinking that the embassy would be closed now and he would have to wait until morning.

There was a sudden shout in the alley behind him and he turned to see Korzon standing there, shouting, his arms waving wildly over his head. The others were boiling out of the apartment behind him.

They know, Jimmy thought, and in an instant he was running hard and fast, his footsteps loud in the late night. They rushed into the street behind him as he rounded the corner toward San Juan de Letrán. This was a crowded, noisy street, even in the late hours of the night, and he fled into the safety of numbers. He stopped running and began walking quickly toward the penny arcades and movie houses.

I can't let them find me, he thought, thinking of the papers instead of his own life. I've got to stay alive until morning.

He spent the rest of the night in crowds of people. He was conspicuous in his white *guayavera* shirt and because he was an American, but he could do nothing about that. He sat in a flea-ridden movie as long as he could stand it. He bought ices, and said "No" a thousand times to the *mendigos* who besieged him as he worked deeper into the old city.

He was tired now, and the shirt was dirty with the dirt of the city and his own perspiration. At every corner he turned he expected to see Korzon.

As dawn approached, the street quieted, leaving him even more conspicuous. He had still two or three hours to go, and he did not dare approach the embassy until he could go in. Korzon would be expecting him to go there.

He ate a slow breakfast in a dirty *loncheria*, trying to look like an American tourist seeing the seamy side of Mexican life. He looked the part; his head ached and his white *guayavera* was grimy. He loitered there until he figured that, by walking, he could make it to the embassy just in time.

He set out without seeming purpose, doubling into and out of the narrow streets, but slowly working his way back across San Juan de Letrán, across the bustling markets and up the narrow streets, moving cautiously, but watching up and down every street.

Then he stood on the Avenida Paseo de la Reforma and looked across at the shining modern building that housed the American Embassy. The flag flying before it was like a shout of freedom.

AN AMBULANCE came quickly and took the body away, the attendants lifted the dead man in the grimed *guayavera*, which no self-respecting Mexican would wear in Mexico City, for it was proper dress only for resorts.

And Jimmy Elliott stood rigid on the steps of the American Embassy, watching as they picked the man up, shaken within himself by the accident—the murder. The poor innocent tourist, Jimmy thought. He never knew what hit him. And just because he decided to wear his new *guayavera* shirt this morning. And, Jimmy's mind added painfully, because he elected to cross a street a few paces behind a marked man wearing the same kind of shirt.

With the wonder of his escape still in him, Jimmy turned toward the embassy door and stopped. Korzon was standing quite near him, staring at him with hatred and fear. There is nothing he can do now, Jimmy thought, even as desperate as he is. He can only wait and watch me go into the building, and then go on waiting for something he knows will happen.

He lifted his hand to Korzon, ironically, and walked inside the wide, welcoming doors.

—BORDEN DEAL

Collier's for September 16, 1955

Yours to have,
to cherish, to enjoy
... **Magnavox**

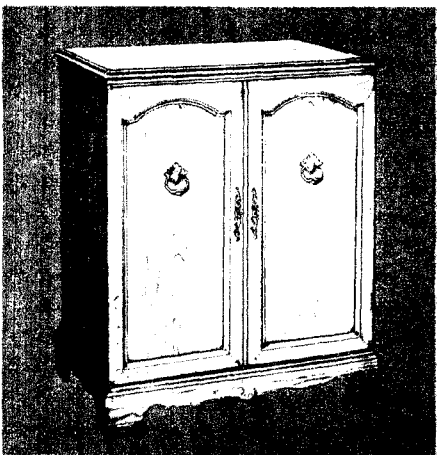
WHEN YOU BEGIN to furnish your home . . . when each new purchase is a memorable event, it will be good to know that your television set is the Magnavox, a thing of beauty you can proudly cherish and enjoy for years to come!

You will spend many of your happiest hours at home with your Magnavox and though this is television at its best—with the clearest picture and true high fidelity sound—it actually costs you no more than ordinary television receivers. These great values are possible because Magnavox sells direct to dealers. This saving is passed on to you by way of more features and greater values.

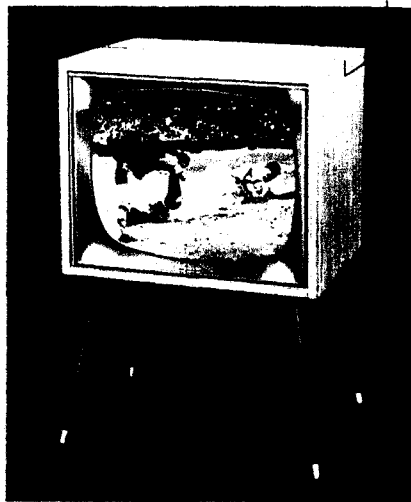
You can own a Magnavox, renowned for its quality, for as little as \$149.50. That's less than 25c a day if you buy on a payment plan.

Magnavox also offers the widest choice of fine high fidelity radio-phonographs, with furniture-styled cabinets that match any decor. Have a demonstration of the instruments shown here, and many more at your Magnavox dealer's. His name is listed under "Magnavox" in the Television section of your classified phone book.

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THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY, FORT WAYNE 4, IND.



Normandy 24. Combines the appeal of old world Provincial styling with today's finest TV picture and high fidelity 10-watt, two speaker sound system for unsurpassed viewing and listening pleasure. Provincial cherry (VHF) . . . \$425.00.



Telerama 24. Has two speakers. Convenient top controls are concealed by a cover which projects sound forward when open, automatically shuts off set when closed. Big 24-inch picture with chromatic filter and reflection barrier, in beautiful genuine mahogany, oak, or cherry, complete with stand. In Mahogany, (VHF) . . . \$269.50.



Constellation 21. Has convenient top-mounted controls, 8" heavy duty speaker with sound slanted to ear level. Clear, bright 21" picture from Chromatone filter and reflection barrier. In scuff-proof Magnatex Cordovan, (VHF) . . . \$199.50—Also Blond \$209.50.

Prices (here quoted for VHF) and specifications are subject to change.

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48 STATES OF MIND

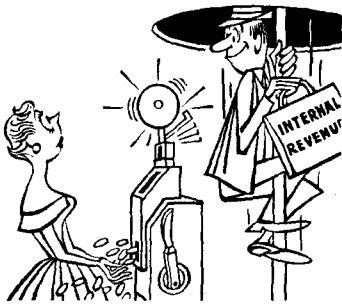
By WALTER DAVENPORT

We knew this would happen sooner or later. A gentleman in Champaign, Illinois, has sent off a letter to the United States Treasury. He wrote: "I am a loyal United States citizen and short of funds. Please send me one of those government loyalty checks."

From Mrs. Dorothy Pifer Buck, in Boulder, Colorado, comes the heroic story of a courageous young man who has no intention of facing postgraduate life unprepared. He applied for a scholarship to the University of Colorado. The rules demanded that he state why he needed assistance. So he stated. "My wife and I are now separated," said he. "This has left me as my sole means of support."

Where once the only sound given off by the slot machines in the Mapes Casino in Reno, Nevada, was the celestial song of coins dropping into your hat when you won, the one-arm bandits are now equipped with brazen gongs.

One of these welkin shatterers went off recently while a friend of ours was dropping in to give his luck a workout. "What was that?" shouted a startled



IRWIN CAPLAN

lady at the bar. "Nothing but somebody hitting the jack pot on the dollar machine," she was told. "But why all the bells?" she demanded. "Ringing up the Internal Revenue boys?"

She had just passed her final Red Cross exam in first aid. She was walk-

ing down the street in Boise, Idaho, defying an accident to happen. And what do you think she saw at the next corner? A man lying face downward in the street with a considerable crowd around him. Plunging through the throng she cast herself upon the prostrate fellow and began giving him artificial respiration. Whereat her subject turned his head and asked, reasonably: "Listen, lady, whatever you're trying to do, will you kindly hold off long enough for me to fish my hat out of this manhole?" (Contributor wishes to remain anonymous because she is a Red Cross first-aid instructor.)

Just as he was about to give up in despair, old 48 has found the reason why job-seeking Texans won't register their capabilities with the State Employment Commission even for jobs that pay a thousand bucks a month. But we finally found a gentleman—Mr. Carl Stimson, of Houston—who knows. "It's an insult," says Mr. Stimson, "to ask a Texan what he is best qualified to do. A Texan can do anything and the commissioners ought to stop wasting his time with silly questions."

Additional evidence that men, times and morals have become effete—as if more were necessary—comes from Mr. Ben Benson, president of the Hobo Fellowship of America. Mr. Benson dropped in to tell us that there aren't enough hobos in the country to hold a convention. "Too much welfare and social security," sighed Mr. Benson. The situation is so bad, he told us, that he has gone to work himself. Then he let us in on a secret: he even has

money in a bank. "Guess I'm just the Bao Dai of the bums," he mourned.

So far as we know the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad is the last barricade of the finger bowl. For the benefit of the gulp-and-gallop public, the finger bowl is a small container of water into which the diner may daintily dip his finger tips after eating, not only in the name of



cleanliness but so that everything he touches for hours thereafter won't smell of ham and cabbage. But Mr. J. A. Flannery, assistant superintendent of the B & O's dining-car division, says you get a finger bowl on that line even if you've had only a sandwich. Time was, Mr. Flannery says, when as many as nine finger bowls were set before you while dining. But he doesn't believe things will ever get back to that.

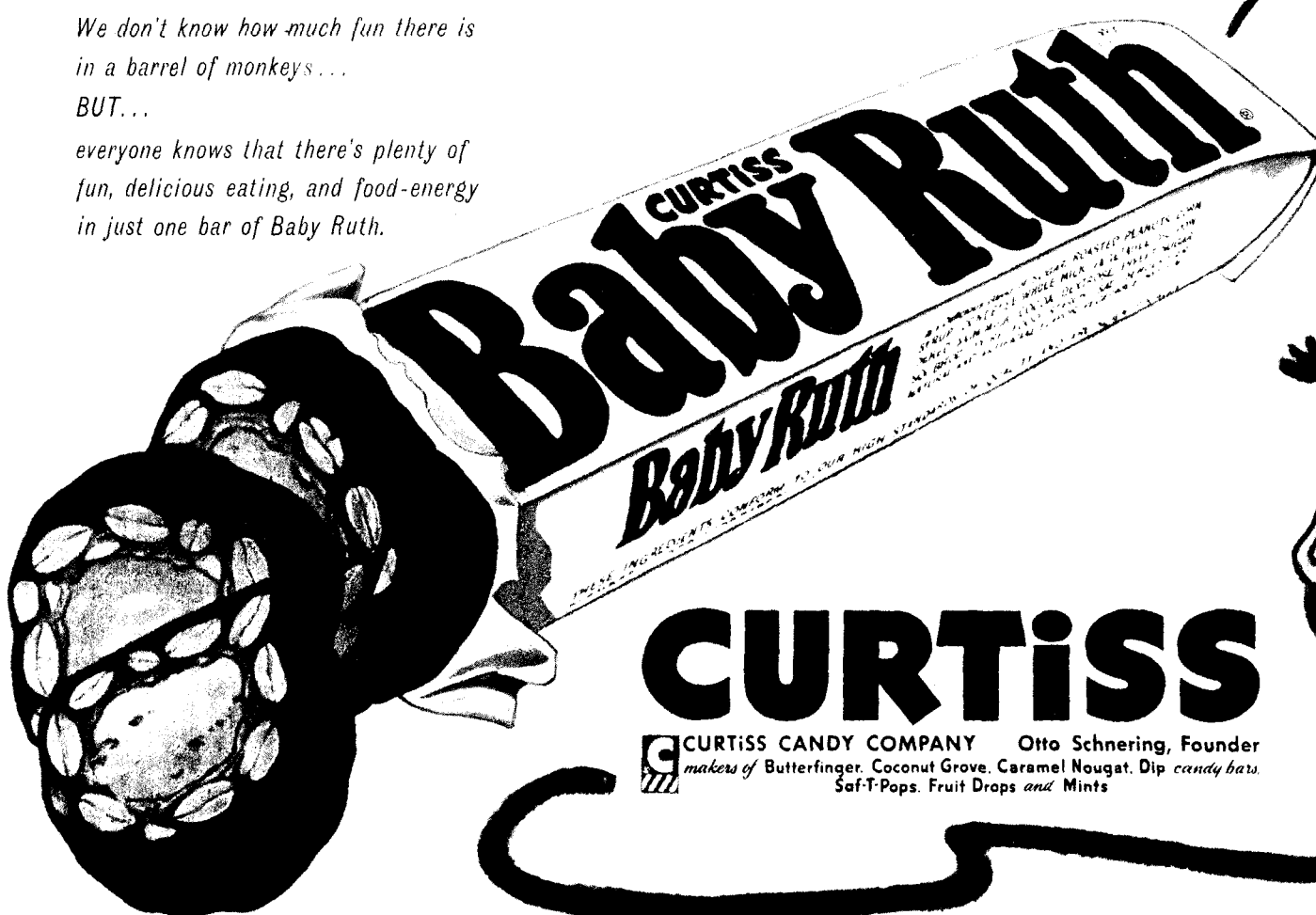
Immediately, Mr. R. H. Pickens, of Jacksonville, Florida, hastened to write us about it. He had just seen a happy young couple smooching in a parked car on the back of which was a sign reading Just Divorced.

MORE FUN THAN...

We don't know how much fun there is in a barrel of monkeys...

BUT...

everyone knows that there's plenty of fun, delicious eating, and food-energy in just one bar of Baby Ruth.



CURTISS

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY Otto Schnering, Founder
makers of Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip candy bars,
Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops and Mints

"Mama, Why Can't We Have A Glass Of Milk?"



THE plight of Old Mother Hubbard when she found a bare cupboard would be duplicated with real and serious consequences in every American home if truck transportation were to come to a complete stop. Even if it were to halt or slow down, discomforts soon would be felt.

Every food item in the refrigerator and on the pantry shelf comes into our homes all the way or part of the way by truck and trucks have been a major factor in helping make our standard of living the highest in the world. Equally important is the fact that they are essential to our national defense. If we are to maintain or improve our standard of living and be secure in our national defense, truck transportation must find it possible to progress in efficient and economical service.

Among other things, that means better highways from which passenger car owners, too, will benefit. There's a great deal of talk about improving our highway system. What we need to do now is turn conversation into results by urging officials in power to get their highway building program started now. Your voice will help.



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Your Milk Supply, Like Your Other Foods, Comes To You By Truck



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SO GOOD

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Whether your choice is power or sail,
nothing tops off a day on the water like a
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And the price is right, too... top quality Black Label sells
at the popular price. That's why Black Label sales
are now four times what they were four years ago.
And every day *more* people say...

Hey, Mabel-
**Black
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See defending champions Julius Boros and Marty Furgol at Carling-Sponsors Championship, Charles River Country Club, Boston, September 22-25, 1955.

THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING
CARLING BREWING CO., CLEVELAND, O., ST. LOUIS, MO., BELLEVILLE, ILL.

LETTERS

Sweet Land

EDITOR: It is unusual—and properly so—for people to write letters to the editor about articles they have themselves written. My justification must be that the written part of Sweet Land of Liberty (July 8th) was a minor part by any standard. What enormously impressed me—and I am sure other readers would feel the same way about it—was the effect of the photographs, not only as individual photographs but as an entire selection. Everyone who had to do with that selection, from the taking of the original pictures to their choice and arrangement, would seem to me to deserve the thanks of all of us.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH,
Cambridge, Mass.

... No other writer could equal with words the beauty and inspiration of those photographs in color. MacLeish is our one major poet who understands all of today's America and its people. ... Since Walt Whitman he is poetry's most thoroughly American product ...
DALE GUHL, New Cumberland, Pa.

... Things like this out of the humdrum of daily existence are what we need. Incidentally, could you give the locale of the farm scene on page 53? ...
ARTHUR H. HASCHE, Watertown, S.D.

The scene of wheat blowing in the summer wind was taken near Moscow, Idaho, on the eastern edge of one of the nation's largest grain-producing areas, between central Washington and central Idaho. Moscow Mountain is in the background.

... To my great surprise and pleasure I came upon a picture of our farm at Moscow, Idaho. ... My husband had just started harvesting when the picture was taken ...
MRS. ROBERT T. MOSER,
Colton, Wash.

... I would appreciate the identity of the steel mill on page 51.
ROGER J. ADAMS, Pasadena, Cal.

Inland Steel's plant at Indiana Harbor, Indiana.

... Alongside your beautiful autumn picture you mentioned that in Europe the leaves just turn yellow, brown and fall. I don't know about the rest of Europe, but Germany certainly can compete with your colorful photograph. Just take a look at all those green-, gold- and red-covered mountains during the fall season ...

MRS. N. F. YORK,
Council Grove, Kans.

Where Will We Go?

EDITOR: I want to pass on the appreciation of the folks in the Ozark Playgrounds area for the fine Ozark mention in 21 New Budget Vacations (June 10th). Hope that a report on response received by other areas may be available ...

MARIE A. KOLB, Joplin, Mo.

When we last counted some weeks ago, 4,777 inquiries had been received which were directly traceable to the article. Minnesota houseboat cruise led with 800 inquiries, 13 days on a farm was second with 672, and St. Pierre and Miquelon third, with 551.

19th Hole

EDITOR: Joseph C. Dey, Jr., put together such an interesting page on Do You Really Play Golf? (July 8th). The more I play golf and the older I get, the more convinced I am that the vast majority of modern golfers not only need to read information pertaining to the rules, but to memorize them as well.
FRANCIS OUIMET, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Ouimet's convictions on golf carry much weight; he is the former National Open and Amateur champion.

... I would like to know where I could write to obtain a copy of this rulebook.
STANLEY RING, Durham, Conn.

The rulebook of golf can be obtained by sending 25 cents to the United States Golf Association, 40 East 38th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

Cakes and Earl

EDITOR: Earl Wilson has acquired an unfortunate reputation in the entertainment world, to wit: everybody likes him. There is a rule of thumb that a columnist has to be a rat, and Earl breaks all the rules. However, in your article concerning his so-called camera work (Snapping Celebs



at F/2 ASA 800, July 22d), I wish to protest vigorously the picture of me. It isn't that I object to his amateur camera work—I'm resigned to that—but either you or Mr. Wilson clipped the most important thing out of the picture. The photo has been edited! (You know what happened to Army Secretary Stevens when they did that to him!)

I had just won first prize on a television show for a cake I had baked, and I really did bake it myself. Therefore, the smug smile on my face. But dear editor, or Mr. Wilson, as the case may be, where is the cake that was in the original photograph?
Querulously yours,

FAYE EMERSON
New York, N.Y.

Nibbled by a Collier's photo editor; see the original photo above.



Arrive Rested and Refreshed! Morning comes with a smile after a restful night on a Pullman! You wake to every modern convenience, too . . . even extra outlets for your electric shaver!

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the finest fresh-cooked meals to the whitest fresh-made beds. With never a time-wasting stop for either eating or sleeping, the long miles melt away as you rest in carefree comfort!

When one kind of travel can offer so much, why should any American deny himself and his loved ones all its benefits? Many a mile-worn traveler has found it's often a good idea to put his keys in his pocket, and arrive at his destination rested and refreshed . . . by Pullman!

Phone your Pullman Ticket Agent before you plan your next trip. One night aboard a modern Pullman will convince you this is one of those good things of life every American should enjoy.

Your local Ticket Agent will help you these 5 ways: 1. Provide information on routes, schedules, Pullman accommodations and fares. 2. Make your Pullman reservations, going and returning. 3. Furnish your rail and Pullman tickets. 4. Assist you in planning stop-overs and side-trips. 5. Have a "rent-a-car" reserved for you at your destination, if you wish.



Your Own Private Quarters! Complete privacy for your own family party . . . in clean, individually air-conditioned comfort! Courteous extra services, too, at the touch of a button.



A Fine Hotel On Wheels! Just a few steps to the dining car for fine foods of your choice. Then back to read or relax before retiring to your fresh, snow-white bed!

You're safe and sure . . .
when you travel by

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COSTS LESS THAN YOU THINK

Should your child be a PHARMACIST?

By W. PAUL BRIGGS

Executive Director,
American Foundation for Pharmaceutical Education
(As told to DONALD ROBINSON)

IT HAPPENS every hour of the day and night. You've seen it yourself.

A child lies ill, her forehead burning hot with fever. A physician comes and examines her. Concern is in his eyes as he writes out a prescription.

"Get this made up at once," he says.

The mother of the child hurries breathlessly to her neighborhood drug store. She hands her slip of paper to the white-coated pharmacist. Immediately, he goes back into his laboratory and starts compounding the medication the doctor has ordered. Carefully, he measures out the ingredients, some in quantities of one-thousandth of an ounce. There can be no mistake. The child's life may depend on it.

Skillfully the pharmacist mixes the potent drugs and chemicals together. They must be combined properly or the prescription will do no good. Now, he checks to make sure all is right. It is, and he hands the medicine to the mother.

Several days later he sees the little girl scampering past his store, healthy as can be again. If he is like most men in his profession, he will smile contentedly to himself.

"I'm glad I went in for pharmacy," he may say.

It really is a fine feeling, helping people get well. Should your child choose to go in for pharmacy, this satisfaction will be permanently his.

I hope that your child does make this decision. I know of few professions that give its members so much gratification and such high compensation so quickly.

The pharmacist stands in the front lines of man's never-ending struggle against disease. It is he who translates the doctor's directives into effective, stable and usable medications. Without the pharmacist, the practice of medicine would be seriously handicapped.

And that isn't all the pharmacist does to promote health.

Often he is the first point of contact in home emergencies. A few years ago, I was in a friend's drug store in a small Florida town when a panic-stricken man rushed in.

"My four-year-old son has just swallowed a bottleful of iodine," he shrieked. "What'll I do?"

My pharmacist friend knew the answer, of course. He

suggested a mixture of starch and water followed by an emetic and a call to a physician. It saved the child's life.

The pharmacist is constantly protecting the public from its own mistakes. Just recently, for example, a middle-aged man came into a Washington, D. C., drug store and told the pharmacist on duty,

"I've got an awful stomach ache. You'd better give me a bottle of castor oil."

"I wouldn't take castor oil if I were you," the druggist said. "Not when you have a stomach ache. You might have appendicitis."

It was lucky he said that. The man did have a bad appendix. Taking castor oil could have killed him.

A Respected Authority

Most important, the pharmacist acts as an information center on certain health questions. He is the one to whom the public continually turns for information on the latest drugs, sickroom supplies, disease prevention, local health facilities, any imaginable thing connected with health. He also is the man to whom many physicians look for data on new drugs. No one does more to educate America on health matters.

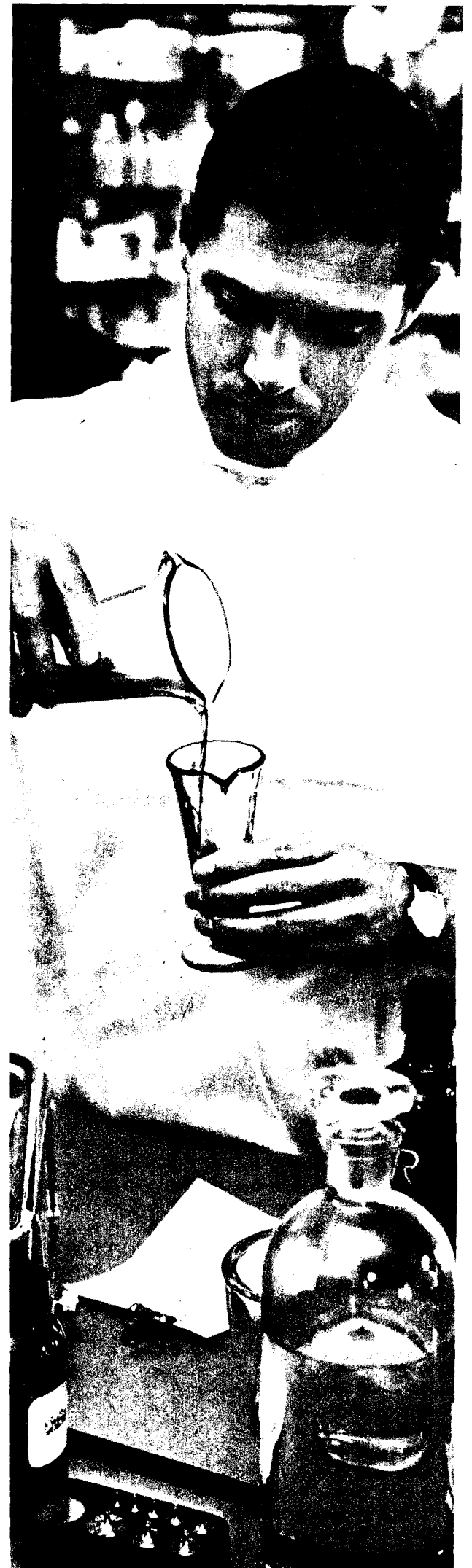
In addition to doing all this, most pharmacists stock and sell a wide variety of items, everything from drugs to ice cream, cosmetics and novels.

Is it any wonder that almost invariably the pharmacist is considered one of the best-known and most respected men in his community?

It is significant that at least one United States Senator and several Congressmen are pharmacists. That a distinguished governor is a pharmacist. That dozens of mayors and members of state legislatures are pharmacists.

You may be interested to know that pharmacy is a venerable profession. It goes back to the ancient Egyptians. The first public pharmacy was established in the city of Baghdad in the eighth century. In Europe, official recognition of pharmacy as a separate profession was given as far back as 1240 when Emperor Frederick II issued a special edict divorcing pharmacy from medicine throughout the Kingdom of the Two Sicilys.

Today, pharmacy is among America's most flourishing enterprises. There are no less than 52,000 drug stores in the United States, and, at last count, their sales were



The pharmacist plays a key role in guarding the health of his community. Whether compounding prescriptions in a village drug store, working in a hospital or for a pharmaceutical manufacturer, he must carefully translate the recommendations of scientists and physicians into safe, effective remedies.

close to \$5,000,000,000 a year. Amazing as it may seem, the American people made billions of trips to the drug store in 1954. More than 450,000,000 prescriptions were filled.

You might compare the figure of 450,000,000 prescriptions compounded in 1954 with the total for 1939. In that year, only 166,000,000 prescriptions were filled.

It shows you how the practice of pharmacy has been developing as a link in our health services.

Many Roads to Follow

There are now 110,000 professionally trained pharmacists in the United States. Some 95,000 are engaged in retail pharmacy with approximately 47,000 of them operating their own establishments. About 5,000 pharmacies are units of chain drug companies.

Most of the other 15,000 pharmacists are spread through the drug and chemical industries, colleges and hospitals. They are occupied in research, manufacturing, wholesale distribution, and teaching, as well as professional pharmacy work. A great number act as professional representatives for drug manufacturers specializing in the introduction of new drugs to physicians.

Some pharmacists are also finding careers in the Armed Forces and government service. In the federal government alone, there are openings for pharmacists in the U. S. Public Health Service, the Veterans Administration and the Food and Drug Administration. There are many more in the state and municipal services.

As you can see, opportunities of all sorts are available to the pharmacist.

It reminds me of something a veteran pharmacist said to me recently,

"When I was a boy," he declared, "most pharmacists' careers were centered about a drug store. Nowadays, a youngster entering pharmacy has dozens of fields open to him."

I said earlier that few professions can offer such high compensation so quickly as pharmacy. I meant it.

A graduate of a college of pharmacy can expect to get a job in a drug store that will immediately pay him about \$125 a week!

It's a lot of money for a beginning wage, isn't it? A young pharmacist I know phrased it succinctly,

"Tell me any other field," he said, "where you can make enough money to get married on in your first job."

It is true that a pharmacist cannot hope to earn a great deal more than this if he remains an employee. After ten years he may not be making more than \$150 a week. But, as we've seen, one out of every two pharmacists in the retail field gets his own drug store. Some pharmacists have started one with an investment of merely \$5,000 in cash!

The income from a well-run drug store ranges between \$10,000 and \$40,000 a year. If business is good and the single store develops into a chain, real wealth can be achieved.

Some pharmacists prefer to become managers of chain drug stores. Their earnings usually go from \$8,000 a year up. Pay in the industrial world is still higher. In hospital and government jobs it may be less.

Incidentally, pharmacists need no longer toil endless hours. While they may be on call any time for an emergency, the average schedule for retail pharmacists is 48 hours a week. In many areas it is down to 40 hours a week.

I am not saying that there are no disadvantages in the practice of pharmacy. It is a confining occupation. Inasmuch as most states require the presence of a licensed

pharmacist in a drug store at all times you cannot get away for a moment during your duty hours. Furthermore, your work schedule may be an odd one that calls for some evening and Sunday work. Unfortunately, such irregular hours are unavoidable. And they will continue to be, so long as pharmacies stand guard over the well-being of their communities.

It can be tiring work. You are continually on your feet. And there is much that is routine about it.

But to the right person, it can be a perpetually engrossing, rewarding profession. Every customer coming into the store has a different problem, many of them serious.

Seven Personal Requisites for Success

How can you tell if your child is the right person for pharmacy?

I have spent more than 25 years in pharmacy and I can say that there are certain traits common to most happy, successful pharmacists. Your child should have them if he wants to enter the profession.

1. Cleanliness and orderliness must be second nature to him. 2. He must be meticulous. The slightest deviation in a prescription can bring tragic consequences. 3. He must be studious. After his graduation from college, he cannot use his diploma as an intellectual pillow. He must keep abreast of medical and scientific developments.

Not long ago, I dropped in to see a 77-year-old friend of mine who has been a practicing pharmacist for 53 years. You'd think he'd know all the answers by now. Quite the contrary. I found him poring over a pharmacy journal as diligently as any college student.

"We didn't have 'wonder drugs' like penicillin and tetracycline when I went to pharmacy school," he said to me. "We do now and, if I want to do a good job as a pharmacist, I must know all there is to know about them. I have to learn their physical characteristics, their chemical reactions, the way to dissolve them, to mix them, to store them."

You can see how imperative it is for a pharmacist to keep studying when you think that more than one-half of the drugs regularly prescribed today were unheard of before World War II.

4. The future pharmacist must have an aptitude for science. Without it, he won't graduate from pharmacy college, let alone do well afterwards. 5. He must like to "keep store." Much of his time as a pharmacist will be taken up with inventories, invoices and orders for his retailing activities. 6. He must like dealing with people. They are his "bread and butter."

And 7. He must be a person of high ethics. The government entrusts him with the distribution of narcotics, poisons and dangerous drugs. In his hands rests his neighborhood's health.

You may ask, "Do women make good pharmacists?"

The answer is an unqualified "Yes." About seven percent of all the pharmacists in America now are women and they have made an exceptionally fine record for themselves. Their number is steadily growing. They have just one obstacle to surmount. Some states prohibit them from working at night.

Getting to be a pharmacist asks some degree of determination. Comparatively good marks in high school are necessary for admission to one of the 74 accredited colleges of pharmacy. A background in mathematics and science helps. At the moment, most pharmacy colleges give a four-year course leading to a B. S. degree in Pharmacy. However, beginning in 1960, all accredited colleges will require a total of five years for the thorough training a pharmacist must have.

What do pharmacy students study at college?

In their first year they usually take much the same subjects as other college freshmen—English, chemistry, psychology, history, a foreign language, etc. In their later years, though, their courses are highly specialized. They take many courses like pharmacology, bacteriology, medicinal chemistry, drug analysis, and drug store management.

Tuition for pharmacy students is as low as \$100 a year in some land-grant colleges. In most colleges it averages about \$500. As a rule, a boy or a girl planning to study pharmacy, who cannot live at home, must figure on it costing a minimum of \$1,500 annually for tuition, room, board and books. Of course, an ambitious student can meet part of his expenses by working after school. I did.

Virtually all states demand that pharmacy graduates meet certain "internship" requirements and pass an examination before they can be licensed to practice. Generally, the "internship" consists of one year's practical experience and in most states students may obtain it by working in a drug store after school or during vacations. The examination covers all phases of pharmacy. It is not simple. In 1953, 823 out of the 5,453 who took it failed in their first attempt. Nor should this examination be simple. Not when you bear in mind the responsibilities a pharmacist must carry. However, any graduate who has been at all conscientious about his or her college work can pass it. And can go ahead to great success in pharmacy.



HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

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This article on Pharmacy is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing and Starting a Business of Your Own. Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:

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"31-KNOT" BURKE

How Will He Run the Navy?

By WALTER KARIG

An old friend tells why a tough, bold, outspoken destroyer man was picked over 92 senior admirals to boss the world's biggest navy



DARRETT GALLAGHER

"WE ARE DESTROYER MEN! A big-ship man would have trouble filling our shoes. We like to think we would have no trouble filling his. We have learned the lesson of self-reliance, of not being afraid of a little rough living or any tough assignment. We are real sailormen, the destroyer men of the fleet. When things are getting too hard for anyone else, they're getting just right for us."

That's what Arleigh Burke was preaching to the destroyer crews a few short months ago, when he was Commander Destroyers Atlantic—King of the Cans. That is what he believes. It's also what he believes about himself, without arrogance but with confidence.

A couple of weeks ago he moved into the Pentagon as boss man of the whole Navy—destroyers, carriers, cruisers, tugs, airplanes, LSTs and moth-balled battleships. President Eisenhower, who had never before known him—no more than had Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson or Secretary of the Navy Charles S. Thomas—propelled him over the heads of 92 senior admirals to make him Chief of Naval Operations. But, after all, he is "31-Knot" Burke—so dubbed by Admiral William F. (Bull) Halsey because Arleigh travels faster than expected, and turns up before he is due. It was so in the Pacific, where in one four-month stretch his Destroyer Squadron 23, nicknamed The Little Beavers, sank 14 Japanese warships and knocked down 30 enemy planes and an uncounted number of U.S. Army shore-built privies. But of all that, more later. Maybe President Eisenhower, and Secretaries Wilson and Thomas, didn't know what this stocky, blue-eyed blond Scandinavian from Colorado looked like, but they certainly knew him by reputation.

In the official biographical questionnaire every naval officer must periodically fill out, one question asks for data on "unusual war experiences, campaigns and opera-

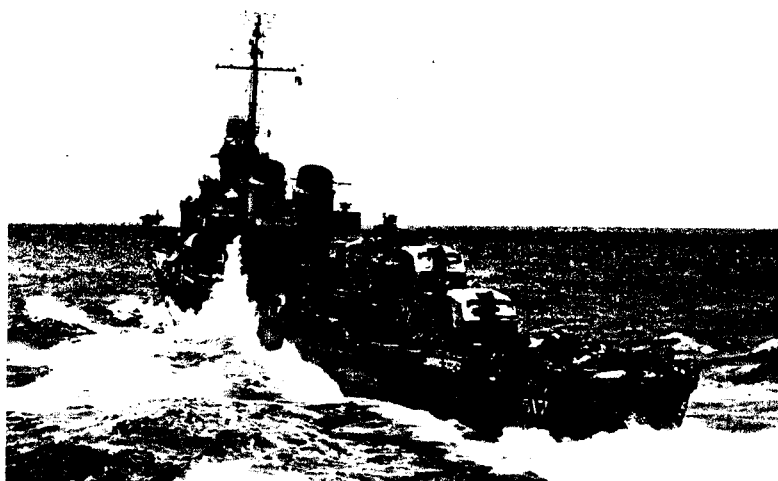
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Collier's, September 16, 1955

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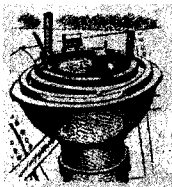
BARRETT GALLAGHER

Burke was stunned at the news he had been promoted to the job of Chief of Naval Operations—and he had one regret: he hated to leave his "beautiful destroyers"

tions." Burke, who has been awarded every Navy decoration except the Congressional Medal of Honor, and some of them two and three times, answered: "None."

There was muttering in the Navy Department when Burke's nomination was announced. "Too soon, too soon," was the theme of talk in the Army-Navy Club bar. "He hasn't had enough experience. He's a destroyer man. Should've had a go first at CINCLANT"—Commander in Chief Atlantic Fleet.

Burke himself was completely surprised by the appointment. "Stunned" is the way he put it to me. We met one day shortly after the news broke, and he still seemed puzzled.



"WALTER," HE ASKED, "why did they give me this job?" Although we are old friends, my first thought was that this was a rather silly question to put to a retired reserve officer. "I don't know," I answered rather facetiously. "I wasn't consulted, that's for certain." As the conversation continued, it dawned on me that Arleigh's question was honest and artless. Sometimes he can be pretty naïve. At this same meeting he told me he hated to leave the "beautiful destroyers."

With the appointment of Burke, Navy Secretary Thomas sounded the knell on the naval tradition that you only had to live long enough to become a three-star admiral and win a chance at CNO. Hereafter, he announced in an open letter, promotion would be based on merit and accomplishment, not longevity.

And that, if the question needs an answer, is why Arleigh Burke got the job. The Navy is entering a new phase, as radically different from the era of World War II as Theodore Roosevelt's "Great White Fleet" differed from Farragut's paddle wheelers. The Navy is entering upon the atomic age in submarines (two already built), surface ships and airplanes. Strategy and tactics must change, logistics also—there are new answers to when to give battle, how, and with what.

The new boss of the Navy had to be a man uninfluenced by the past, although fully experienced in pre-Pearl Harbor methods. He had to be a man of demonstrable new ideas. He had to be an inspiring leader. Burke was, and is, all of these—not because any partisan thinks so, but by the cold, terse record of the Navy Department, which has never

been known to say an extra kind word about anyone.

The factual, unflattering reason given in high places for Burke's elevation to the job is that there is no one better qualified for it. But there was a time not too long ago when a President, a Secretary of Defense and a Secretary of the Navy had not one kind word among them to say about Arleigh Burke.

Six years ago Burke was considered a gone goose, his career ruined. Fellow officers said he had stuck his neck out unnecessarily to criticize cancellation of the Navy's big new carrier United States by the then Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson. Then he had compounded his "crime" by supplying the ammunition with which the Navy torpedoed the Air Force's plea that naval aviation be turned over to it and carriers declared surplus. All this happened in 1949, at hearings before the House Armed Services Committee. The hearings culminated, but did not terminate, a propaganda war that seems fantastic in retrospect.

In the weeks before Congress stepped in, the Air Force had its generals promising the American people that the next war would be won practically in 24 hours; a flight of B-36s, it said, would blast any enemy country off the map. The Navy's pseudo-science writers were busy grinding out essays to show that although it might take a fleet of carriers two days to complete the task, it not only could blast any given country off the map, but blow up the map for keeps. The Army, of course, claimed that the doughboys had won every war in the past and there was no evidence that they still could not go where airplanes and warships couldn't. It was at this point that the Congress decided to extract some expert testimony under oath.

The Navy, which had successfully fought a proposed merger of the armed forces two years before only to bow to the compromise "unification act," was characteristically thorough in its preparation for the hearings. Captain Burke was brought in to head Op-23, a sub-subdivision of the office of the Chief of Naval Operations assigned to study the problems of the Navy's integration in the Department of Defense. "Op" is standard naval contraction for the Office of Naval Operations; the "23" designated a specific subdivision, as Op-29 identifies the Office of Naval History.

Burke, under his bosses' orders, concentrated his research on the employment, past and projected, of naval aviation to help disprove the claims of the opposition's propagandists. When the open hearings began and the admirals started parading past the committee with reams of Burke's data on the

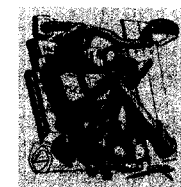
need for naval aviation, the astute press dubbed the proceedings "The Revolt of the Admirals." It was soon accurately guessed that Burke, the expert on research and development, was the collator of the statistical information, but the Navy's strategists hid Arleigh in the Pentagon attic and forbade him to see newspapermen. In that hideaway I, as the only historian on active duty (and only a semipro at that), drank a daily gallon of coffee and discussed plans with him.

A few overzealous young naval officers, impatient with the Navy's official policy of combatting the Air Force demands with polite regard for parliamentary procedure, passed "confidential" counterpropaganda memoranda in dark corridors of the Press Club or dropped papers where they were sure to be found. Somehow the press came to blame Burke's Op-23 for these maneuvers—mainly because the Navy refused to be frank about what his job really was.

Actually, nothing but the Navy's undeviating obtuseness in press relations, its traditional public information-be-damned policy, prevented it from candidly explaining what Burke was doing. There was nothing secret about Op-23. But Secretary Johnson and Navy Secretary Francis P. Matthews apparently believed what they read, that Burke's "propaganda agency" was smuggling out anti-Air Force propaganda. Matthews sicked the Inspector General's gumshoe man on Burke's office. His files were impounded and he and his staff placed under technical arrest. Of course, no secret papers, no incriminating data, were found. There never had been any.

As a result of the tempest, Captain Burke's name was struck from the 1949 promotion list. Such an arbitrary and vindictive action was bound to leak, and leaked it was without Burke's knowledge to four co-operative newspapermen. The press redeemed itself for past error by raising a storm that rocked the White House. Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, the new Chief of Naval Operations (CNO Louis Denfeld has been summarily fired for his leadership of Navy's self-defense), warned the civilian secretariat that Burke's name had better be restored to the roster of new admirals because the scandal was bad for the Navy and a lot worse for the administration.

It was done, and so ended—or should have ended—the whole paper farce of Op-23. But every time Burke's name has made the headlines, he has been tagged with the label of conspirator. Be that as it may, the Navy won the debate, thanks largely to Burke's mass evidence and the strategic planning he helped Admiral Arthur Radford, now Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to devise. The Navy not only kept its bombing planes and carriers but won Congressional approval to build more.



NOW, THEN, WHAT IS the background of Arleigh ("31-Knot") Burke? First, he is not the Irishman some writers have made him out to be. Scandinavian and Pennsylvania Dutch blood predominate, and the admiral's surname is his pioneering Swedish grandfather's contraction of the jawbreaking patronymic *Björkegren*. The first syllable was pronounced a lot like "Burke."

Arleigh was born on the family farm two miles east of Boulder, Colorado, on October 19, 1901. After he grew into his teens, encouragement by a teacher in the Colorado State Preparatory School led him to petition his congressman, the late Charles B. Timberlake, for appointment to the Naval Academy. He got the appointment.

At the Academy, where few men retain their given names, Burke was rechristened "Billie," with "Whitey" (for his now darkened Nordic blondness) as a variant. Big and brawny, he went out for wrestling, but a broken shoulder soon took him out of athletics. Today Burke is a great believer in competitive sports—for others, that is, and more for conditioning than recreation. He is strictly a spectator, and he likes best to watch football. For his own personal exercise, Burke demands some-

thing practical—such as building his own weekend cottage at Great Falls on the Virginia side of the Potomac some 17 miles west of Washington. Burke sketched his own plans for the house, giving it a pagoda roof and adjustable interior walls like those in a Japanese house. He ordered logs from Oregon, precut to fit, for the exterior and did much of the work on the house with his own hands.

Burke is remembered by his Academy classmates as a euphoric, individualistic fellow who had an insatiable appetite for vanilla ice cream and for frankfurters (which he still indulges even to the extent of eating his hot dogs cold). His pet phrase in his dormitory days was a dreamy, "Lord, but that girl of mine is a wonder." He still so believes.

The tiny (95 pounds) Mrs. Burke was born Roberta Gorsuch, in Kansas of Maryland stock. She was living in Washington with her sister when she met Arleigh on a blind date in his first Academy year. He married his "Bobbie" in the Academy chapel, four years later—on graduation day, June 7, 1923.



BURKE FINISHED 70th in his class of 414, and was immediately assigned to the battleship Arizona, anchored across the bay from Seattle. The twenties were years of depression, in war's aftermath, and the military services, as always, were the last to be rescued. Bobbie Burke learned from more experienced Navy wives, of whom she stood in awe, how to shop frugally, how to establish credit for the lean times just before pay day, and how to bargain for hotel accommodations when she followed her husband's ship up and down the coast.

These days her big job is to "sort of stand between Arleigh and the world," and to see that the admiral gets enough sleep. Bobbie Burke is going to be busy the next two to four years in the ugly, rambling late Victorian mansion on Observatory Hill in Washington, where CNOs are required to dwell.

Back in the '20s, Ensign Burke went to work with the guns on the Arizona, and as soon as permissible—in 1929—applied for training in gunnery. The next three years he spent in postgraduate schools at Annapolis and the University of Michigan, where he earned his master's degree in chemical (explosives) engineering, and in practical education in the Navy powder factory and proving grounds near Washington. It was dull, hard work, but the time was coming when Burke would be very happy in his proficiency.

Burke was made lieutenant junior grade in 1926, full lieutenant in 1930. In 1937 he joined his first destroyer, USS Craven, as executive officer. Two years later, a lieutenant commander now, he was made captain of the destroyer Mugford, his first command; by the end of that uneasy year of 1939, the ship had won the fleet trophy for gunnery and stood third in engineering.

Off to an inspector's job at the Naval Gun Factory on Washington's river front went Burke, and there he was on Pearl Harbor day. There he stayed for months, too, unreconciled with a full commander's rank, despite pleading, wheedling and arguing to put his long, expansive training to work shooting. He wanted combat duty.

Finally, the impatient Burke trapped the Chief of the Ordnance Bureau in a corridor of the old Navy Building and argued his case in the short walk to the admiral's office. The admiral, vexed at the young commander's effrontery, blew his top with such vigor that he felt constrained to call in Burke next day to apologize. And, of course, Burke just asked again to be sent off to war. This time he went very quickly. He was given command of Destroyer Division 43, escorting transports to Guadalcanal.

The battle for Guadalcanal was well nigh over in February, 1943, when Burke shepherded his transports in, and there was no great activity for him until the end of June when his division, as a part of the assault on enemy strong points in New Georgia, ranged far to the northwest to bombard Kolombangara Island. In that small operation, Burke was under Admiral Aaron S. (Tip) Merrill, commanding

Continued on next page



U. S. NAVY

Burke has every Navy decoration except Medal of Honor. Here he is being presented a Navy Cross

Burke served as Chief of Staff to Adm. Marc Mitscher (l.) in peacetime Caribbean maneuvers



U. S. NAVY



U. S. NAVY



WIDE WORLD

As member of Allied team, Burke (alighting from jeep, right) took part in cease-fire negotiations with Chinese and Korean Reds

Left: In 1949, at age of 47, Burke played major role in "The Revolt of the Admirals"—and it almost wrecked his Naval career



U.S. NAVY

Burke intends to push ahead with the development of atomic-powered ships. "It may be," he says, "that the ships won't look like anything a sailor can recognize"

Cruiser Division 12. It was to be a historic combination; the men were much alike in temperament, given to performing all duties with boldness, imagination and as much fun as could possibly be injected into the grim business of war. Burke, for example, conceived the utterly un-Navy idea of having each of Merrill's cruisers "adopt" a destroyer, to give it the ice cream and fresh bread that the small ship's facilities could not provide.

In September, 1943, Burke was made a four striper, a captain, and designated Commander of Destroyer Squadron 23. He now had two divisions—eight ships in all—to command. It occurred to him that something more was needed to effect cohesiveness, *esprit de corps*, among so many homesick—and save for cramped quarters, homeless—men. He found his answer in a comic book. He figured that destroyers are always busy as beavers, so he adopted Little Beaver, the sure-shooting Indian lad in the Red Ryder comic strip, as mascot of his squadron.

Little Beaver, in full color, was painted on the bridge of each destroyer. For scalps, there were stenciled shell bursts for bombardments accomplished, silhouettes of enemy ships destroyed, "meat balls" for planes shot down, and on the veteran ships of the squadron, a strange-looking symbol that had to be explained as representing Army *châteaux de nécessité*. The Army built these cubicles on stilts over the water, and the wash of the destroyers frequently sent them toppling, especially if they were top-heavy with occupancy. For each one destroyed another symbol was painted on the bridge of the ship responsible.

The Little Beaver team saw action soon, and in Burke's grand style. D day for the seizure of Bougainville was November 1st. Five days before, Admiral Merrill was ordered to take his cruisers and destroyers to the big island and "soften it up." The cruisers and Burke's destroyers plowed up the Japanese airfields at Buka and Bonis, at the northern end of Bougainville, then turned south to flatten the Shortland Islands off the opposite tip end. The invasion was to be at Cape Torokina on Empress Augusta Bay, halfway up the island's west coast. Merrill & Co. had to screen the transports from seaward.

As the transports moved in behind the steel wall provided by four cruisers, Merrill sent his destroyers off some 150 miles to be refueled, for their bunkers were nearly dry after their 800-mile bombardment tour at high speed. But with the destroyers at the oil barges in Hathorn Sound, Merrill received an intelligence message: four Japanese cruisers and six destroyers were headed his way . . . and the evening sky was already alive with enemy planes trying to get at the discharging transports.

Merrill sent a hurry-up radio call to Burke. The horizon glowed with heat lightning. The tropic

phosphorescence of the water glowed its answer. And then the sky line was broken by a row of points which grew into the top-hamper of Burke's destroyer squadron. The TBS (short-range radio-telephone for "talk between ships") sputtered and squawked.

"Stand aside! Stand aside! I'm coming through at 31 knots!" The voice was Burke's, warning all darkened ships in his path. He reached the rendezvous barely two and a half hours ahead of the enemy.

In the ensuing battle, the Japanese lost one cruiser and a destroyer. The rest high-tailed for the security of the Bismarck Archipelago northward, with Burke's destroyers in hot pursuit. The only destroyer left to Merrill was the one American ship damaged in the affray, the Foote.

Admiral Merrill grabbed the mouthpiece of the TBS.

"Arlie, this is Tip. For God's sake come home. We're lonesome."

Through the murky, cordite-reeking air came the answer: "Aye, aye, sir. Heading south."

The Merrill-Burke dialogues over the short-range radiophones were always as informal as that, or more so. When Burke's destroyers moved in against an enemy fleet to fire crippling torpedoes before the big-gun cruisers opened up, his signal to Merrill that the missiles were on their way would be, "My guppies are swimming," or "The fish are out of the can."



orn Sound, Burke was ordered out again on the double. Intelligence reports had it that the Japanese were planning a rescue foray against Buka Island, on Bougainville's northern tip.

Burke's orders were inconclusive; they were to proceed westward a measured distance and then to turn north, at a speed of 30 knots. (Maybe it should be explained that "30 knots" means traveling 30 nautical miles—somewhat longer than land miles—in an hour, about top speed for destroyers.)

Off charged Burke and his Little Beavers. Over the TBS radio he reported to base, "Making 31 knots." An hour later he sent Admiral Halsey a new position and a report: still "making 31 knots." By this time Halsey had decided where Burke could best intercept the enemy, and Captain H. R. (Ray) Thurber, Halsey's operations officer, accordingly sent the admiral's order that "Thirty-One-Knot Burke" should get himself athwart the Buka-

Rabaul neck of the Solomon Sea. Burke, nettled at the implied sarcasm, got there an hour and a half earlier than ordered.

It was Burke luck—for nobody could have planned it that way—that the enemy ships arrived on the radar screen far ahead of estimate. Moreover, he not only had five destroyers to the Japanese two, but also another advantage: he knew where the enemy was and they had no idea Burke (or anyone else) was waiting to pounce.

The fight had been discussed in theory with Commander Bernard (Count) Austin, commanding the other division in the squadron, and the five ships' captains. To launch the attack, therefore, Burke had only to give the most unorthodox command in naval history: "Hold your hats, boys! Here we go!"

Then three other Japanese destroyers arrived—just in time to see the first two sent to the bottom. Having faster and bigger ships than the Americans, the latecomers decided to use their superiority to best advantage by getting out of there, scattering as they went.

Burke gave chase. He caught one, to make his bag for the night three of Japan's fastest and heaviest destroyers, almost small cruisers. But the best bouquet Burke was awarded for the victory (which incidentally was won with no damage at all to our ships or men) was the intercepted Japanese report that they had fought off an attack by "a division of cruisers, a division of destroyers and several motor torpedo boats."

The battle is still rated by the Naval War College as a classic in the history of destroyer actions.

On March 24, 1944, Burke was ordered to the staff of Admiral Marc A. Mitscher, commanding Carrier Division 3. Burke didn't like to go—he wanted only to keep on fighting—and for the same reason "Pete" Mitscher didn't want to have him as his chief of staff. What Burke said then was almost exactly what he told this writer when he became Chief of Naval Operations: "The worst part of this job is having to leave all those beautiful destroyers."

Burke, the fighter, was now Burke, the planner, and between him and Mitscher grew that same sort of interdependence warmed by affection that had existed between Arleigh and "Tip" Merrill. On up the western Pacific toward the Japanese home islands the trail now led. There was a daring raid on Manila Bay where 50 Japanese ships were sunk. Mitscher, Burke & Co. fought at Leyte, at Saipan and the general Mariana Islands field of combat. Burke was a commodore now, a one-star flag officer in a temporary wartime revival of the rank.

Then came the Okinawa campaign. Word reached the encircling American fleet that Japan's mightiest fighting ship, Yamato, was leading a task force down on it. Planes were launched with precise instructions where to intercept the enemy.

"But," said a bewildered British naval observer, "you have launched before you can possibly be sure of their location."

Burke answered him dryly: "We are launching against the spot where we would be if we were the Yamato."

By sundown, the Japanese battleship, her accompanying cruiser, and two destroyers were all at the bottom.

The end of the war was closing in, and when it came, Commodore Burke went back to a captaincy again. In October, 1945, he was ordered to the Bureau of Ordnance to head the Division of Research and Development—making ready for any new war, that is. He didn't stay long. Admiral Mitscher, who didn't want Burke in 1944, was put in command of the Eighth Fleet and demanded Burke as his chief of staff, to which billet Arleigh reported in February, 1946. When Mitscher moved up to Commander in Chief, Atlantic the following September, Burke moved with him.

On Mitscher's death a few months later, Burke was sent, with top-echelon understanding, to the quietude of the General Board to work on a treatise that turned out to be of such importance that it's still top secret. It's a patient and minute study of the areas of potential progression in the science of warfare, a sort of Where Are We and Where Are We Going?

Next, for the last six months of 1948, he com-

manded the cruiser Huntington. Then he was sent for by Chief of Naval Operations Denfeld, at the behest of Deputy Chief Arthur W. Radford, to head the aforementioned Op-23. When that blew up, he was made head of the Navy's Research and Development Board until, in August, 1950, he was sent to the Korean war area to be Deputy Chief of Staff for the Commander, Naval Forces in the Far East. From May to October, 1951, he commanded Cruiser Division Five in Korean waters, and when the shooting lulled, he became a member—and a tough, outspoken one—of the Allied team for the cease-fire negotiations. From there he was ordered back to Washington in December, 1951, in the face of rising Communist aggressiveness, to head Op-30—as Chief of Strategic Plans.

The routine of Burke's duties can be finished quickly: April, 1954, Commander of Cruiser Division Six. January, 1955, Commander of Destroyers, Atlantic. Then, August 17, 1955, Chief of Naval Operations—a job, folks say, that fits him like an eight-inch shell fits its gun barrel.

What's more, he looks the part of a Chief of Naval Operations. He stands a fraction of an inch under six feet in his glossy shoes, has seven rows of medals on his wrestler's chest, and weighs close to 200 steely pounds. His once blond hair, tawny now, still reveals a crispy wave despite close clipping.

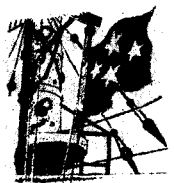
He is a good talker, although terse when he need be. Once he asked a young junior, "What's the difference between a good officer and a poor one?" The flustered lieutenant, anxious to please, delivered himself of a long recitation. Burke heard him through and then said: "The difference between a good officer and a poor one is about ten seconds."

If there's anything of the crank about Burke, it is his vehemence in preaching the worth of naval service. In advising a 1955 midshipman facing his initial tour of duty as an ensign on the forthcoming antarctic expedition, he warned: "Boredom comes from lack of work. Outline for yourself work to do each day. Make sure that you achieve something in your career each day. Never let a day go by when you don't do something good—not for yourself but for somebody else and, more importantly, for your Navy and your country."

When Burke's appointment as CNO was an-

nounced, letters, telegrams and cablegrams were sent to him by sackfuls. They were from enlisted men, active and retired, cooks, gunners, torpedo men; they were from officers who had served with him, some lieutenant commanders by now, others all the way to vice-admirals, retired—including a Japanese! One spoke for all when he wrote: "This is the best thing that has happened to the Navy and the country since John Paul Jones. . . ."

Because Burke is the author of the classified document in extrapolation of practices of modern war to theories of the future, he is reluctant to discuss what's likely to happen next.



"FAST AS THEY SEEM to make their appearances, changes in equipment and techniques are always accomplished a hell of a lot slower than most people realize," he says. "From the time

a technological breakthrough is accomplished, through its development, experimentation, authorization, financing, and finally installation, an awful lot of time is used up and even then you've only made a beginning."

But count on this: under CNO Burke, Navy progress is going to move on new ball bearings. Nuclear-powered carrier aircraft will be in the air before he is through.

As for atomic-powered ships, Burke has this to say: "The application of nuclear power to surface propulsion presents altogether new problems. They are under intense study now." And he intends to begin "pushing like hell" on the project, which not only entails the invention, practically, of the propelling machinery and power plant, but new hull designs.

"It may be the ships won't look like anything a sailor can recognize," he laughs, "but the techniques of warfare are changing rapidly. The overall job is to keep the Navy one step ahead of anybody who threatens the United States by sea. Naturally I am going to encourage the development of faster ways to do things, faster ways of getting from here to there."

One of the "faster ways of getting from here to

there" may be by guided missiles, another program Burke is expected to push beyond its present experimental pace. It could be that guided-missile ships—fast launching platforms that could even be submarines—will supplement the carriers for which he fought so energetically in Op-23.

"Whatever the instruments, the Navy's mission will forever be the same," Burke says. "And that is, as you know, to try to keep all enemy forces on the opposite shore, and there to destroy them. That's the major mission. Others are to keep the sea lanes open to our commerce and to deny them to the enemy, troopships or banana boats."

Will Burke also go through the Navy roster "at 31 knots"? He says no, there will be no drastic changes. And, what of the interservice controversies of the '40s? Burke will not have to take back anything he said in 1949.

In that monumental rhubarb he did not utter one word in criticism of the Air Force or the Army, nor did he produce any material for other witnesses to use in their disparagement. I possess one of the few copies of the entire transcript of the proceedings. Burke's own testimony and all his research were designed to show how essential, how indispensable and indivisible, the whole naval establishment was to the national security. And he won his case.

Publicly and quite sincerely, he asserts that the United States can't afford not to have the strongest Army, Air Force and Navy in the world. "No one of the services is self-sufficient in this complex age," says Burke. "If any one of them should fail the other two, all are bound to suffer."

That's Arleigh Burke, the sailorman seasoned in battleships, cruisers, carriers and destroyers, not to forget desk drill in the Bureau of Ordnance, the Pentagon and the truce tents at Panmunjom, who—some of the seniors are saying—hasn't had enough experience.

"But that list doesn't tell it all," said a captain who had served with Burke. "The one quality Burke has more than any senior I know is inspiring leadership. That may sound like tripe, but you saw how it worked with the crew of his destroyer, and the Little Beavers. Burke is the sort of guy men will fight for. It's a quality that inspires men to do better than their previous best."

THE END



The new Joint Chiefs of Staff (from left): Gen. Nathan F. Twining of Air Force, Gen. Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., of Marines, Chairman Adm. Arthur W. Radford, Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor of Army, and Adm. Arleigh Burke of Navy

Collier's for September 16, 1955



Wool fleece jacket by designer Claire McCardell, costs \$75, is heavy enough to keep sports-car riders warm in chilly weather

Yoicks!

Hunting Jackets Go to



Riding outfit by Jane Derby is eyed approvingly by helicopter airway official, Nils Johnson. Costing \$295, tweed jacket and black wool dress ensemble is meant for daytime city wear

Town

*New sporty fashion stems
from fox hunters' trappings*

THROUGH the years, horses and riding gear have inspired designers to create a variety of boots-and-saddle-type fashions for city-bound women. Hunting derbies have been softened into perky little hats; pocketbooks have been shaped like feed bags; there's even a saucy hairdo called a pony tail. Now, riding the trend still further, American dress and suit designers have borrowed from the gilt-edged sport of country gentlemen, fox hunting, to whip up for this fall perhaps the jauntiest of all horsy fashions—the modified hunting jacket, being made in ensembles with skirts and dresses.

Cut like actual riding coats, long, loose-fitting, gently flared from the waist, the jackets would permit even city-bred dudes to straddle a saddle with ease. But the accompanying slimly-styled skirts and dresses are obviously meant for girls who seldom ride anything more balky than a taxi.

How did the trend develop? "It was a natural," says designer Anne Klein. "When Paris popularized the tunic last season, we picked it up and adapted it to the needs of American women. The result is the hunting jacket."

Prices start at about \$50 for a suit and range upward to \$295 for a jacket-dress combination by designer Jane Derby. The outfits are being sold nationally at dress and department stores in autumn shades of rust, yellow and green as well as "hunting pink" (the scarlet color worn by officers of the hunt).

Understandably, there's been no reaction so far from foxes; but many a street-corner wolf already has been heard to howl, "Tallyho!"

—LEE CAMPBELL

At right, Paul Parnes' \$160 riding suit looks quite at home with carriage caddy and his horse



Merry-go-round horse must be ridden sidesaddle in \$75 highly styled hunting suit by Anne Klein



Even a soda date becomes a horsy affair when wearing a derby hat with a \$50 Swansdown suit



Del Mar gray tweed suit costs \$75, is meant for riding nothing more strenuous than escalator



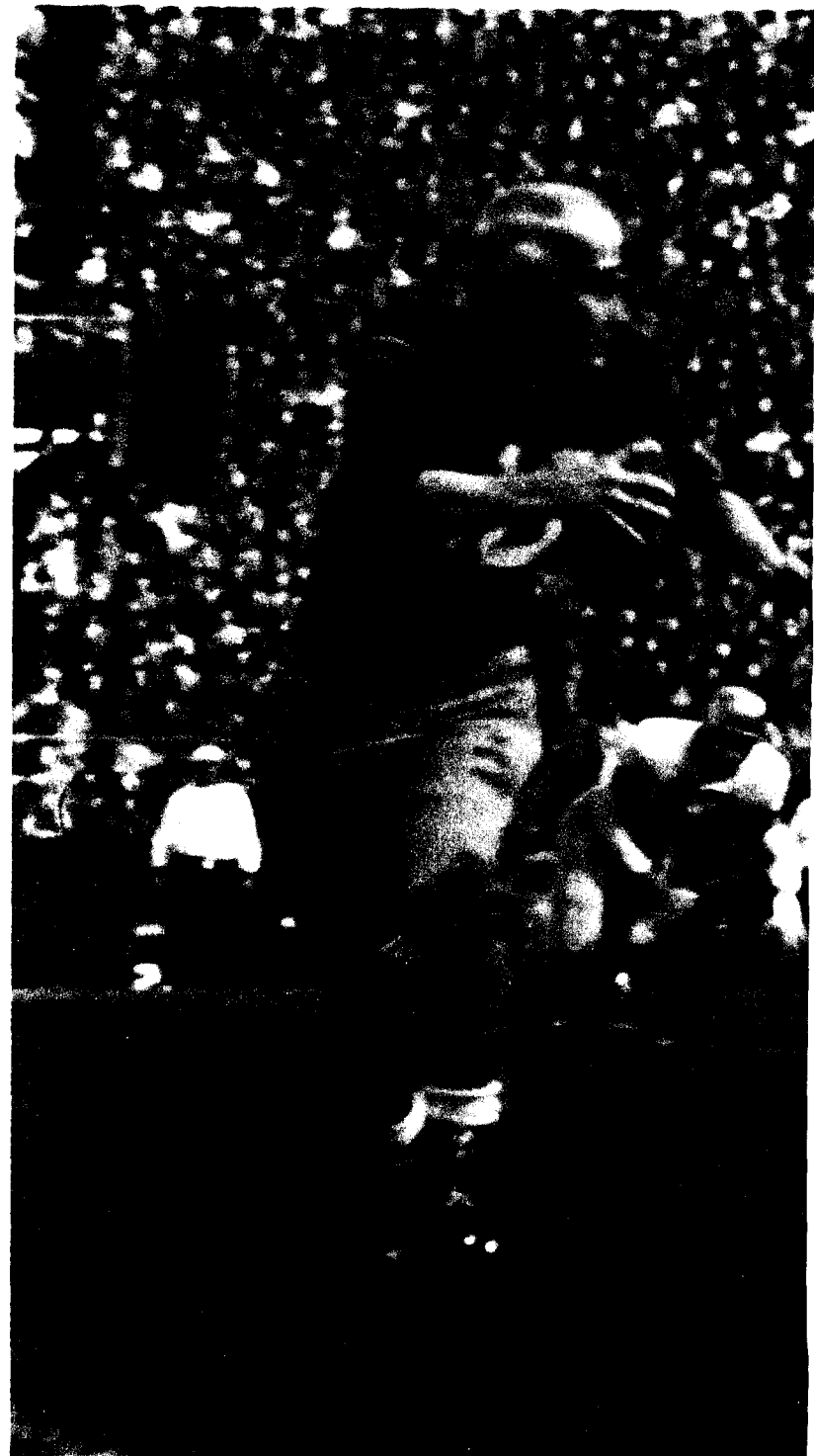
FRANCIS WALLACE'S

16TH

FOOTBALL

PREVIEW

A great college season is coming up, says Collier's famed pigskin expert. Here are the teams and names that will make it so



Navy's standout end Ron Beagle (80), shown here rushing Pittsburgh

COLLEGE football has "never had it so good." The game afield has never been sounder, more imaginative nor more explosive. Versatile offensive-defensive stars and balanced squads are in such abundance that few cinch choices for All-America or championship teams show up in my preseason crystal. More exciting weekend visits by Hurricane Upset, such as occurred in '54, are in prospect—all of which makes it mighty fine for you, the pigskin patron, but maybe a little rough on your old Pigskin Prophet.

Among the college brass and alumni it is no longer considered a major crime, punishable by the firing squad, for a coach to lose with inferior material: only 22 head coaches have changed jobs since last year and fewer than half these were pressured from above. Improved administration on the presidential level has produced a somewhat better moral climate, with less hypocrisy in the area of recruiting, and the coaches are beginning to threaten their own more obstreperous brethren with the woodshed. The military is now returning more material to the schools—and particularly more sea-

soned material—than it takes via Selective Service.

The gridiron granddads have liberalized the substitution rule for this year to permit players who start a period to leave the game and return once in that period. Every coach who has what he quaintly calls "the horses"—plenty of good, burly material—will now be trying for two complete units of two-way players, especially in the line. And what do we have forming here? Yes, two-platoon football again—but of a sounder variety. The liberalized rule will permit superior men to play 40 to 50 minutes instead of wasting half their time on the bench—the glaring weakness of the old two-platoon system. The return to traditional football has also emphasized the running game to such an extent that the colleges are now flatly challenging the methods of the passing pros.

There will be more and better living-room football and no talk this year about losing the video audience to the pros. Eight games will be televised nationally (NBC). On five other dates, games will be shown regionally (various outlets)—in addition to which certain sell-out games may be shown, so

long as the televising doesn't cut other attendance nearby. With all this activity, it's possible you may see your favorite squad a couple of times this year—and if your location is favorable you might even have an occasional choice of Saturday games. The majority view of my advisers is that national TV controls are on the way out, perhaps after this year. It looks like a gradual return to semirestricted television, under which the conferences would split total fees—a method already being followed by Big Ten members, who voted to cut up an estimated \$600,000 this season. My long-range view: football will do okay—and if the T-Villain does force the game to find its own level at the individual institutions, it will have affected more sanity than all of the saintly Sanity Codes.

Here's a postseason note: the East-West game and Gator Bowl will be televised the Saturday before New Year's Day—which will give you two big bowl days.

Besides changing the regulations regarding substitutions, the Rules Committee made other technical changes, most intriguing of which will permit

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Quarterback Jim Lenhart, is one of many returning stars from 1954. He caught three passes in this game; twice trapped Pitt backs for losses

the ball holder, on kicks other than kickoffs, to run, kick or pass the ball—which should open up strategy on the point-after-touchdown. Also: on the line-up no player may be farther than 15 yards from the ball, which eliminates the old hideout or sleeper play; to be eligible to receive a forward pass, a tackle must now be farthest man out from the passer (including backs); the fair-catch signal was changed from last year's wigwag to a salute with one arm.

A checkup on my major '54 selections is not nearly so embarrassing as it might have been, considering that I took several big gambles on the 1954 season, which the Chinese might have called The Year of the Dark Horse. My superspecial national champion goofed out when Mississippi missed a perfect season by one touchdown; but seven of my top-ten predictions actually finished in this select circle, and 12 of my first 20. I've developed the bad habit of picking the Coach of the Year one year in advance—I named Jim Tatum in '52 and Red Sanders in '53—so perhaps my '54 choice, John Vaught of Mississippi, will also beat out my

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current candidate, Georgia Tech's Bobby Dodd.

I challenged a 30-year policy against a service school appearing in bowl games by picking Army for the Sugar Bowl; although Army didn't get there, Navy did, so in a way I was right. I also had a few other left-handed successes. The only first-team All America pick George Shaw of Oregon received was in my September Preview—so George and I are properly grateful to the pros who named him first draft choice. Only two of my 10 bowl nominations came through, but I did have five of the bowl finalists in my list of the top 20—and three winners and one tie among eight sectional leaders. Five of my 11 Preview All-Americans made the official Collier's team and also the consensus team; three more of the consensus 11 were on my Preview Squad (among my subs, as to speak) and two others were on my Unsung Squad.

On the team won-and-lost records, of the Associated Press top 20 I had seven on the nose and 14 by one game or less. I'll face the bar on other selections as we jump from the huddle toward this year's scrimmage line—noting as we go the influence of

television and the importance of the split-T quarterback, whose passing, ball-handling and running ability on the dynamic option play make him the key man of the modern game. And away we go!

EAST

The January 1st Sugar Bowl is almost a sellout already, on the assumption that the winner of the Army-Navy classic will again play in New Orleans. My advisers voted the Cadets a slight favorite against Navy because they have more veterans returning, including Captain Pat Uebel and Bob Kyasky of the 1954 backfield and Don Holleder and Ralph Chesnauskas in the line. Navy's paper losses were heavier but the important "horses" are still there, notably that prancing All-America end Ronnie Beagle.

And now note the vital importance of the split-T quarterback. The Sailors still have George Welsh, the master who made this option play click—but in spring practice Army's Earl Blaik could find nobody to replace Pete Vann; so, in desperation, he

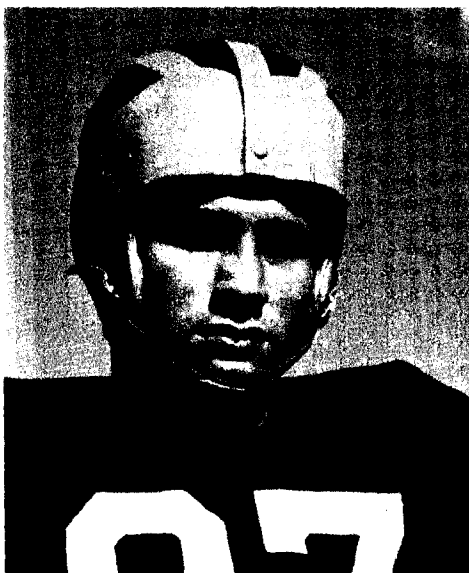
The 1955 Preview All-America packs speed and power and features a junior Michigan end as Lineman of the Year



BACK
Lenny Dawson, Purdue



BACK
Howard Cassady, Ohio State



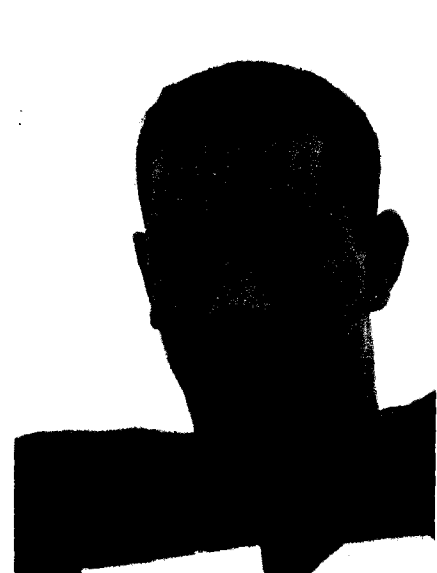
END
Ron Kramer, Michigan



TACKLE
Franklin Brooks, Georgia Tech



GUARD
Hardiman Cureton, UCLA



CENTER
Bob Pellegrini, Maryland

finally moved Holleder from end, and the word is that Don will definitely start at quarterback, in the great experiment of the season. My guess: Holleder and the Cadets will get by Penn State and lose to Michigan in early games, but will be ready for the big one Army most wants to win (especially since, in recent years, Eddie Erdelatz has made it the Navy-Army game). A victory here would leave midyear exams, early in December, as the Army's only remaining Sugar Bowl hurdle.

How an otherwise merely capable Penn State will fare against the two service squads in their triangular series will depend on the powerful legs of halfback Lenny Moore—but before that it will depend on his burdened brain, for at this writing brave Lenny was pondering the sometime-imponderables of philosophy in summer school. Pitt is now working under Johnny Michelosen, a solid alumnus coach, who should improve the morale around Panther Hollow; but the backs do not seem equal to the usual backbreaking schedule. Syracuse, another probable member of any new Eastern group, has an exceptional back in Jim Brown but a very rugged schedule.

The new Ivy policy will find these old families of the game competing mostly among themselves, under equal conditions but somewhere under the major level. The round-robin schedule does not begin formally until next year but is already in effect at Princeton, which may give the Tigers an advantage this season. They lost only three regulars, all in the line, and will be led by halfback Royce Flippin, already considered an all-time Nassau great. Yale has a fine squad, with many good backs, but the Elis must play Army. Last year, undefeated in

the first six games, they were whipped by Army, then lost close ones to Princeton and Harvard.

Cornell, with Stan Intihar again at end and versatile Dick Jackson heading a bevy of backs, was rated with the top two until eligibility deprived the team of some linemen. Harvard has a genuine All-America candidate in guard Bill Meigs and will win its share. Dartmouth has a new coach who will, in due time, win more than his share—Bob Blackman, who lifted Denver to the Rocky Mountain top in record time. Brown returns only one regular from its surprise 1954 squad. Columbia will continue to do well against Ivy competition—but still must face Army and Navy. And if you have prayers, say them for Steve Sebo down at Penn, who has Army, Navy, Penn State and a couple of breathers—Notre Dame and California—left over from the Quaker excursion into the big time.

Boston College seems stacked, with an All-America candidate in tackle John Miller and a chance for national recognition with an upset shot at Miami of Florida. Holy Cross will be improved and Buff Donelli might have his best squad at Boston U. Harold Lahar, who has been doing wonders at Colgate, could work one more. Villanova is reported "vastly improved," which it will have to be for its schedule. Rutgers, with backfield power, expects its best year in the last five.

The smaller Eastern schools report an unusual number of standout individuals—among them gamester Buddy Amendola, Connecticut fullback, who missed one season with a broken wrist, most of another with a broken leg, made Little All-America as a junior, missed his senior year with another broken leg, and is right back in there again.

MIDWEST

Michigan seems to have everything, including 25 letter men—and confidence. The raves about end Ron Kramer are such that I'm picking him as Lineman of the Year, though he's only a junior. The veteran backfield of Tony Branoff, Lou Baldacci, Jim Maddock and Terry Barr will be reinforced by sophomore Jim Pace, "the fastest ever at Michigan." Just to be human, there might be a weakness at tackle. But with Bennie Oosterbaan's effective coaching, the Wolverines should once again give validity to their proud and ancient lyric about "champions of the West."

But they won't do it without a fight from the traditional rival down at Columbus. Ohio State, to quote more lyrics, will again "fight that team across the field"—especially if it's Michigan. The Buckeyes lost six starters from the squad that won the national championship in the AP poll. But the reservoir is always deep, and among his 20 letter men Woody Hayes has All-American halfback Howard Cassady and three linemen of similar caliber in tackle Francis Machinsky, center Kenny Vargo and (a three-carat sleeper) Jim Parker, a 248-pound guard. But the Bucks may have that fatal weakness—they're still looking for a split-T quarterback.

It looks like an off year and maybe a sad one for Notre Dame, which lost Ralph Guglielmi and Joe Heap from the backfield, and perhaps its entire line, since captain Ray Lemek, the only regular returning is a question mark because of a knee injury. The makings of another good team are there, with Don Schaefer at fullback, Paul Hornung rated a future star at quarterback and a half-dozen prom-

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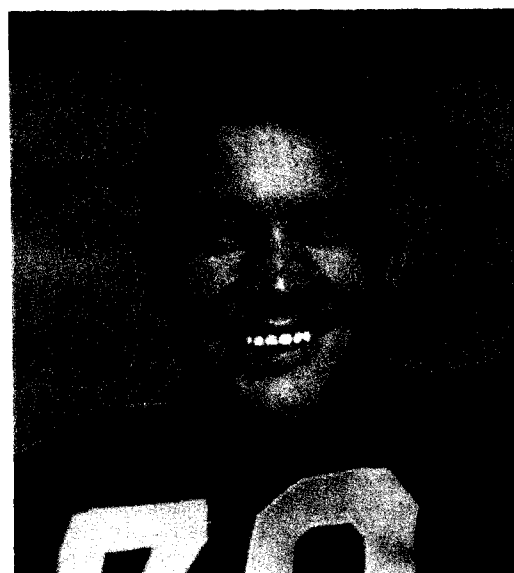
BACK
Lenny Moore, Penn State



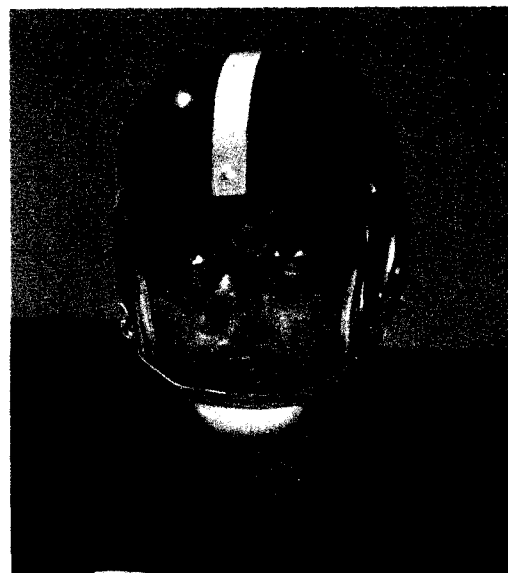
BACK
Joe Childress, Auburn



Coach of the Year
Bobby Dodd, Georgia Tech



GUARD
Bo Bolinger, Oklahoma



TACKLE
Eddie Rayburn, Rice



END
Ron Beagle, Navy

ising sophomores. By midseason the Irish might be rolling again; but they will be fighting for their lives in the first six games—including an unaccustomed night contest at Miami (Florida), October 7th. They will need all the luck of the Irish and a sterling coaching job from young Terry Brennan to reach my 8-2 estimate.

Iowa looks ready. Three of the four games the Hawkeyes lost last year were by a total of nine points—to Ohio State, Michigan and Minnesota—and among the 19 returning letter men are All-America guard Cal Jones, halfback Eddie Vincent, who led the Big Ten in rushing, and halfback Earl Smith, who led the league in scoring. Coach Forest Evashevski also has that very necessary item, a clever split-T quarterback, in Jerry Reichow, plus a high-class end, Frank Gilliam, and two sophomore linemen good enough to start—end Frank Rigney and tackle Alex Karras. The Iowa-UCLA game might be a Rose Bowl preview.

Purdue is a horse of darkest hue. The 17 returning letter men include most of the Boilermakers' '54 offensive weapons, notably Lenny Dawson, who, as a sophomore T-quarterback, threw 15 touchdown passes, led the loop in total offense, and handled all the varieties of kicking. He will have T-passing protection from an especially strong tackle corps led by Joe Krupa; and if they overload against his aerials, Lenny will have Bill Murakowski, a rocket-starting fullback, to counterpoint his gridiron melody. The Boilermakers do not play either Michigan or Ohio State—which makes them a dangerous Rose Bowl and title threat.

Duffy Daugherty lost six in his first season at Michigan State but his injury-weary Spartans bat-

tled all but Michigan to the last whistle. Returning veterans are plentiful and well-spaced in key positions; if reserves improve and sophomores come through, especially "terrific" halfback Walt Kowalczyk, it could be "lay on, MacDuffy." Wisconsin will seem a lonesome place without Alan Ameche, but the elements are still there—particularly at tackle and quarterback, where a new multiple-offense emphasis will be on Jim Miller's pitching.

How now, J. C. Caroline—who made All-America as a soph but went down as a junior when the Illinois line slipped? At last report this fine young man was also in summer school juggling a course in psychology, after having overcome a back injury. If he emerges sound all around, the road ahead still looks rough—unless coach Ray Eliot is lying in the Illinois woods with hidden assets. Murray Warmath is reported nurturing a sleeping-youth movement at Minnesota, which could mean trouble for unwary opponents, possibly as early as the Purdue game on October 1st.

Guarded optimism is the unaccustomed word from Indiana, which has 22 letter men but needs a quarterback. Bernie Crimmins served notice with a Michigan victory last year, and this year's special target is his alma mater—Notre Dame. Lou Saban takes over at Northwestern, where he inherited 20 letter men and some fine sophs. He will install the pro T-offense he learned under Paul Brown in Cleveland.

The smaller Midwestern schools, which must prospect material overlooked by the big fellows, have come up with some good ones. Marquette is high on sophomore center Dick (Soup) Camp-

bell. Miami (Ohio), defending its Mid-America crown, would "like to see the man" better than its tackle Roger Siesel. Cincinnati, now coached by George Blackburn, claims its Mike Murphy is "as good a quarterback as any in college football." And at Dayton, which is gradually moving toward the big time, Hugh Devore rates end Jim Katcavage "as good as I ever coached."

SOUTH

If you have a little seismograph in your home and it registers a violent motion in the vicinity of Washington, D.C., on the afternoon of September 24th, relax—it will only be the head-bumping at nearby College Park, Maryland, where UCLA and Maryland will be joyfully renewing the most furious gridiron feud that ever sprang from nowhere. It all began innocently last October when James Moore Tatum, reigning coach of the year, sailed his undefeated split-T national champions skyward to Los Angeles to show some single-wing pretenders how the game should be played. The UCLA Bruins took the terror out of the Terrapins, 12-7.

So this year Henry (Red) Sanders, reigning coach of the year, will sail his national champions (UP poll) for their first trip East—"And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'" Tatum will be waiting with (he hopes) the best over-all squad he's ever had at Maryland—23 letter men, two-way platoons, Bob Pellegrini, my Preview All-America center, and junior Frank Tamburello, rated among the better T-magicians. Since the Bruins will be equally loaded, this game-of-the-year obviously will affect the highest awards later on. If

Preseason All-America Eleven

RON KRAMER, Michigan	End	East Detroit, Mich.
RON BEAGLE, Navy	End	Covington, Ky.
EDDIE RAYBURN, Rice	Tackle	Houston, Tex.
FRANKLIN BROOKS, Ga. Tech	Tackle	Atlanta, Ga.
BO BOLINGER, Oklahoma	Guard	Muskogee, Okla.
HARDIMAN CURETON, UCLA	Guard	Duarte, Calif.
BOB PELLEGRINI, Maryland	Center	Yatesboro, Pa.
HOWARD CASSADY, Ohio State	Back	Columbus, O.
LENNY MOORE, Penn State	Back	Reading, Pa.
LENNY DAWSON, Purdue	Back	Alliance, O.
JOE CHILDRESS, Auburn	Back	Robertsdale, Ala.

Back of the Year	HOWARD CASSADY	Ohio State
Lineman of the Year	RON KRAMER (e)	Michigan
Coach of the Year	BOBBY DODD	Georgia Tech

The All-America Squad

(Does not include All-America Eleven)

ENDS—Schnellenberger (Ky.); Loudd (UCLA); Clarke (USC); Gilliam (Iowa); Lundy (Purd.); Intihar (Corn.); Dennis and Walker (Md.); Tuminello (LSU); Stewart (Stan.); Smith (Navy); Carmichael (Calif.); Gremminger (Baylor)

TACKLES—Chesnauskas (Army); Machinsky (Ohio St.); Bartholomew (WF); Salerno (Colo.); Krupa (Purd.); Bosley (W. Va.); Hobert (Minn.); D'Agostino (Aub.); Miller (BC); Brackett (Aub.); Walker (Tex. Tech); Vereen (Ga. Tech); Tarasovic (Yale); Gregg (SMU)

GUARDS—Jones (Iowa); Gray (Texas); Parker (Ohio St.); Alliston (Miss.); Lemek (ND); Meigs (Harv.); Gilkey (Calif.); Stapp (Colo.); Birchfield (Duke); Ferrante (USC); Buonopane (HC)

CENTERS—Tubbs (Okla.); Pitts (TCU); Dubuisson (Miss.); Goux (USC); Bates (Mich.); Vargo (Ohio St.); Tatum (Texas)

BACKS—Arnett (USC); Davis (Miss. St.); Welsh (Navy); Davenport (UCLA); Shofner (Baylor); Carpenter (Ark.); Harris (Okla.); Schaefer (ND); Kyasky (Army); Marshall (SMU); Hardy (Ky.); Uebel (Army); Caroline (Ill.); Rouviere (Miami, Fla.); Bayuk (Colo.); Holleder (Army); Flippin (Prince.); Pascal (Duke); Hornung (ND); Horton (Vand.); Decker (UCLA); Wyant (W. Va.); Luppino (Ariz.); Swink (TCU); Brown (Syr.); Kinard (Miss.); Tamburello (Md.); Vincent (Iowa); Miller (Wis.); Glick (Col. A&M); Lunsford (Okla. A&M)

Top Twenty Teams

National Champion: OKLAHOMA 10-0

2. MICHIGAN	9-0	12. SOUTHERN CAL	8-2
3. MARYLAND	9-1	13. NAVY	7-2
4. UCLA	9-1	14. BAYLOR	8-2
5. GEORGIA TECH	9-1	15. NOTRE DAME	8-2
6. MISSISSIPPI	9-1	16. PURDUE	7-2
7. OHIO STATE	8-1	17. MIAMI (Fla.)	7-2
8. ARMY	8-1	18. KENTUCKY	8-2
9. AUBURN	9-1	19. PENN STATE	7-2
10. RICE	9-1	20. DUKE	8-2
11. COLORADO	9-1		

POSSIBLE BREAK-THROUGHS: Iowa 6-3; West Virginia 9-1; Boston College 7-1; Yale 7-2; Princeton 7-2; California 7-3; SMU 7-3; Texas 7-3; Wisconsin 6-3; Michigan State 6-3; Florida 7-3; TCU 7-3; Arkansas 7-3; Georgia 7-3.

Bowl Prospects

Rose Bowl	Cotton Bowl
MICHIGAN over UCLA	RICE over MISSISSIPPI
Sugar Bowl	Orange Bowl
ARMY over GEORGIA TECH	OKLAHOMA over MARYLAND

OTHER BOWL POSSIBLES: Navy, Auburn, Baylor, Miami (Fla.), Kentucky, Penn State, Duke, West Va., Boston College, SMU, Florida, Georgia, Arkansas.

32

Tatum skins the Bruins, and survives the dangerous Baylor Bears the following week, he can begin to polish up for another revenge meeting with Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson in the Orange Bowl.

Here's the schedule freak: Duke, the '54 Orange Bowl winner, meets the champions of the other three major bowls—Ohio State (Rose); Navy (Sugar) and Georgia Tech (Cotton). The Blue Devils are well-stacked and will hold their own if—here it comes again—junior Sonny Jurgensen, a good passer, can master the rest of the split-T art work. Art Lewis is sure as Davy Crockett sitting on a mountaintop in West Virginia, lying in wait for the Penn State Nittany Lion, which he bagged last year, and the Pitt Panther, the only one that got away. Pappy's Mountaineer musket is crammed with such four-year ammunition as quarterback Freddy Wyant and tackle Bruce Bosley.

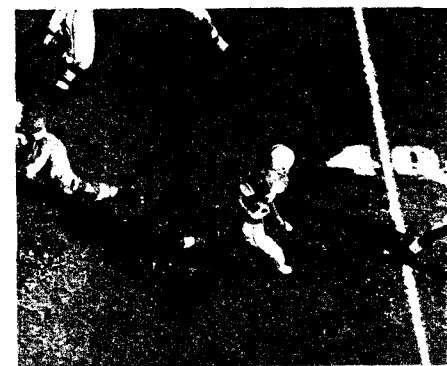
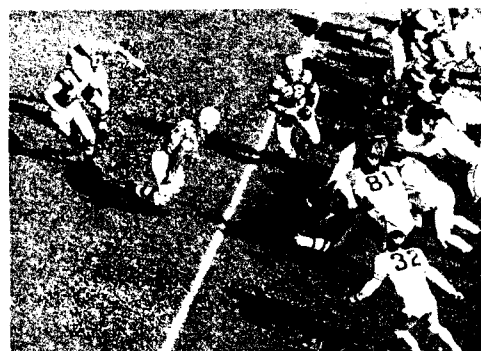
Popular Rex Enright is coming up with another sound South Carolina team that might upset Navy, Maryland or Duke, just as it upended Army last year. But it may have all it can handle this time in the traditional State Fair rival—Clemson—especially if quarterback Don King remains sound after his '54 injuries. North Carolina's schedule makers seem much better than its recruiters: Oklahoma was picked up as an opener this year. Bob Bartholomew of Wake Forest may well be the best college tackle—the Deacons will quote you unlimited chapter and verse on the subject. Virginia Tech will tell you about halfback Dickie Beard and line-backer Jack Prater, and North Carolina State likes its sophomore halfback, Dick Christy.

And while everybody's talking, let me get in a word about my sophomore Back of the Year, James Abol Hassen Bakhtiar of Abadan, Iran. His mother is a nursing graduate of UCLA; his father, a Columbia grad, is head of a hospital in Iran, so Jim came over to get ready for medicine and wound up at Virginia. He's really just learning the game, but they're already comparing him to the great Bill Dudley—he's big, does everything and likes it.

SOUTHEAST

The movies some time ago came up with the wide screen as a box-office answer to TV, and the Southeast has now come up with a football whopper—an opening two-night double-header (September 17th) in which three of the four top teams of the section and the leading dark horse will shoot it out on the same field for first legs on the conference title and Sugar Bowl. In the afternoon my selection for both honors—Georgia Tech—will play rough host to the powerful lone wolf of the section, Miami of Florida. Georgia Tech ranks with Bobby Dodd's squads, which have lost only five games in the last 46. The big star is home-town boy Franklin Delano Brooks, already one of the finest guards in Tech's history, but so mobile and alert that I'm sure Dodd would not hesitate, in these days of shifting defenses, to move him to tackle—as I've already done on my All-America Eleven for reasons I'll explain later. There are supposed to be soft spots in the line but the backs are many and fleet. Miami has almost the same cast as the one which lost only one game in '54—and that by one point to Auburn. If Miami gets by the Tech Yel-

Back of the Year



Game action film shows why Ohio State's 168-pound Howard (Hopalong) Cassady ranks with the top breakaway runners in Big Ten history. Taking a pitch-

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low Jackets, only an unlikely loss to Notre Dame, three weeks later, would stand between the Floridians and all the honors they might choose to claim—including, perhaps, All-America ranking for their star back, Whitey Rouviere.

In the evening fireworks, on the same field, Ole Miss will begin its campaign to get back into the Sugar Bowl. The path after a Georgia victory would be blocked only by Kentucky the next week. John Vaught's 19 returning letter men, with most of the scoring potential of last year, include three quarterbacks, who no doubt have been studying the pictures of how Navy quarterback George Welsh foxed them in '54 with the option play. Georgia, the spring tip, shows—count 'em—32 letter men, but seems shy that top passer which Wally Butts has almost always had.

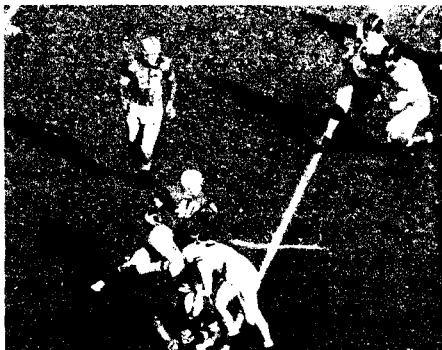
In my system of counting votes (which includes rabbit's feet found by the dark of the Halloween moon) the jarring feet of Jolting Joe Childress led all other backfield men—which is why Auburn is still given a title chance, even though end Jim Pyburn did become a baseball bonus baby. There are other good men. The word is out about Kentucky, which had hoped to sneak up on the blind side of some big ones as it did last year, and may still well do. Quarterback Bob Hardy and end Howard Schnellenberger may be the best passing battery of the year.

The other words are many and good. Arthur Davis, Mississippi State halfback, might be as good as the best, but the team record may dim his recognition. Bob Woodruff may have his best squad since coming to Florida. Alabama and Tennessee have called alumni home to restore prestige to these famous football schools: J. B. Whitworth returns to Tuscaloosa from Oklahoma A&M; and Bowden Wyatt, who did the fashion job of '54 when he made a Cinderella out of the Arkansas Hog and took it to the Cotton Bowl, is back at Tennessee. Both coaches are entitled to a year of grace—as is Paul Dietzel, plucked from Red Blaik's Army staff by LSU. Art Guepe has a first-class back at Vanderbilt in Charley Horton. Andy Pilney's rock-bottom Tulane squad began to click at the end of last season.

Florida State is beginning to challenge the big boys, but will need about one more year. Mississippi Southern had its second straight summertime loss of its potential star back to major-league baseball. Southeastern Louisiana, undefeated in '54, lost its star back to Uncle Sam. And say hey—have you ever wondered how Willie Mays would look in a football suit? Well, I saw his double recently—Willie Gallimore of Florida A&M—in movie high lights of the Negro Orange Blossom classic, where he picked up 295 fantastic yards against Maryland State. (Relax, pros—Willie's got two more years.)

SOUTHWEST

The Texas teams prepare for their conference cannonading with the biggest (naturally) warmup stuff they can find. Sometimes these outside games are too hot to handle, but the early-season program seems just about the proper temperature for Rice, which is one reason I'm picking the Owls down here. Another is a strong and steady line, anchored by heady Eddie Rayburn at tackle. The backfield script calls for three



sady (40) snakes his way past a pair of would-be Purdue tacklers and then inches away from a third to go galloping down the side line for long gain

Sophomore Squad

The All-Americans of 1957. (Capitals indicate soph eleven)

ENDS—PHILLIPS (Aub.); RIGNEY (Iowa); Prendergast (ND); Hood (Okla.); Brown (Ohio St.); Darty (Tenn.); Brown (Ariz.); Derrick (S. C.); Pendexter (Yale); Anderson (Baylor); Mestens (Drake).

TACKLES—MICHAELS (Ky.); HEALY (Md.); Karras (Iowa); Czapl (Mo.); Day (Wash.); Ladd (Okla.); Owen (Mich.); Kern (HC); Baker (Wash. St.); Robertshaw (Brown); Wheeler (Neb.); Casciola (Prince.); Mitchell (Fla.); Addison (S. C.).

GUARDS—FRANCIS (ND); GLAZIER (Ga. Tech); *Sington (Ala.); Connors (Colo.); Stremic (Navy); Robinson (Stan.); Johnson (WF); Perry (Ark.); Howley (W. Va.); Rasmussen (Minn.).

CENTERS—MORRIS (Okla.); Matheny (UCLA); Van Buren (Iowa); Campbell (Marq.); Kernan (Army); Del Homme (Texas); Habig (Purd.); Doren (W. Va.); Butler (Utah).

BACKS—BAKHTIAR (Va.); FONDREN (Texas); FLOWERS (Ga. Tech); ROBERTS (USC); *Traylor (Baylor); *Knox (UCLA); Pace (Mich.); Wilkins (ND); Hoppe (Aub.); Crow and Hall (Texas A&M); Hill, Ryan and Mutschink (Rice); Kowalczyk (Mich. St.); Halbert (Miss. St.); Flood and Oldham (Navy); Masters (SMU); Horton (Ark.); Lewis (ND); McAniff (Corn.); Becker (Colo.); Newton (Tul.); Reeves (Miami, Fla.); Munger (Army); Bronson (Tenn.); Loftin (Ala.); Rountree (Fla.); Morris (Ore.); Barrett (S. C.); King (Vand.); Trimarki (W. Va.); Ford (H-S); Brodhead (Duke); Christy (N. C. St.); Ross (Penn.); Francisco (Kan. U.); Valli and Douglas (Stan.); Sullivan (BC); Stahura (Harv.); Ninowski (Mich. St.); Theodore (Pitt); Van Pelt (Mich.); Spraker (Colum.); Gorrell and Hickman (USC); Cook (Aub.); Thomas (Okla.); Markiewicz and Caprara (Penn State); Winterbauer (Yale); Gianulias (Calif.).

Soph Back of the Year

JIM BAKHTIAR Virginia

Soph Lineman of the Year

LOU MICHAELS (t) Ky.

*Football sophs but academic juniors

Unsung Squad

(A token roster of boys from major schools shut out from the All-America flight by our lack of space, estimated team records or better-publicized men from their own squads)

ENDS—Lopata (Yale); Crawford (Rice); Bomba (Ind.); Paluck (Pitt); Lewis (Mich. St.); Brown (Fla.); Ross (Denv.); Carter (Wyo.); Wilkins (Ga.); O'Garra (UCLA); Griffith (USC); Michael (Ohio St.); Bass (Duke); Kelley (Texas); Kaphis (ND); Engram (TCU); Pascoe (Dart.); Seitz (Colum.); Graham (Colg.); Schriewer (Texas); Frye (NCU); Ridlon (Syr.).

TACKLES—Huff (West. Va.); Ghilarducci (Calif.); Gunnari (Wash. St.); Horvat (Denv.); Barron (Miss. St.); Wheeler (Ky.); Kneidinger (Penn St.); Hopkins (Navy); Sandusky (Md.); Panfil (Purd.); Lynch (Ala.); Wiggins (Stan.); Knotts (Duke); Portney (Mo.); Nery (Kan. St.); Edmonds (ND); Weiss (Miss.); Heuring (Md.); Della Valle and Rodberg (Miami, Fla.); Masters (Mich. St.); Powell (Colg.); Skoronski (Ind.); Glass (Baylor); Smith (Ark.); McGuinness (Brown).

GUARDS—Sneed (Texas); Shea (Ga.); Polzer (Va.); Suber (Miss. St.); Scarbrough (Aub.); Roberts (Ark.); Sardisco and Burnthorne (Tul.); C. Nystrom (Mich. St.); Brown (UCLA); Galli (USC); Riviere (Rice); Davis (Md.); Miller (Baylor); Shumaker (Penn St.); Hawk (SMU); Shada (Penn.); Kelley (Ala.); Barrow (Fla.); Shwaiko (Wis.).

CENTERS—Kuhn (Ky.); Mense (ND); Bell (S. C.); De La Torre (Fla.); Hatcher (Ariz.); Furey (Kan. St.); Avery (Clem.); Leachman (Tenn.); Cenci (Pitt); Schwert (Syr.); Stavnitski (NCU); Whitmire (Navy); Wilson (Rice); Karnoscak (Colo.); Prater (Va. T.).

BACKS—Smith (Iowa); Mitchell (Ga. Tech); Drew (Calif.); Simpson (Fla.); Murakowski (Purd.); Campbell and Bartkiewicz (Ind.); Troglia (NW); Monto (Navy); Baldacci and Branoff (Mich.); Reichow (Iowa); Beutle (Tenn.); Salvaterra (Pitt); James (Aub.); McIlhenny and O'Brien (SMU); Kirkpatrick (Tex. Tech); Beagle (Dart.); Jackson and Meade (Corn.); Starr (Ala.); Ulm (S. Jose); Aldridge (Duke); Moore and Walker (Ark.); Kane (Penn State); Peaks, Wilson and Morrall (Mich. St.); Marconi (W. Va.); Majors (Tenn.); Moody (Kan. U.); Morse (ND); King (Clem.); DeSilva (BC); Hagerstrom (BU); McGill and Ackermann (Yale); Beard (Va. Tech); Hall (Rice); James (Ore.); Prickett and Caskey (S. C.); Harkrader (Ohio St.); Hermesen (Marq.); Womack (Texas); Wilson and Jenkins (Colo.); Mastrogianni and Watts (Wyo.); Garrard and Harris (Ga.); Curtis (TCU); Hunter (Mo.); Martin (Colg.); Blalack (Miss.); Joslin (Harv.); Bonofiglio (Miami, Fla.); Sutton (NCU).

Unsung Heroes
WILLIE GALLIMORE
BOB TUCKER
REX ENRIGHT
GOMER JONES

Florida A&M Back
Texas Lineman (t)
South Carolina Coach
Oklahoma Asst. Coach

Pro Scout List

(A token list, mostly from minor and intermediate ranks, as good as the best but out of the publicity sun)

ENDS—Kacavage (Day.); Feamster (Fla. St.); Howle (Tex. West.); Cooper (Maine); Beersch (Iowa St. Tea.); Felber (Rut.); Husser (Southeast La.); Laraway (Clem.); McComb (Vill.); Wessman (S. Jose).

TACKLES—Witte (Ore. St.); Nisby (COP); Siesel (Miami, O.); Lutterman (Wyo.); Boyle (Cinc.); Adams (S. Jose); Lusk (W&M); Gladden (Fla. A&M); Owens (Miss. Sou.); Christensen (Rich.); Billings (Memp. St.); Waedekin (H-S); Jankans (Tempe); Dunn (Ia. St. Tea.); Sadler (Muhl.); Steuber (Amh.).

GUARDS—Fournet (Southeast. La.); Stevens (Bates); Hughes (S. Jose); Hulsey (COP); Quail (Cinc.).

CENTERS—Cook (Tr., Texas); Cohen (Chatt.); Dedecke (SW Tex.); Baumgart (Det.); Clark (Miss. Sou.); Walker (NH); Aramini (Tr., Conn.); O'Toole (Wich.); Weber (Col. A&M).

BACKS—Whittenton (Texas West.); Wells (Clem.); Gary (Ida.); Sticka (Tr., Conn.); Murphy and Miller (Cinc.); Wright (Tufts); Gagliardi (Getty.); Ford (Buck.); Rhodes (W. St.); Teresa (S. Jose); Rainbolt (La. Tech); Pope (Sou. La.); Sample (Md. St.); Stephenson (Stetson); Berzenski (Wis. St.); Podoley (Cen. Mich.); McDonald (Muhl.); Pajaczowski (Rich.); Marinkov (N. C. St.); Sedlar (Tempe); Hays (Trinity, Texas).

Pacific Coast

First Flight

UCLA 9-1 California 7-3
Southern Cal. 8-2 Stanford 6-4

Second Flight

Wash. State 7-3 Col. of Pac. 6-3
Washington 5-5 San Jose 7-2
Oregon 5-5 Oregon St. 3-6
Idaho 4-5

Rocky Mountain

First Flight

Utah 7-2 Denver 7-3
Wyoming 8-2 Colo. A&M 7-3

Second Flight

Utah State 4-6 Western State
New Mexico 5-5 Idaho State
Brigham Young Colorado Mines
Montana 3-7 Colorado College
Montana State Colorado State
Adams State

Missouri Valley

First Flight

Oklahoma 10-0 Nebraska 6-4
Colorado 9-1 Missouri 5-5
Kansas St. 5-5

Second Flight

Okl. A&M 6-4 Detroit 5-4
Wichita 7-3 Tulsa 2-8
Iowa State 4-5 Drake 4-4
Kansas U. 3-7 Bradley 7-2

Southwest

First Flight

Rice 9-1 SMU 7-3
Baylor 8-2 Arkansas 7-3
Texas 7-3 TCU 7-3
Texas Tech 8-2

Second Flight

Texas A&M 4-6 Tempe 5-5
Houston 7-3 Abilene 5-5
Trinity 8-1 West Texas 5-4
Texas West. 8-2 N. Mex. A&M
Arizona 8-2 East Texas 7-3
Hardin-Sim. 6-4 SW Texas 7-3
North Texas Sul Ross 4-6

Note: All team records are estimated on severity of schedules—which explains why a squad may seem poorly placed despite a superior estimated record.

*UCLA with 21 letter men
and Southern Cal with 24
look best in the West.
But keep an eye on dark
horse Washington State*



A Virginia footballer by way of Iran. Jim Bakhtiar will be the top soph back

sophs, King Hill, Frank Ryan and Virgil Mutschink to come through—and that's where the tepid early schedule should help. It is seldom that an SWC champ ever comes through conference play untarnished—and furthermore, Rice meets Kentucky at Lexington, smack in the middle of the conference card—but if Jess Neely negotiates this line-up he will be entitled to Coach of the Year honors, in his 25th season as a head man at a major college (the last 15 at Rice).

Baylor goes outside the conference for Maryland in the third game, just after the UCLA-Maryland Donnybrook. Del Shofner is one of the many scintillating all-purpose backs of the new game—already a must on many pro programs. But much will depend on the passing arm of Doyle Traylor; Baylor's Traylor is a junior who missed his ballyhooed sophomore year because of injuries.

Texas, unanimous preseason pick in 1954, never got over early defeats by Notre Dame and Oklahoma. This year the Longhorns have much the same cast, plus soph Walter Fondren, hailed as the best runner down here since Doak Walker, and expected to "exploit the pass-and-run." Herb Gray, topflight guard, will play defensive end. Senior tackle Bob Tucker, an engineering major, has played five of the seven line positions. This time the reckless Steers take on Southern Cal and Oklahoma before the conference card.

SMU opens with Notre Dame and Georgia Tech—which should make or break the veteran Mustang squad, whose lead pony, John Marshall, might just run away with national halfback honors. It's possible that the Arkansas Razorbacks could have another Cinderella night out, with a new coach for escort and a new split-T dress. Coach Jack Mitchell, who succeeds Bowden Wyatt, made the morale-meter zing in the spring. One of the better backfields of the year will include Preston Carpenter, a fine defensive player who has displayed terrific offensive talents. And how about TCU, with 26 of 31 letter men back, the "best manpower and skills in a decade" and a solid coach in Abe Martin? Hugh Pitts is one of the top centers, and junior Jim Swink a really unsung back. You can see how it's going to be in the SWC this year with only Texas A&M lacking big ideas—and at that, the Aggie cast, mostly sophomores, might short some powerhouse in the later stages.

Texas Tech, with two fine chances to argue for SWC membership, in openers with Texas and TCU, still has Jerry Walker at tackle; and Jack Kirkpatrick, one of those T-tricksters, has recovered from last year's miseries. Texas Western claims its Jesse Whittenton as the "best pass-option man in these parts," which could be, since he was voted most valuable player in the Border Conference, which also included halfback Art Luppino of Arizona, national scoring leader with 166 points; you could go to sleep counting Art's 24 touchdowns, to say nothing of those 1,359 yards rushing.

Sammy Baugh is now head coach at Hardin-

Simmons, where he predicts big things for soph passer Ken Ford. Dan Devine has been imported from Michigan State to teach the multiple-offense dances to the Tempe Sun Devils. Tony Covallo has picked up the reins at New Mexico A&M. And it's always exciting for us gridiron astronomers to discover a new star; here's one in that great heaven of Texas: Trinity of San Antonio, champion of the Gulf Coast Conference and winner of 16 straight.

MISSOURI VALLEY

Oklahoma has won 19 games in a row and has also gone 47 straight in the Big Seven Conference without defeat. Its 23 letter men include senior Bo Bolinger, all-out All-America prospect at guard; junior Jerry Tubbs, a top center candidate; junior Jimmy Harris, "who can do more things physically than any preceding Bud Wilkinson split-T quarterback"; and Denit Morris, sophomore center, who is so good that Tubbs could be returned to fullback. The word from Norman is "rebuilding," and my good friends there don't mean it to be comical.

It is likely that Wilkinson has thought quite often about Texas and Colorado in recent weeks. The Texas-Oklahoma game, a fixture on the Cotton Bowl gridiron, has become an early-season classic which usually finds the Longhorns a bit short; but they are about due. And Colorado has been dogging the Sooners with dee-termination. This year fullback John Bayuk and the other Buff backs may be superior—if Emerson Wilson and Homer Jenkins can stay sound. Coach Dallas Ward also has two unit two-way lines, led by Sam Salerno and Dick Stapp, to match the Sooner might. In previous years, the Buffs say, "we simply wore out" up front.

The drop to the next group is definite. Nebraska's junior halfback Don Comstock also had that old summer-school complaint; but the Huskers came from nowhere in last year's sprint to the Orange Bowl and might have another spurt preparing. Missouri is middlin' fair with youngsters, and could do well if two injury-ridden veterans give the kids some ballast. Jimmy Hunter is a "real split-T quarterback," fashioned by Don Faurot, inventor of the system, and sophomore Frank Czapl is rated one of those "once-in-so-often" tackles.

Recent coaching traffic in the corn country has had the ferment of covered-wagon coats, but the big trouble is holding the successful coaches against blandishments from other spots. The replacements come from many sources. The word about Iowa State, where Vince DiFrancesca took over last year. "The new coaching staff really means business. Thirty-eight sophs on a squad of 66." Chuck Mather, who brought his Massillon (Ohio) high school staff to Kansas in 1954, ran his inherited winless streak to 16. But 15 sophs did help the varsity lick the alumni this spring; "a little daylight" is reported, with sunshine expected in '57. Wally Frombart hopes for a winning season in his

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Midwest

First Flight

Michigan 9-0 Iowa 8-1
Ohio State 8-1 Wisconsin 8-1
Notre Dame 8-2 Michigan St. 6-3
Purdue 7-2 Indiana 6-3

Second Flight

Minnesota 5-4 Ohio U. 6-3
Illinois 5-4 Kent State 7-2
Northwestern 4-5 Toledo 5-4
Marquette 5-4 Xavier 4-5
Miami 8-1 Youngstown 6-3
Cincinnati 7-2 Louisville 6-3
Dayton 6-4 Akron 3-5

Southeast

First Flight

Georgia Tech 9-1 Kentucky 8-1
Auburn 9-1 Georgia 7-1
Mississippi 9-1 Florida 7-1
Miami 7-2 Miss. St. 6-4

Second Flight

Alabama 5-5 Miss. Sou. 8-2
Tennessee 4-6 Southeast La. 7-3
LSU 4-6 Memphis St. 4-5
Vanderbilt 4-6 Chattanooga 3-7
Tulane 3-7 Louisville 6-3
Florida St. 6-4 Florida A&M 9-1

South

First Flight

Maryland 9-1 North Carolina 5-5
Duke 8-2 Virginia Tech 8-2
W. Virginia 9-1 Clemson 6-4
So. Carolina 6-3 Wake Forest 5-5
Virginia 5-5

Second Flight

N. C. State 4-6 VMI 3-7
W. & M. 4-5 Furman 4-6
Richmond 6-3 Citadel 3-6
George Wash. 3-6

East

First Flight

Army 8-1 Yale 7-2
Navy 7-2 Princeton 7-2
Penn State 7-2 Boston Coll. 7-1
Pitt 6-4 Cornell 6-3

Second Flight

Boston U. 6-2 Rutgers 5-3
Holy Cross 7-3 Villanova 3-6
Syracuse 4-4 Delaware 7-2
Colgate 5-4 Lafayette 4-4
Harvard 5-3 Bucknell 5-4
Dartmouth 4-5 Gettysburg 5-3
Brown 4-5 Muhlenberg 5-3
Penn 3-6 Lehigh 4-5
Columbia 3-6 Temple 3-5

NEW ENGLAND (Yankee Conference)

N. Hampshire 6-2 Connecticut 4-5
Rhode Island 6-2 Vermont 4-3
Maine 5-2 Massachusetts 4-4

Tufts 7-1 Northeastern
Trinity 6-1 Wesleyan
Amherst 5-3 Springfield 4-3
Williams 5-3 Bowdoin 3-4
Brandeis 5-3 Bates 4-3

second year leading the gridiron forces at Detroit.

Here is the line on the five freshman mentors: Bus Mertes moved up from the backfield job at Kansas State; material is good but the schedule rough. Pete Tillman inherited most of the fine squad Jack Mitchell left at Wichita. Bill Meek picked up a sleeper at Houston, the Texas delegate to the Missouri Valley Conference. It looks like a long haul for Bobby Dobbs at Tulsa, "learning to crawl again." Cliff Speegle, who came from the Canadian pro league to Oklahoma A&M, inherited a green line but experienced backs, including senior Earl Lunsford, "the best fullback in our history." And here's the why: Earl turns in around 750 yards rushing each year—the hard way. He's the best line-backer they've seen. He usually plays 60 minutes and (so far) has never been hurt.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

It would take a fully equipped mountain measurer to separate Utah, Wyoming and Denver. Each won one game in their '54 round robin. The Denver defeat, to Wyoming by two points, was its only one of the year. The Skyline champs lost their coach, Bob Blackman, and six of eight top backs, but capable John Roning, who came to Denver from Utah State, has good material returning.

Utah, loaded with youth, looks like the conference winner but plays a heavier outside schedule. Wyoming has its best backfield in history and should be rugged all the way. Colorado A&M's "do-everything" quarterback Gary Glick, who "could play on any team," might make the Aggies a contender. The remaining squads are scattered in the lower-level valleys. Ev Faunce moves up to Utah State, and Jerry Williams comes in from the pro Eagles to Montana U. The new Air Academy is in the first stages of an approach to the Army-Navy gridiron level.

PACIFIC COAST

After the last Coach of the Year dinner in New York, we captured the lion, caged him in a cab, exhibited him at the Sugar Bowl headquarters and prodded him for the reasons UCLA has been wagging the rest of the Pacific Coast. Red Sanders is admittedly an exceptional coach; he usually has good material—21 letter men this season, featuring fullback Bob Davenport, guard Hardiman Cureton and wingback Jim Decker—but neither Red nor "the horses" might be there if the Bruin faculty adviser on athletics, atomic physicist Dr. Joseph Kaplan, did not also believe that football occupies a wholesome place in American life. (On learning this, another mentor offered to trade his entire backfield for Dr. Kaplan.)

After last year's punishing Maryland game, the Bruins eked out only a one-point victory over an underpar Washington. If they should go into another Terrapin stagger dance after this year's wres-

ting, an able crew of Cougars will be waiting up at Washington State—26 letter men, with pro-prize Tom Gunnari at tackle and a great halfback in Bob Miller. Al Kircher has switched from the single wing to the split-T for this typical reason: "Experienced and veteran personnel who can move."

Chief Bruin opposition, as usual, should come from cross-town rival Tommy Trojan. Jess Hill has 24 letter men of much experience at Southern Cal, led by halfback Jon Arnett, who could easily make All-America if his team measures up. And the big boy who could be the big difference is soph fullback C. R. Roberts. Three of California's five defeats last year were to the country's top trio—Oklahoma, UCLA and Ohio State. This year Pappy Waldorf loses passer Paul Larson, but may actually do better with a return to his bulldozing ground game. Stanford is kicking like a dark horse. Chuck Taylor is supposed to have a good crew of sophs, and he is establishing a neat reputation for getting all there is out of his material. The four California schools should measure up with the best in the land.

Improvement at Washington State may be matched at Washington, where John Cherberg is about due to escape the incredible injury jinx of the last two campaigns. Oregon, which has had Norm Van Brocklin and George Shaw in recent years, will have a strange problem—quarterback. Oregon State, watching to see how the UCLA offense exports under Tommy Prothro (he was one of Sanders' assistants), seems a year away, even with 26 letter men. College of the Pacific and San Jose continue to run as a tandem, both with some top stars and gradually taking on major schedules. Idaho, which came fast at last season's end, lost nine starters but has another good potential.

The Coast Conference rescinded the ban on spring football which was to have gone into effect next year. (Dr. Kaplan, I presume?)

STANDOUTS

You'da thought I committed a major crime last year when I picked Ole Miss for national champion. ("Incredible! Who do they play?") But it all worked out fine, at least for me and the great state of Mississippi. When the Johnny Rebs got the Sugar Bowl bid, as I had also predicted, they invited me down for their dinner: Governor Hugh L. White formally proclaimed Ole Miss national champion, and we had a real good time congratulating one another. (P.S. This was before the Sugar Bowl game.)

There may be more of the same this time if both Oklahoma and Michigan go undefeated. Michigan does play the tougher schedule; but because of that very fact the Sooners have a better chance to go unbeaten—and may I remind once again that my job is to guess the verdict of the year-end selectors, who invariably look at the record rather than the schedule?

Amiable second-guessers might really have me

over a barrel on my current All-America backfield selections. Usually there are a few standouts, and last year I had three of the four honor men in Ralph Guglielmi, Alan Ameche and George Shaw. But because of the many outstanding candidates, and other ramifications, I could miss out entirely on my top '55 backs—Howard Cassady, Lenny Moore, Lenny Dawson and Joe Childress. If Moore should be ineligible, Bob Davenport of UCLA would be my fourth All-America back. I have more confidence in my top linemen, although many solid possibilities were frozen out, particularly among the guards. There was a contrasting shortage of "name" tackles; which explains my shift of Brooks from guard to tackle. It is the first time I've ever used this convenient crutch; but here again intrudes the problem of guessing with the year-end selectors who are sometimes more impressed by publicity than performance. Tackles like Chesnauskas of Army, Bartholomew of Wake Forest and Salerno of Colorado, will try to make me sorry. And there are always those determined young men who spring from the Unsung Squad as Cassady and Beagle did last year. Last year two of my top three linemen, Sid Fournet and Calvin Jones, were consensus selections. I've passed up Jones this year because of concern over the hand injury which bothered him throughout '54. The hand was operated on in the summer.

I've never yet hit Coach of the Year; but here, with the usual assumption that the mentors will pick a man who has never won, is my Coaches Eleven: Bobby Dodd (Georgia Tech); Jess Neely (Rice); Woody Hayes (Ohio State); Eddie Erdelatz (Navy); Shug Jordan (Auburn); John Vaught (Ole Miss); Dallas Ward (Colorado); George Sauer (Baylor); Jess Hill (USC); Stu Holcomb (Purdue); Rip Engle (Penn State).

My sincere apologies to all the fine players whose names could not be included because of space limitations, and my humble thanks to the real Unsung Heroes, the Who's Who of the Gridiron who help me with this annual job—the 232 who this year returned voluminous questionnaires and the other hundred or so who helped with the consultation.

I'd like to dedicate this Preview, and say farewell to one adviser who has been with me from the beginning, my good friend since we both worked as students for Knute Rockne, a fine sports writer and a great, great friend of college football—the late Arch Ward.

THE END



Ogling natives watch Loren from balcony during market-place scene



Dip in famed fishing harbor is rare respite for Sophia in dawn-to-dusk shooting schedule



Records are among star's diversions. To relax, Loren swings into a solo mambo at hotel

Sophia in Sorrento

Latest in a lengthening line of Italian screen beauties slated for export is Sophia Loren. Even as a fish vendor, she films like a femme fatale

IN ITALY, sweet land of Lollobrigida, beautiful, buxom movie stars seem to spring from the soil like olive trees. A few, especially endowed, are singled out for the stares and serenades of a film-conscious homeland, then marked for export. Sophia Loren, a slant-eyed, sports-car-loving, almost unbelievably statuesque twenty-one-year-old in the Titian tradition, is one of these. Cast in a somewhat brassier mold than Gina, Italy's number-one girl, Loren has been in movies since 1952, and already has more pictures than years to her credit. Her roles have ranged from Cleopatra to eel canner, from café singer to pizza maker to river girl.

This summer, midway through a six-picture year, Sophia left her cold, marble-trimmed Rome apartment and journeyed south to Sorrento to play a fish vendor in a movie tentatively titled *Bread, Love and Lady Sophia*, the third in the *Bread, Love and —* series, which starred Lollobrigida in the earlier two. Lens-weary Loren, who worked with her costar, celebrated actor-director Vittorio De Sica, from sunup to an early curfew in the market place of the famed fishing village, saw less of Sorrento than goggle-eyed natives saw of her. She stopped only for hasty meals of *pasta*, a swim in the bay and daily English lessons against a projected fall trip to this country to publicize another new film, *Neapolitan Carousel*. Though one of her pictures already has been shown here, this will be Sophia's first U.S. visit. Americans who have seen her as the wigged and jeweled, black-as-midnight slave princess in *Aida* probably will find the form familiar, even if they can't recall the face.

—EVELYN HARVEY



Above, in a scene at her dockside fish stand, she flirts with costar Vittorio De Sica. Right, wigged and costumed against a harbor setting, Sophia creates an Old Master mood

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS





Debt to a STRANGER

By ELLIOTT ARNOLD

*Kennedy bet everything—his job, his
belief in decency, a friend's trust—
on a wild hunch. It had to pay off*

THE short-wave radio in the police car squawked and a voice said: "Car thirty-six, car thirty-six. Officer Kennedy, proceed to headquarters immediately. Illegal Mexican alien to be delivered to federal authorities for deportation. Over."

Deputy Sheriff Henry Kennedy picked up the car mike. "This is Kennedy, Sergeant. Isn't it kind of late to be starting off for the border? I'm off duty pretty soon. Over."

"Now you got plenty of time to dump this wetback before supper," the sergeant's voice said. "Get off the dime, boy."

The voice of Deputy Sheriff Jack Williams, Kennedy's best friend, cut in. "I'm cruising right near your house, Hank. I'll stop off and keep the beautiful blonde company till you get back."

"You know the penalty for poaching, Jack," Kennedy said, grinning. Then he said, "Okay, Sergeant, I'm on my way in."

When Kennedy got to headquarters in the pleasant little town in southern California, he asked the sergeant, "Where is he, Wes?" The sergeant jerked his thumb toward a bench. Kennedy looked and said, "You again."

The Mexican stood up. He was a man in his mid-twenties. His face was dark and smooth. He was dressed in white cotton shirt and trousers and he wore straw sandals; he clutched a big straw hat with both hands. A bundle wrapped in a red serape lay at his feet. "Buenas tardes, Señor Kennedy," he said in a low voice.

"Never mind that, Ernie," Kennedy said. "Why the heck couldn't you have got yourself grabbed earlier in the day?"

"Cy Vanning just called in about him," the sergeant said. "We picked him up on the road between here and Vanning's place."

"Vanning? I didn't know that louse could get anybody to work for him any more," Kennedy said. He nodded his head toward the door. "Come on, Ernie, let's get rolling. I want to get back home in time for chow."

Kennedy swung the car onto the highway leading to Mexicali. He got himself a cigarette and tossed the pack over to the Mexican. He flicked a wooden match with his thumbnail and held out the light. "How's Lupe?"

"I have not seen her in three months," Ernie's speech, in English, was musical and only faintly accented. "She was well then—but a little hungry, as always."

"How many kids you got now, Ernie?"

"Four."

Kennedy laughed. "It was only three the last time we picked you

"I was almost there when I remembered that you would have been blamed," Ernie told Kennedy. "I did not kill Señor Vanning"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG



Niagara Falls Photographed at Night

Known by the Company it Keeps



Seagram's VO

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. 86.8 PROOF, CANADIAN WHISKY—
A BLEND...OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • SIX YEARS OLD

up. And they say you Mexicans are slow! How long you been married?"

"Five years, señor."

"Same as me," Kennedy said. "My wife and I are still waiting for the first one. Well, now you got a bundle of gringo *dinero*, for Lupe and the four descendants."

"I have no money," Ernie said.

Kennedy glanced at him. "What did you do with it? Booze?"

"Señor Vanning did not pay me."

"What do you mean?"

Ernie shrugged and looked out the window. "Why do you think he telephoned Sergeant Ross and turned me in? He wanted to avoid paying me."

"Up to that racket again," Kennedy said. The expression in his blue eyes was hard. "How long did you work for him, Ernie?"

"More than ten weeks."

"What did he contract to pay you? Fifty cents?"

"Señor Vanning does not pay fifty cents. It was thirty-five."

"That's three and a half a day. Twenty-one bucks a week."

"He owes me more than two hundred dollars."

Kennedy drew on his cigarette and then threw it away angrily. "Don't you guys know better than to work for him? You especially—you been around a long time."

"One takes work where one can find it, Señor Kennedy," Ernie said. "This time Señor Vanning swore to me there would be no trouble."

"And you haven't got a leg to stand on. You know that?"

"Sí, señor."

"You crossed the line illegally—nobody can make a pitch for you."

"I know," Ernie said politely.

"Why the hell didn't you register with the rest of the *braceros* and come over legal? Then you got protection by the law, like everybody else."

Ernie was silent for several moments. "There were more than four thousand *braceros* in Mexicali waiting for permission to cross the line when I was there."

Kennedy nodded. "And they're still there."

THEY rode without talking for several miles. Hank Kennedy's pleasantly homely face was grim. After a while Ernie said, "I had to pay a man in Mexico to get me across. Fifty dollars. I had to write down that I would give him that when I came back. Out of the money I would earn."

"What guy, Ernie? Who is he?" asked Kennedy.

"I cannot tell you that, Señor Kennedy."

"I guess not."

"I can tell you only that he has a temper, that one, and that he is not reasonable. He will not be happy when I tell him he will not be paid. He will say that I am trying to cheat him."

Kennedy's hands gripped the wheel harder. "I can't set you free, Ernie. Damn it, I can't let you go!"

"I understand, Señor Kennedy," Ernie said with courtesy. He shrugged again. "And after all, what does it matter? Perhaps it will even make it easier to explain to my woman if there is some small damage to my face."

After a while Kennedy said, "You telling the truth, *hombre*? This Vanning really hold out on you?"

"Yes."

"You're not lying to me? There was no booze? No women?"

"No."

Kennedy jammed on the brakes.

"Let's go have a talk with Mr. Vanning."

Cy Vanning looked up from his desk in the little building on his sugar-beet ranch in Imperial Valley. His florid face showed mild surprise. "Something the matter, Kennedy?"

"You know this man, Mr. Vanning?" Kennedy asked.

Vanning looked Ernie up and down. "Maybe. All those guys look alike to me. Why?"

"He says he worked for you," Kennedy said.

Vanning looked at Ernie again. "Yeah. I recognize him now. He did work for me once."

"You called headquarters about him this afternoon."

"Oh, is this the one?" Vanning shook his head. "I never saw him up close."

"Why did you turn him in?" Kennedy asked.



Vanning showed more surprise. "Why? That's a funny question, coming from a deputy sheriff. It's my duty, ain't it? Wetbacks are illegal, ain't they?"

"He says he worked for you until today," Kennedy said. "He says you didn't pay him."

Vanning jumped to his feet, fast for a big, heavy man. "That's a damned lie! The dirty Mex! This man worked for me once—" Vanning broke off and smiled knowingly at Kennedy. "We all got to use Mexicans now and then. But I paid him off—in full. This afternoon I happened to see a Mexican wandering around and I thought maybe he had a load on and would make trouble. You know these damned fools when they get boozed up! I didn't even see his face. I just thought I'd tip you boys off."

Ernie spoke for the first time. "That is not true, Señor Vanning."

Vanning's face grew red and he squinted his eyes. "You going to let him call me a liar, Kennedy?"

"You owe me money," Ernie said.

Vanning banged his fist on the desk. "Whose word you going to take, Kennedy—an illegal alien or an American citizen?"

"Come on, Ernie," Kennedy said.

"You're supposed to run him down to the line and kick him back where he belongs," Vanning said. He put his hand on the telephone. "Supposing I call and turn you in."

"Come on, Ernie," Kennedy said again. There were white lines around his mouth, showing through his tan.

As they were getting back into the car, Vanning shouted: "You want to be a cop for the Mexicans, Kennedy, why don't you join the Mexican police department!"

Kennedy stepped on the gas pedal so hard the car lurched. "Nice guy," he said.

"I like to kill him," Ernie said.

"That's smart," Kennedy said.

"That's real smart. Then you got no more worries about eating at all. The state buys your meals for you—right up to the last one. Then the only one who's got worries is Lupe."

He pulled the car off the dirt road leading from Vanning's ranch to the highway.

"Señor Kennedy," Ernie said.

"What do you want?"

"Muchas gracias."

that to make a joke. And yet it is true. Growing plants are injured by the tools with the long handles. A man cannot feel the little plants with those tools. And the plants that are being brought forth by God are very small in the beginning—they are tender and weak and they must be treated as though they were new babies." Ernie looked down. "Even the plants belonging to Señor Vanning."

Kennedy started the car, and when they reached the main highway, he turned north.

"This is not the way to Mexico," Ernie said.

"I know," Kennedy said. "Shut up. I got to think."

ALICE KENNEDY looked up from her chair on the shaded porch. She was twenty-four, five years younger than her husband. Her hair was the color of ripe wheat, and she had a lovely, candid face. "I didn't expect you back so soon, Hank," she said. "Jack called up and said you had to take a wetback down to the border." Then she looked into the car, across Kennedy. "Hank?" she said.

Kennedy got out of the car and gestured for Ernie to follow him. "Alice, this is my friend, Ernie Gonzales. He's got four kids—four of them."

Alice stood up. "Hank, is this the man—"

"He's been working for that crook Vanning," Kennedy said. "Vanning hung him up—owing him ten weeks' pay. More than two hundred bucks."

Kennedy had come up onto the porch. Ernie was still standing on the walk. Alice looked down at him. "That's awful," she said. "That's really awful. But Jack said you were told to take him down to Mexicali. Hank, they can—"

"Come on up, Ernie," Kennedy said. Then he said to his wife, "Show him where to wash up, honey. And fix another plate for supper." Alice didn't move for a minute and Kennedy said, "Don't say it. I know what they can do to me. Seems like everybody knows that, especially Vanning." He looked into her eyes. "I know what my orders were. I just need a little time to think."

The dinner was eaten mostly in silence. Ernesto Gonzales tried to efface himself as much as possible. He was very hungry and he ate swiftly and his manners were strangely delicate. Once or twice, out of habit, Alice Kennedy tried to ask Hank questions about what he had done that day, but his answers were so abrupt that she gave up.

After dinner they listened to the news broadcast. There was an account of rioting at Mexicali. There were now more than six thousand violent, madened men there, piled up against the international barrier, screaming for permission to cross over. The Mexican police were turning fire hoses on them to drive them back. The two governments, the announcer said, were trying to work out some arrangement so that these *braceros* could be admitted into the United States.

Kennedy switched off the radio. "They want to work and we need them. Seems like something could be worked out before some heads are busted open."

"You have done me a favor," Ernie said. "You have done too much. Maybe I will go back to Mexico now."

"What do you mean 'go back'?" Kennedy demanded. "You're my prisoner. Think I can just turn you loose?"

"I would go right down to the border and cross over," Ernie said.

Kennedy stared at him for a moment. "I believe you would, at that." He pointed to the couch in the little living room. "Stretch out there and get some sleep while I try to figure this."

He went out onto the porch and sat in a rocking chair and lighted his pipe. He looked up when Alice came out. Then he turned and stared out into the clear, warm California night.

"What do you do now?" Alice asked. "I don't know."

She sat down next to him and put her hand on his arm. "He's a sweet little man—but he's a criminal."

"He just wants to work—honestly and decently. He's got a wife and four kids."

"He came into this country illegally. That makes him a criminal."

"And Vanning is an upright American citizen!"

"You can't do anything about that. You don't make the law, you just enforce it."

"It's not as simple as that, Alice."

"For you it is just that simple." She leaned closer to him, shaking her head. "You can't worry for the whole world, darling. You have yourself to think about—and me—and this house. You can't risk all that. You were given an order to take him to the border. There is nothing else you can do but obey. You don't have this choice."

Kennedy clenched his hands. "I feel like I know this guy Ernie. I never met his wife or his kids and I don't know anything about them and yet I feel like I know them too."

"That doesn't change anything."

"He's helpless. He's alone in a foreign country." He turned to her. "Everybody takes cops for granted. That's the way it ought to be. But how do you think it might be without that feeling of protection? It must be like living in a jungle. And sometimes maybe worse than a jungle—when a crook like Vanning starts pushing the cops around, and acts as though he were going to get away with it."

He stared back into the night.

"Any kind of thieving is bad," he went on, "but this is special. It's got my country involved. To Ernie it must seem like Vanning and the sergeant and me—all of us—are part of a plan to steal from a little Mexican who can't even beef to anybody." He stood up suddenly. "Damn that man for doing this!"

Alice's eyes were suddenly wet and her fingers tightened on his arm. "Tomorrow morning when you check in at headquarters you'll have to make your report. You'll have to put down on paper what you did with this man. What are you going to say?"

"I told you before. I don't know."

"You can run him down to the border now," she said. "In our car. I'll go with you. It'll still be all right, just so long as you put him across the line before you go to work tomorrow."

He sat down. It was as though he had not heard her. "I'm a cop. I was trained to solve crimes. I ought to be able to figure out a way to get some of his money back for him."

After a while she took her hand from his arm and went inside.

KENNEDY woke in the morning with an uneasy feeling that something was wrong. He looked at the alarm clock. It was just after six. Alice was still sleeping, her back toward him.

He got out of bed and went into the living room. The couch was empty. He went back into the bedroom and

dressed fast. He examined his revolver and ran out of the house.

While he was still on the porch, he saw Ernie walking up the street toward him. He held the gun, waiting until Ernie came up the walk. "If you killed Vanning, I'll—"

"I did nothing."

Kennedy looked down at the figure in white cotton. "Why not?" "It was not for love of Señor Vanning."

"What stopped you?"

Ernie's face was sober. "I owe you a debt. I was almost there when I remembered it."

"What the hell have I got to do with it?" Kennedy asked.

"You would have been blamed—for not taking me back to Mexico yesterday."

Kennedy slipped the revolver slowly back into the holster. "Why didn't you run away? You could have been halfway to Arizona by now."

Ernie didn't say anything.

"Come on in and have some breakfast," Kennedy said. "You're even a bigger fool than I thought."

"Yes, señor," Ernie said.

When Ernie got up on the porch, Kennedy said, "Thanks, *amigo*."

"For nothing," Ernie said.

AFTER breakfast Kennedy got up and said to Ernie, "You stay right here. Don't even go outside." When Kennedy got into the car, Alice came out onto the porch. She looked worried. Kennedy leaned out of the car. "You're not afraid to have him in there alone, are you, honey?"

"No, I'm not afraid of that."

He nodded and drove off. He checked into headquarters and then he drove over to Vanning's sugar-beet ranch. Vanning came out of his office and leaned against the car.

"I'm sorry I bothered you yesterday, Mr. Vanning," Kennedy said. "After all, you taxpayers are really my boss."

Vanning smiled broadly. "That's a little better, Kennedy."

"I shouldn't have brought that Mex over here, Mr. Vanning."

"We all make mistakes, Kennedy."

"You're a big man around here, Mr. Vanning," Kennedy said earnestly. "I should have known better. I got a job to protect."

Vanning patted him on the arm. "Let's forget about it. I ain't a man to hold a grudge."

"Thanks, Mr. Vanning. I turned the Mex over to the federal boys at the border. He won't cause you any more trouble."

Vanning nodded. "Good." Then he noticed a change in Kennedy's expression. "Anything else on your mind, Kennedy?"

Kennedy looked straight ahead, out the windshield. "I was just thinking, Mr. Vanning. I did you a good turn. That wetback won't be around to bother you."

"What are you getting at?" Vanning's voice was suddenly harsh.

Kennedy didn't look at him. "I figure I was kind of working for you with that Mexican. I thought maybe it might be worth something to you."

Vanning leaned down. His face was as harsh as his voice. "Is this a shake-down, Kennedy?"

"Don't call it that, Mr. Vanning," Kennedy said. "It just seemed to me that we were partners, kind of."

Vanning shook his head wonderingly. "You—Kennedy—of all the cops in the world."

Kennedy shifted uncomfortably.

"We all got to live, Mr. Vanning. A cop's pay isn't much."

Vanning spat. "I ain't standing for no shakedown. I don't owe you nothing. You did your duty—like the county is paying you to do."

"I figured it ought to be worth maybe ten per cent to you, Mr. Vanning—forty or fifty bucks," Kennedy said. "The Mex said you did him out of four hundred bucks."

"Four hundred!" Vanning shouted. "It was less than half of that."

"He told me four hundred," Kennedy said doggedly.

"It was ten weeks at twenty-one a week. How the hell does that add up to four hundred bucks?"

Kennedy hunched his shoulders. "Even two ten, Mr. Vanning, if that's what you say it was."

"I still ain't paying no hush money. Now blow!"

Kennedy looked up at him. He felt a weariness in his bones. "But you admitted it was two hundred and ten dollars you held back."

Vanning laughed. "I admitted it to you. Don't think you can hold me to it."

"But—"

"It's only your word against mine, Kennedy, and my word is as good as yours. So don't get any funny ideas."

Kennedy felt as though he had been in a hard fight. He picked up the car mike. "There it is," he said.

Jack Williams' voice came back immediately. "He sounded real good, Hank. Just like one of those radio actors. Oh, excuse me, Sergeant, you ought to speak first."

There was a brief pause. Then the sergeant's voice said: "Maybe nobody has to say anything. Need help, Hank?"

Kennedy looked at Vanning. The rancher's face had grown pale. "No," he said. "I don't think so."

ON THE way down to Mexicali, Kennedy said. "They'll have this new deal fixed up pretty soon, Ernie. Come in legal in the future and save me some gray hairs."

"I will do so," Ernie said.

"Four kids. How do you do it?"

"It is very simple, Señor Kennedy."

"It sure seems to be, for you."

"My woman says it is because we live on the same street with the church. She says it gives our house a blessing."

"Maybe that's what's helping you, at that," Kennedy said.

They pulled up before the immigration office in Calexico on the American side of the line. Across the border, in Mexicali, the *braceros* were milling around and shouting, and their dark faces and white suits were pressed against the barrier. The *braceros* filled all of the Mexican town behind the gate.

Kennedy and Ernie listened to the *braceros* for a few moments and watched them, and then Ernie said, "In Spanish there is a saying. 'My house is your house.'"

Kennedy got out of the car. "I've heard that saying, Ernie."

Ernie nodded gravely. "So now you live near the church too."

Kennedy turned Ernie over to the federal men. He went back to the car and waited. After a while he saw Ernie passing through the gateway. Ernie turned and waved to Kennedy, and then pushed his way through the crowd toward his house near the church.

Kennedy watched him until he didn't see him any more, and then he turned the car around and started back.

—ELLIOTT ARNOLD



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water repellency! Lined with
nylon taffeta, and amazingly
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all-weather, all-occasion utility
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The NYLONAIR is the 100%
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KELLY
Super Safe- **Prestige**
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IVING ON TUBELESS LY DEALER NOW!

- Trade now for greater safety, greater mileage, greater comfort—pay no more than for ordinary tires and tubes!

Now, the safest kind of tire known—the tubeless—is brought to you at the same low price as regular tires and tubes! No longer need you let price deprive you and your family of tubeless puncture safety, blowout safety!

The Kelly Prestige gives you body construction tough enough to take the shocks and knocks of the roughest roads—and still give astounding protection against blowouts!

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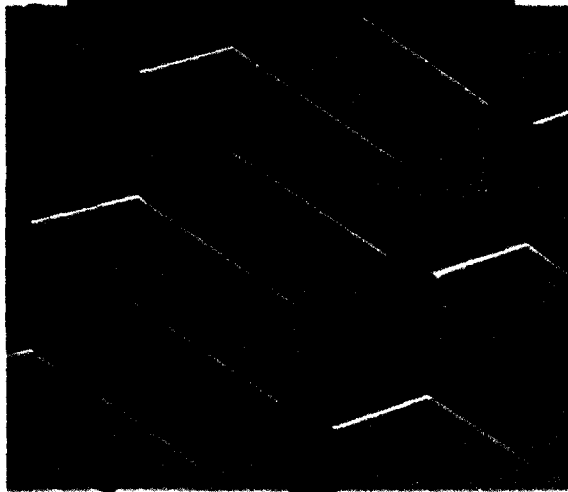
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GREATER SAFETY!



Besides tubeless blowout safety—tubeless puncture safety—here's astounding stopping safety! Thousands of sharp-angled gripping edges do the job . . . the instant you touch the brakes. You stop—safe, straight and sure!

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No other tire at such a surprisingly low price can beat the Prestige for delivering mileage! Steel-tough Armorubber tread developed exclusively by Kelly-Springfield gives the Prestige wearing qualities you never thought possible!

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Special money-saving SAFETY-SWITCH at your Kelly Dealer's!

Right now—no matter how new or how old your present tires are—your Kelly Dealer has a real deal for you! He'll pay you full value for unused mileage left in your present tires and tubes and apply it toward the already low, low price of the Kelly Prestige!

When You Buy a Suit

Whatever kind of customer you may be, the men's clothing salesmen have a name for you—flattering or otherwise. And they size you up at a glance

AMONG those who seriously study the human male, genius American, possibly none works harder at it than the clothing salesman—for good reason. His livelihood may depend on his ability to size up a customer at a glance. Like a barber or bartender, he has ample opportunity to observe, ponder and categorize patterns of masculine behavior. A successful salesman, whether he sells popular-priced suits off a rack in a neighborhood store or expensive hand-tailored models in an exclusive shop, will readily admit he considers himself a graduate student of male psychology.

"You have to be," said one. "You couldn't make a dime otherwise." As psychologists, many salesmen appear to do well. In one city, at least, top men in a medium- to high-priced store earn up to \$12,000 a year.

Veteran salesmen say they judge a new customer—and shift their approach accordingly—on the way he enters the store, how he responds to an offer of help, whether he brings his wife and, if he does, how he treats her (or she treats him), whether he briskly removes his jacket to try on a suit or is reluctant, afraid that he'll be "hooked."

A recent retailing survey, in fact, showed that men dislike and fear high-pressure salesmanship above all else when they go to buy a suit. Most successful salesmen have long been aware of this feeling and have framed their sales pitch with it in mind. "There's even a type of man who just must be left strictly alone for a while," explained a salesman in one of the Roger Kent stores (a chain which operates in New York, Philadelphia, New Haven, Boston and Cambridge). "He's often the man with money in his pocket. He's looking to protect it. Give him a few minutes to calm down and he may buy out the store."

Through the years, too, salesmen have come to be wary of certain other types of customers. They agree, for example, that ideal buyers are rarely found among men who whistle through their teeth ("just looking"), pipe smokers (too deliberate, take too long to make up their minds), "bell ringers" (who go along the racks yanking out all the sleeves to feel the cloth and note the price tags), members of the "toothpick brigade" (on their lunch hour, killing time) and the fellows who walk in, finger their lapels and announce, "I need a few suits" (they never buy). There is a difference of opinion in the trade over how to classify a man who carries a brief case. In the more expensive shops, he usually turns out to be a business executive and a good customer. But in the lower-priced stores, salesmen peg him as an "outside man" waiting for an appointment elsewhere and meantime just wasting time—their time.

As in most trades, clothing salesmen speak their own jargon and have nicknames, not all printable, for customers who are easy, hard or even impossible to sell. The "wrap-up" or the "schnook" is a "breeze" who drifts in and takes the first suit he's shown. A "Larry," on the other hand, is a customer who won't buy.

I first heard about Larrys from a top salesman in Bond's, one of America's largest coast-to-coast clothing chains. "See this fellow coming in?" the salesman said. "He's a Larry, definitely a Larry—I know he won't buy. I've heard the term ever since I began in this business twenty years ago, but still I don't know its origin."

The salesman shrugged his shoulders, straightened an already perfectly knotted tie and groaned: "Oh-oh. He's my boy. I'm 'up.' That means he's my customer. We take them in rotation as they come in. We work on commission, you know, so that's the fair way. How do I know this guy's a Larry? Follow me. Watch. I'll show you."

He approached the customer, a young man wearing a raincoat buttoned up to the neck, hatless, with thick brown wavy hair, sallow complexion and glasses.

"Yes, sir," smiled the salesman. "May I help you?"

The young man cleared his throat. "You have some zip-lined coats advertised on sale at \$42.95?"

"Oh, no, sir," smoothly replied the salesman. "We did have some coats on sale several weeks ago, but they were \$49.95."

"Oh," said the customer. He stood for a moment, pursed his lips, then went on: "Well, I guess I'll look at a suit anyway. Something in a kind of bluish gray—slate blue, I guess you'd call it—in a hard-finished worsted with narrow lapels, single breasted."

"What is that, a description of your 'dream suit'?" the salesman joked as he deftly slipped off the customer's coat and jacket and led him to the clothing racks. He pulled out a blue suit, put the jacket on the customer and headed him toward a triple mirror.

While the young man gazed distrustfully at his reflection, the expert explained *sotto voce*: "Believe me, from selling a man a suit, we salesmen can tell things about his character that might even surprise his own wife. I've worked in various parts of this country, even had my own store for a few years in Europe. When it comes to buying clothes, men are the same everywhere."

"Take this fellow here," he went on. "Ordinarily I'd send him packing in four or five minutes, because I can tell he's not going to buy. But I want to prove my point, that he's a dead beat. First of all, did you notice how he looked when he came in? Like in a trance. Now the average man intending to buy a suit looks purposeful; in fact, most of them can't wait to get the transaction finished. The average sale here takes 20 minutes to half an hour. Count 10 or 15 minutes more maybe if the customer brings his wife along. But you could spend all day with this character and not get anywhere."

Putting a "Larry" to the Test

"Secondly, he asked for something we didn't have and he didn't want anyway. He doesn't really know what he wants and he'd be afraid if he found it. I'm going to prove it. No matter what he asks for, I'm pretty sure I'll be able to bring it out. We have a tremendous stock."

With a hearty, "Well, now, how's that?" the salesman walked back to the customer.

"Too light. The color—it's too light," the young man said. The salesman returned to the rack and selected a darker blue suit. The customer's face brightened momentarily. "That's the color," he said. "Yes, that's it. But the sleeves are all wrong." Patiently the clerk brought out suit after suit. One was good except for the pockets—no flaps. Another was too expensive. Another wasn't the fabric wanted. Finally there was one suit which appeared to meet every possible requirement.

"Now," beamed the salesman, "isn't *this* the suit you asked for?"

"Yee-s," the young man hesitated, "but it isn't perfect." He punched and kneaded one shoulder petulantly. "There's a wrinkle right here."

The salesman spoke soothingly. "Everybody has to have some alterations on a suit. The fitter will fix that shoulder. But otherwise, isn't this *exactly* the suit you described to me?"

"Yes, only it isn't quite . . ." began the customer, but the salesman stopped him with a swift hand on the shoulder. He inclined his head kindly over the slight young man and inquired: "Just tell me one thing. Are you going to buy a suit today?" The young man was silent for a moment, gave him a long, somewhat defiant look, and said flatly: "No."

Happily for clothing salesmen, the Larrys are few. Most salesmen will tell you that although the average man buys only if threadbare ne-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SIMPSON KALISHER

A WRAP-UP?

Are You...

By GLEDHILL CAMERON

cessity drives him to it, when he does make up his mind he's generally easy to sell. Ordinarily a man doesn't shop around as a woman does. He's easy to please. He usually mentions only the color he wants—one of three he knows, gray, blue or brown. Nine times out of 10 he doesn't know his own exact size, and probably he won't ask too many questions about it. Salesmen agree it's better if he doesn't—the breakdown of sizes is confusing even to people in the trade. In New York City, one big store alone has 258 combinations of models and body sizes among the 40,000 suits on its racks. The suits range from 34 to 60 in size and include the following body types: regular, short, long, extra short, extra long, portly, stout and various combinations of these types.

"Besides that, the same sizes may vary slightly among different manufacturers and even in different models by the same manufacturer," explained a sales manager. "A man has got to trust us to find the right suit for him."

An experienced men's clothing salesman in a big department store agreed. "The customer shouldn't tell you his size, you should just find it for him," he said. "And after you do find it, it's better if you don't tell the customer what it is. It should be kept a secret, like. Some men—you might call 'em the dreamers—may be inclined to underestimate their waistlines. It's a shock if they haven't used a tape measure recently. Fellow finds he's got on a 'portly,' he may walk right out on you. Once I had a customer who asked for a '42 regular' and I put a '42 portly' on him. He happened to notice the ticket. I told him he needed a 'slight front fullness'—that's our line. But he ripped off the coat and yelled so all the store could hear, 'Whaddye mean, front fullness! Nobody's going to sell me a suit for a big stomach!'"

However, even very big men are not hard to please as a rule, according to William John Ferrall, manager-at-large of New York's John David men's stores and a veteran of almost 60 years in the clothing business. "Big men are so accustomed to finding a small selection that if you can show them two or three suits in their size they're usually pretty happy," he said. "Even what we call 'a dresser'—like Diamond Jim Brady used to be—is easy to please. Brady was a size 48 or 50 as I recall. I once sold him a dozen suits and a couple of dozen vests. I'll never forget, one of the vests was of leather with a design burned on it."

The small man—the "jockey" in the vernacular of the trade—is likely to be a more difficult customer. As Ferrall explained: "These size 34s and 35s often want you to put a suit on them that will build them up into a Burt Lancaster. Actually some slight men could do better in the boys' department, but you never dare suggest that."

Among the more welcome customers are the impulse buyers—men who come in to try on a suit after being attracted by a window display or an advertisement. They almost always are "wrap-ups." The turning point in most sales, incidentally, is when the customer agrees to try on the trousers. "Get the trousers on and the suit is as good as sold," a number of salesmen say.

Until about 15 years ago, clothing salesmen sympathetically considered most men henpecked if their wives accompanied them to the store. But today more and more men bring along their wives to help them pick out a new suit. In fact, the average man is more likely than not to be accompanied by his wife.

Men in the lower-income and higher-income brackets, however, usually shop alone. "I guess it's harder for lower-income wives to get away from home and children," one men's-store salesman said. As for the wealthier clients, the manager of an expensive shop loftily gave this

Continued on next page

Salesmen dread to see a "Larry" enter the store. He's a customer who may try on a suit, but obviously doesn't intend to buy



In the language of the men's clothing business, a "wrap-up" is a "schnook" or "breeze" who drifts in and takes the first suit the salesman brings him

A DREAMER?



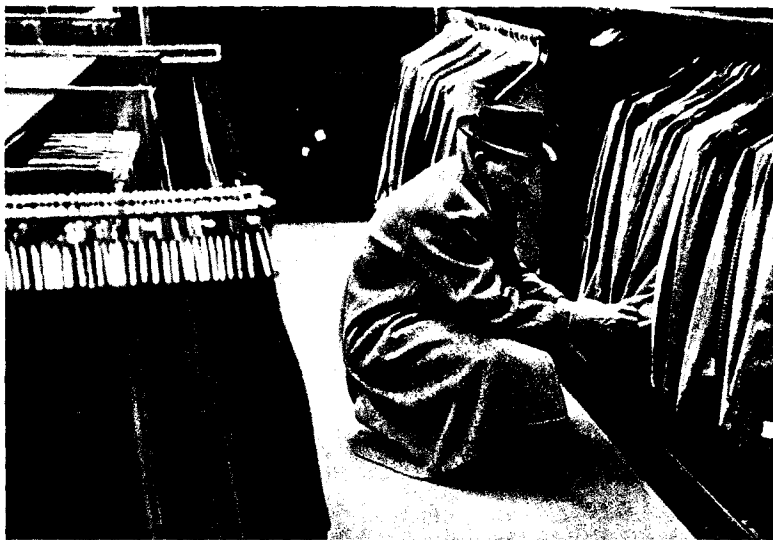
"Some men—you might call them dreamers—may be inclined to underestimate their waistlines," a salesman said. In such cases, it's better to keep the size a secret

A LARRY?



WHEN YOU BUY A SUIT *continued*

*The husband may buy the suit,
but the salesman usually
concentrates on selling the wife*



BELL RINGER is a man who goes along the racks yanking out the sleeves to feel the cloth and note the price tags. Most salesmen agree that "bell ringers" seldom make good customers

explanation: "Our customers *know* what is correct. They don't have to be told by their wives."

The medium-priced men's specialty stores report husband-wife sales range from 40 to as much as 80 per cent of the total, depending upon the individual store's location. Understandably, such sales are higher in large shopping areas and suburban stores, lower in business districts. When the New York University School of Retailing recently made a survey at railroad stations and subways of male shoppers coming into Manhattan, two out of three men said they shopped with their wives.

Most salesmen admit, however, that given a choice they'd prefer to sell a man alone. "It's common sense," said one salesman with many years of experience. "It's just easier to sell one person than two."

Nevertheless, retailers concede that a wife can be the salesman's best friend. Ten to one she insisted Joe buy a new suit in the first place. Further, women often encourage men to buy more—frequently two suits instead of one—and invariably want them to choose the most expensive models. Such a wife is known in some stores as a "saleslady"; she does as much as—and frequently more than—the salesman to make the sale.

"A woman doesn't want to dress like a princess and have her husband look like a slob," explained an older clerk in one specialty store. "Not long ago we had the head of one of America's largest corporations and his wife in here. They wanted some plain black socks. All *he* wanted was something to cover his feet. *She* wouldn't let him buy any socks because we didn't have any pure cashmere in his size in stock. She asked us to send him two dozen pairs as soon as they came in."

In approving the tendency of husband and wife to shop for a suit together, salesmen do make one stipulation—that the couple be on friendly terms. "I don't know why it is, but the choice of a new suit seems to be the last straw with couples on the verge of divorce," said a long-time salesman. "A man came in with his wife last week. He tried on a jacket. 'How do I look?' he asked, glaring at himself and at her in the mirror. She answered, 'You look like a jerk. You always did. You always will.'

He tore off the jacket and they left—straight to the divorce courts, probably." A younger, less-experienced salesman in another large store became so flustered by a similar family argument that when the man finally roared at his talkative wife, "Say, who's going to wear this suit, anyway?", the salesman hastily burred: "This model comes with *two* pairs of pants, sir."

Whenever a man walks into a store with his wife, the clothing salesman must make an instant decision as to which one he really must sell. "If you pay too much attention to the wife, you may alienate the husband, even if he appears to be a Milquetoast," explained one store executive. "But at no time can you afford to ignore the woman entirely. In fact, I'd say that about ninety per cent of the time the salesman directs his selling primarily to the woman."

"If a woman approaches the salesman first, invariably she'll have much to say about choosing the suit. If you say, 'Here's a seat, madam,' and she takes it, you're halfway home. If she doesn't, the man won't have a chance to pick out his own suit."

One type of wife who accompanies her husband on a suit-buying expedition particularly irritates salesmen. She's the personality who feels compelled to show that she knows value and style by rubbing the fabric of a suit between her fingers, twitching the shoulders, yanking down the back, and so on. "A woman may be an expert seamstress and know a good deal about women's fashions, but still know very little about how a man's suit should fit," one salesman complained.

"As a matter of fact, it's men who expect—and get—terrific value in their clothing," says Sydney Hilton, an owner of the Browning King stores in New York City. "We had a man come in last week to return an overcoat bought six years ago because he said it was changing color. He said the salesman had promised it would wear like iron."

There is no question but what the average man takes great pride in the number of years he can wear a garment. One store made capital of this masculine idiosyncrasy a few years ago. When a customer proudly told a salesman that the overcoat he wore had been bought in that very store 30 years before, the management borrowed the coat, displayed it in the window for several weeks with a suitable legend, relined the coat and returned it to the customer, possibly for another 30 years' wear.

Moreover, the average male is extremely loyal. Once satisfied, he'll return doggedly to the same store and, if possible, the same salesman. "See that man over there," remarked a salesman at one place I visited. "I sold him a suit for his wedding twenty-eight years ago. Today I'm fitting him for a suit to wear at his son's wedding."

Such long-time customers provide a salesman with what may be his most valuable professional possession—his "C.U." list of people who ask for him by name. (The list got its name from the fact that when someone asks for a particular salesman, that salesman is told, "Someone to see you"—hence "C.U.") In most stores, "C.U." calls don't count as a turn in the regular rotation of salesmen on duty.

The larger his "C.U." list, therefore, the more commissions a salesman may earn. Some who have been in business only four or five years have 1,500 to 2,000 names on their lists. The loyalty of these customers is often surprising. Even in the lower- and medium-priced stores, salesmen say men will drop around three or four weeks after buying a suit just to say they like it.

"Put it this way," said one old-timer. "If a woman gets compliments on a new suit, she thinks she's clever to have found it. If the average man does, he thinks the salesman found it for him."

The more exclusive a shop, the more concrete form gratitude is likely to take. A salesman at the higher-priced Brooks Brothers stores, for example, may get a bottle or two of expensive whisky at Christmastime. "Funny thing," said one. "It's not always the men to whom you give extra service who remember you. It's usually the easiest-to-please customers you have."

Not long ago at one of the Phil Kronfeld, Inc., stores in New York, a Kansas City banker was so thrilled with a new wardrobe personally selected for him by Mrs. Kate Kronfeld, president of the concern, that he impulsively bussed her on both cheeks before leaving the store. What's more, as a further gesture of gratitude for selling him three \$145 suits, a \$150 gray Chesterfield coat and a raft of \$20 shirts and well-matched ties, he invited her to fly to Missouri and be the guest of himself and his wife at a dinner for ex-President Harry Truman, who once was a haberdasher himself.

"The average man is not a 'dresser,'" says Mrs. Kronfeld, "especially the very busy man in the professional and business worlds. But it's amazing how excited he can get about clothes if you happen to call attention to the way they dress."

Other retailing experts agree that while the average man isn't apt to be fussy about how he dresses, he might be if he had the time and money to indulge his whims.

There is plenty of evidence, in the expensive shops at least, that men

are apt to turn into peacocks when they can afford it. In one shop you'd find movie star Fernando Lamas ordering a special version of a dressing gown with tricky belted back, a steel magnate spending the morning "in conference" (with his valet, choosing material for custom-made shirts), or Tommy Manville, the marrying millionaire, sending a hand-knit sweater back again and again because the measurement from a mystical point on the clavicle to the point of the sweater's V neck wasn't an exact five inches.

The Duke of Windsor is said to have many of his suits, particularly for dress wear, made without pockets because they fit more smoothly. However, the average customer not only doesn't make any requests for special features in his suits; he wants his clothes to look—in both cut and material—pretty much like the next fellow's. The extremes represented by the so-called Hollywood drape and Ivy League look are not for him.

"Only about 15 or 20 per cent of the suits sold in America are cut to one or the other of these extremes," explained a buyer at one of the country's largest department stores. "The Hollywood style is a long, full jacket, deep armholes and high-rise trousers. The Wall Street or Ivy League model has more natural shoulders, straight-hanging coat and so on. The bulk of men's suits are a strongly modified version of one or the other, with most emphasis on features of whichever style happens to be in the ascendancy."

Right now it's the Ivy League look, he explained, and according to the International Association of Clothing Designers, men's suits this fall and winter will have narrower lapels, less padding and 19-inch trouser cuffs (narrower than formerly).

"Take a man in a real Ivy League suit, though, and set him down in Idaho or Missouri," the expert continued, "and he'd probably be recognized instantly as a Wall Street businessman. The average man simply doesn't want to be thought of as anybody special. He just wants to look like an average guy."

If he is an average American, he's probably a size 40 regular, with a six-inch "drop" (difference between chest and waist measurements). He also slouches slightly, carries his head forward, may have one hip higher than the other, and in three out of four cases his right arm is a quarter to a half inch longer than his left.

Busheling for Greek-God Types Is Costly

"A Greek-god type comes in for a suit, he costs us money," explained the manager of a large chain store. "We cut and manufacture our suits for the average American—and the way we read him, he's a casual chap who stands on one foot and slumps a little. When a fellow who is too well built and carries his head erect and shoulders straight tries on a suit, right away he has a big wrinkle across the back—and out comes a big bite in our profits for 'busheling.'" ("Busheling" is clothing-industry lingo for altering a suit; the name presumably came from the bushel baskets in which the snipped ends of clothing accumulate.)

Most companies keep a monthly check on the kinds of alterations needed in their suits and adjust their standard models accordingly. "Right after the war," one manufacturer told me, "all the boys coming out of the service had bigger chests and flatter stomachs. The average 'drop' then was seven inches instead of six. Many men buying the first civilian suit in years found they needed a bigger size, but the trousers had to be taken in considerably. Almost immediately our factory began cutting trousers with smaller waistlines to fit the returning heroes."

"Yes, sir," the manufacturer went on, "you can tell a lot about what's happening to American men just by the way their suits are being altered. Their chests and waistlines are back to 'normal' now, by the way."

However he may change in physique, the average man appears unlikely to change his basic attitudes toward buying clothes. ("The male consumer is averse to being well-dressed," recently deplored George M. Epstein, former president of the National Association of Retail Clothiers and Furnishers.) Although industry battle plans are periodically announced to assail the habit-ridden bastions of the average man's indifference to fashion, no one in the ranks of retailing seems to expect success, at least not soon.

"Sure men are wearing pink shirts now," said the furnishings buyer for one large national chain of stores, "and that's a big development. But it took three or four years for the idea even to cross the country. I must admit, too, that the average man caught onto the word 'charcoal.' In fact, now you can't shake him loose from it. He wants not only charcoal gray, but charcoal blue, black, brown, even green. It shows what might be done."

"But remember, our industry has no Dior to say, 'Drop the waistline,' so that waistlines plop all over the world. Men are creatures of habit, especially when buying clothes. For us, a quarter-inch change on a lapel is still a style revolution, and it will be that way for a long time to come."

THE END



SALESMAN'S BEST FRIEND is term for a wife who encourages mate to buy more—and invariably wants him to get the most expensive suits in store



TOOTHPICK BRIGADE is salesmen's lingo for men who drift into store during their lunch hour and kill time by looking over clothing on display



OUTSIDE MAN is another customer killing time. Usually he has brief case and he's waiting to keep an appointment

If Pay-TV is approved by the FCC, this is what might appear on color set of a nonsubscriber during the showing of a toll movie program



ROCCO PADULO

WILL YOU PAY

By **BILL DAVIDSON**

It all depends on the outcome of a bitter fight going on before the FCC. The verdict will affect every TV-set owner

ONE Saturday afternoon a Palm Springs, California, merchant named Stan Jaloff decided to leave his women's sportswear shop early and seek out some diversion. But instead of heading for the nearest bar or pleasure dome, he went home, inserted four quarters into a strange-looking little metal box atop his television set, and watched the Notre Dame-University of Southern California football game, which was blacked out on all TV sets elsewhere in the country.

After dinner, Jaloff's craving for entertainment still was not satiated, so he watched the Jackie Gleason show—this time *without* putting any money into the box. But after the Gleason program, he dug up five quarters and a dime and this time his TV screen brought him the premiere of a film, *Forever Female*, starring Ginger Rogers. In succeeding weeks, as he fed quarters into the remarkable little box, he and his family saw then current-hit movies like *Shane*, *Stalag 17*, *The Moon Is Blue*, *High Noon* and *Roman Holiday*—none of which the movie people would ordinarily allow to come to the home TV screen.

Although all this may sound like a press agent's dream, it actually happened—less than two years ago. Jaloff is one of a handful of American householders—only 574 in all—who have been experimentally exposed to what is variously called Pay-TV, Toll-TV, Subscription Television, Pay-As-You-See Television, Phonevision, Subscriber-Vision and Telemeter. It is also known, in and around the TV trade, as *The Monster That Will Destroy the Free-*

dom of the Air, The Electronic Miracle That Will Save the Entertainment Business, Gas-meter Television, Phoney-vision, The Poor Man's Friend, The Poor Man's Enemy and The Great Emancipator from the Tyranny of TV Commercials.

In short, the entertainment world is engaged in a pell-mell, headlong rush to array itself into two mighty camps in the Battle of Pay-TV. To date, the major battleground has been the offices of the Federal Communications Commission, the U.S. government agency which is now deliberating whether or not to allow toll television to use the nation's airwaves.

The fight is a no-holds-barred brawl of epic proportions. Generally in favor of Pay-TV are movie and stage producers, actors, writers, directors, electronics manufacturers, sports moguls and promoters of various kinds. Generally opposed to Pay-TV are the big television networks, most movie-house owners, theatrical stagehand unions, city councils, chambers of commerce and the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters.

Throughout this line-up, however, there are mixed feelings and divided loyalties. Most movie-makers, for example, are violently for Pay-TV, while the vast movie-theater chains, which they owned until recently, are just as violently against.

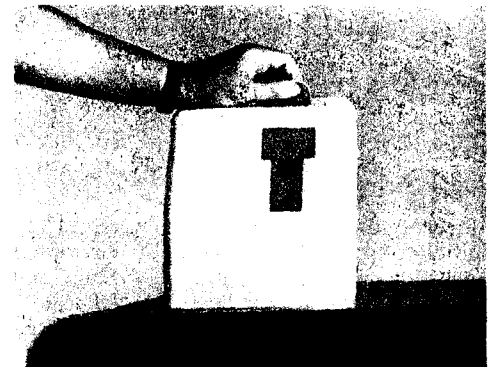
Other movie producers are restraining their enthusiasm for Pay-TV out of fear of offending the theaters that now exhibit their pictures; whereas some movie-theater owners are quietly trying to get in on Pay-TV's ground floor. Even further com-

Collier's for September 16, 1955

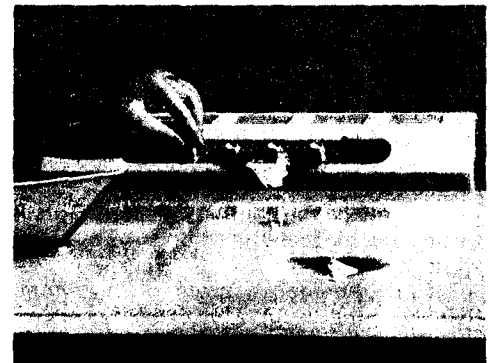
To unscramble the picture, a subscriber to Pay-TV need only work decoding gadget attached to set. System used in illustration is Phonevision



TELEMETER system of Pay-TV has coin box. Depositing specified sum unscrambles picture



PHONEVISION subscriber moves five dials to prescribed numbers to unscramble the picture



SKIATRON subscriber inserts card with printed wiring to clear the screen for desired program



Pay-TV?

plicating the picture is an electronics manufacturer who claims he has a device that can enable a viewer to watch toll television without paying for it, thus threatening to convert the U.S. into a nation of "bootlookers." Curiously, this contestant—far from being anti-Pay-TV—is simply trying to promote a Pay-TV system of his own.

Few Americans realize the magnitude of this internecine warfare, for as Marcus Cohn, counsel of the Organizations for Free TV, told me, "There are two fights being waged—one for the benefit of the FCC and the public, and the other in the back rooms of New York, Washington and Hollywood." The main issue, of course, is whether or not people should pay for their home TV entertainment. But beyond that is a titanic struggle for power. A clue to the whys and wherefores of this behind-scenes conflict was provided by Matthew Fox, a long-time movie executive and now president of Skiatron TV, Inc., one of the proposed Pay-TV systems. "For fifty years now," Fox says, "the main objective of the movie producers has been to get a box office into the home. Now we've got it and we're going to fight to keep it."

One of the staunchest foes of Pay-TV, RCA board chairman General David Sarnoff, confirms this revolutionary implication: "The motion-picture producers, having been legally divorced by the courts from several thousand theater box offices to which they were for so long wedded, are now panting for marriage to cash boxes that can be attached to the thirty-five million television receivers in

American homes. Hollywood wants to dominate and control television programming."

So what we are now witnessing is the initial skirmish in what may well be a total war between the movie producers and the TV networks, with control of TV and eventually the entire entertainment industry at stake. When two such giants clash, a lot of people can get hurt.

Ironically—and symbolic of what might happen elsewhere—the movies in the above-mentioned Palm Springs experiment were transmitted to home TV screens from the projection room of a never-completed local movie house called the El Rancho Theater. Construction of the El Rancho was abandoned during the movie depression of the late 1940s when the first impact of TV was felt. Today its lavish lobby has been converted into a bank and grocery store, its auditorium into a farmers' market. The projection room—used only for the Pay-TV experiment—is all that's left of what was originally intended to be a luxurious movie palace.

With such expensive specters as a haunting reminder, it's not surprising that the debate over Pay-TV has been acrimonious and sometimes desperate. General Sarnoff has said, "The present system of free TV is called 'broadcasting.' Contrariwise, Pay-TV is 'narrowcasting.'" Another industry spokesman, Sol Taishoff, editor and publisher of the trade publication Broadcasting-Telecasting, warns, "Television cannot exist half-free, half-free." In the opposite camp, movie pro-

Continued on next page

AGAINST:

Among opponents of Pay-TV are television networks, owners of movie-houses, theatrical stagehand unions, and National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters



RCA's Sarnoff: *Now Hollywood wants to dominate and control the programming on television stations*



ABC's Kintner: *Allowing it in would be like letting a camel get his nose inside your tent*



CBS's Stanton: *We wouldn't be able to compete with the kind of money they could pay talent*



Alfred Starr of Comm: *Against Pay-TV: Collier tolls will be too expensive*

The Great Debate over Pay-TV: What some of the principals have to say about it

FOR:

Proponents of Pay-TV include movie and stage producers, directors, actors, writers, sports moguls, various promoters and electronic-equipment manufacturers



Phonevision's McDonald: *We may have to go abroad in order to get recognition*



Movies' Goldwyn: *If people are willing to pay, producers ought to be able to show films on TV*



Skiatron's Fox: *Except for an occasional moment, everything on free TV now is second-rate*



Telemeter's Balaban: *would lift the cost base in television entertainment*

ducer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., says, "The present system of sponsored television is box-top entertainment. It's free—and it's lousy." Stage and screen producer Leland Hayward says, "Theater owners have been operating for fifty years on the fallacious principle that God handed down a law decreeing that everyone must go to the movies twice a week."

Perhaps the most colorful antagonist on either side has been an ex-arctic explorer and self-styled "buccaneer" of the radio-electronics industry—Commander Eugene F. McDonald, Jr., president of Zenith Radio Corporation, which owns one of the proposed Pay-TV systems. McDonald has a kind word for neither the networks nor the movie theaters. Among his more quotable thrusts are: "Present-day TV is a series of short intervals of entertainment sandwiched in among long intervals of commercials," and, "The only creative accomplishment of movie theater owners in 50 years has been to change the color of popcorn from yellow to white."

One of the oddest aspects of the controversy is that the public—for a change—is benefiting. As one of the biggest guns in their arsenal, the networks are already spending millions of dollars to bring expensive first-class new entertainment to TV screens this fall (starring Noel Coward, Ezio Pinza, Bing Crosby, Judy Garland and Maurice Evans, among others). They know they must offset the Pay-TV argument that the present system of sponsored TV simply cannot afford first-grade productions. On the other hand, pay-as-you-see proponents realize that people are not going to pay for something unless it's immeasurably better than what they've been getting free.

Despite the fact that Pay-TV has become a favorite topic in bars and living rooms, few people know anything about it, or even how the system works—basically simple though it is. There are three Pay-TV methods competing for FCC approval—those of Zenith, Skiatron TV, Inc., and the International Telemeter Corporation (a subsidiary of Paramount Pictures). All three work in essentially the same way: all plan to transmit their shows from existing TV stations and to have the shows received on existing home TV sets.

Let's imagine that Pay-TV has become a reality and that your home-town TV station wants to transmit a first-run movie from 9:00 to 11:00 p.m. The film is sent out over the airwaves in the usual way, but before it leaves the transmitter, the picture and sound are electronically altered. Zenith and Skiatron "scramble" the signal, much the same way secret radio messages were scrambled during the war; the result, on your TV set, is a picture which jumps and disintegrates, and sound which is like Donald Duck gibberish.

In the Telemeter system, your TV screen receives not this scrambled picture but a "trailer," either advertising the movie or showing a picture of a theater marquee, which displays the name of the picture and its featured performers. The only sound you hear is the voice of a "barker" telling you the subject, time and price of the film. That's all you can receive on that channel. For sets unequipped to receive Pay-TV, it is, for all intents and purposes, as if that particular station had gone off the air for the two-hour period.

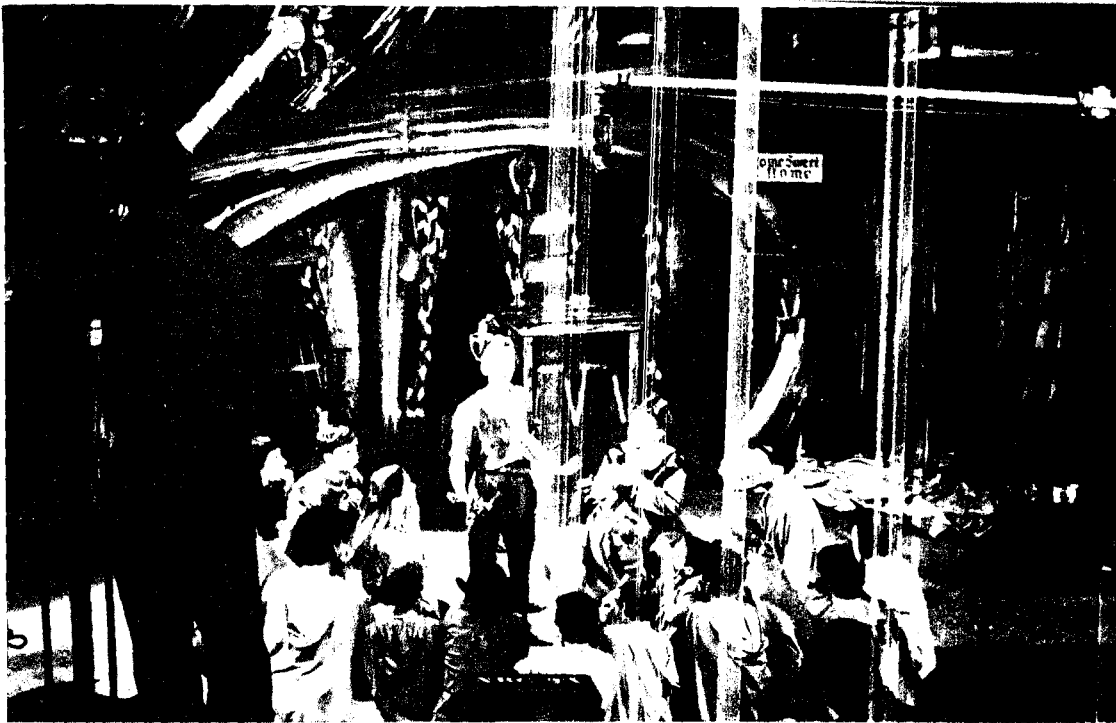
But for a small fee you can acquire a gadget which electronically unscrambles the scrambled

signal or removes the "marquee" and "barker." With the Zenith unit you dial five numbers, just as if you were making a telephone call. In the Skiatron method you insert a card which has intricate wiring printed on it. The Telemeter system has a coin box in which you deposit nickels, dimes, quarters and half-dollars; it is, in effect, an electronic cash register.

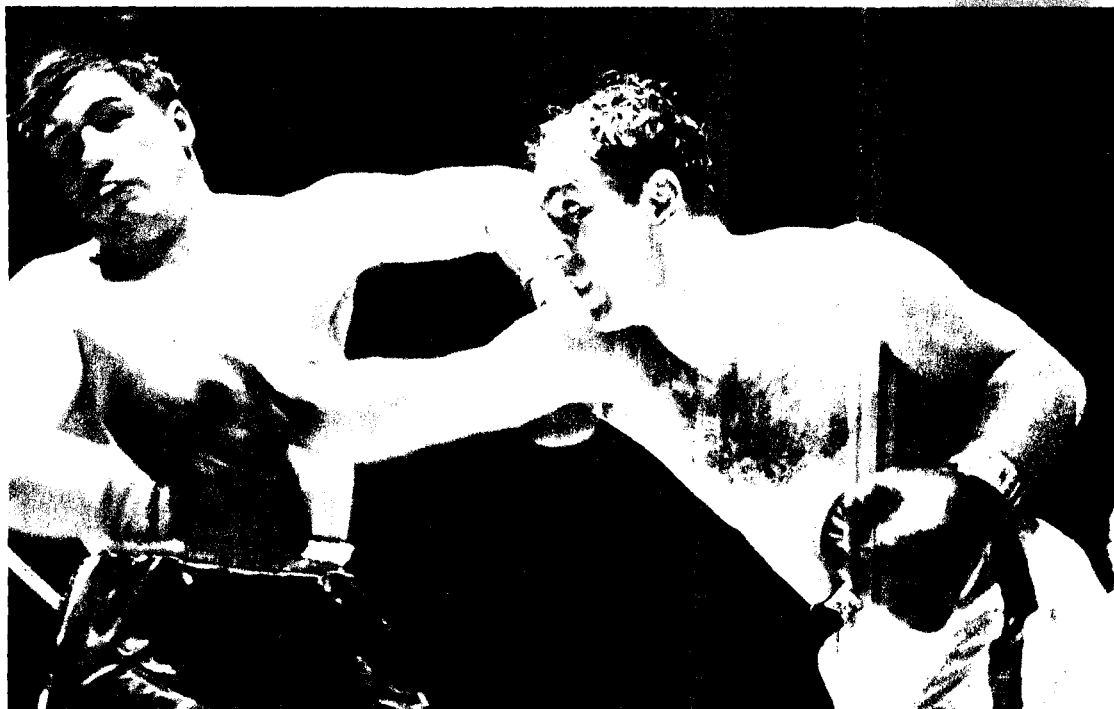
In any event, the moment you dial the right number, insert the proper card, or deposit the correct number of coins, the picture and sound emerge clearly on that channel, and you can settle back to view the show—uninterrupted by commercials or announcements. Zenith and Skiatron generally will bill you at the end of the month for your dial-settings or decoder card. Telemeter will send a man around to empty your coin box every 30 to 60 days.

How much will Pay-TV cost you? Here are Zenith's present estimates: Zenith's decoding gadget will be leased for \$1 or \$2 a month, while Skiatron will sell it to you outright for \$25. Telemeter will charge you a \$5 "installation fee." At first, movies and plays will cost you about \$1 apiece and sporting events 50 cents, but Telemeter executive Paul MacNamara says that once the system is established, he expects to provide first-run films for 25 cents and the Kentucky Derby for as little as a nickel.

"Subscription TV is nothing but an economical and more efficient distribution system," says Zenith's McDonald. "It can take the product of Hollywood, Broadway, the stadium or the classroom and, for a fraction of the present cost of exhibition in theater, stadium or classroom, deliver it



One of free TV's proud achievements was presenting Mary Martin in Broadway stage production of *Peter Pan*



Big fights like Marcinello-Cockrell bout (above), blacked out on free TV, would be part of regular fare on Pay-TV

into the home. It eliminates the great expense of operating theaters, and of transporting talent. It also saves the consumer the cost of transportation to the theater."

Anti-Pay-TV forces challenge this vista of low cost. The Organizations for Free TV declare that toll television would cost the average American a back-breaking \$1,156.32 a year. Pay-TV proponents counter that this estimate is based on the present average of 4.8 hours of TV viewing per family per day. They claim that they'll only have enough programming to provide two hours a day, or less, of quality entertainment. The rest of the time, they contend, the family will continue to watch free TV.

The Pay-TV controversy is deep-rooted. It's as old as broadcasting itself. As far back as the early 1920s another great debate raged over whether we should have pay-as-you-hear radio or so-called "free" broadcasting, and only by pure chance was the new medium pushed in the direction of sponsorship by advertisers. Ironically, it was Zenith's Commander McDonald who hit on that method of paying for broadcasts, when he allowed a publishing company to advertise on radio in exchange for footing the entertainment bill. McDonald has regretted his idea ever since.

As early as 1931 he was already thinking in terms of a pay-as-you-see system for an exciting

new invention called television. In 1936, he wrote Walter Gifford, then president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company: "... I feel that before television can ever become a big industry in the United States, we must be in a position to deliver the equal of our present-day moving-picture programs into the home. ... I feel that this tremendous cost of producing motion pictures cannot be borne by the advertisers ... now carrying the burden of the cost of audible radio ... Frankly, the only solution I see for the real future of television is delivering it into the home ... and collecting charges from each subscriber at the end of the month. ..."

When TV came into its own after World War II, the toll TV proponents were not ready technically, and again the sponsor system won out by default. McDonald, however, bided his time. He hired Dr. Alexander Ellett, a former University of Iowa physicist who had directed the wartime development of the Army's vital proximity fuse. At Zenith, Dr. Ellett assembled 40 scientists to work on a Pay-TV system. By 1947, he had come up with an acceptable method, and in 1949 Zenith got FCC permission to test it out in some 300 Chicago homes the first three months of 1951.

That first Zenith system was called Phonevision because it used telephone lines, in part. The pro-

gram itself was sent scrambled over the airwaves. To unscramble it, the subscriber had to telephone an operator at a special switchboard. The operator then sent a decoding signal to the subscriber's TV set over the telephone lines. The signal unscrambled the picture and the subscriber was billed one dollar per show at the end of the month. The programs consisted of a good cross-section of fairly recent Hollywood movies.

The experiment was beset with difficulties. For one thing, the major movie companies, fearful of offending movie-theater owners, at first refused to give films to Zenith. But then Leonard Goldenson of United Paramount Theaters, Inc., said: "Let's stop talking about this and find out once and for all if it's any good." Paramount Pictures came in, followed by RKO, M-G-M, Warner Brothers, Columbia and others.

Although that difficulty was overcome, others followed. The Phonevision switchboard, set up in an old store, was raided by police, who thought it was a bookie parlor. Also, unscrambled sound was used in the experiment, since Zenith thought no TV set owner would listen to voices without an accompanying picture. But it was soon discovered that 14 per cent of Chicago's set owners were eavesdropping on the sound tracks of the films, even though they couldn't see the movies. Ellett and his assistants had to come up with an emergency sound-scrambling system.

Experiment Was Successful

Despite these woes, the experiment proved a success. The Chicagoans who took part in the test—a scientific cross section selected by the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Chicago—watched an average of 1.73 films per week. It turned out that many hadn't previously seen most of the films in the movie houses; the test thus uncovered a new, untapped audience for motion pictures. Moreover, though their contract with Zenith specified that they could not be forced to pay for the service, there were only three defaulters.

The experiment caused mingled interest and worry in the TV industry. It also convinced Zenith that using telephone facilities cost too much. Efforts were turned to developing a system in which both program and decoding signal would be sent over the air. However the name Phonevision was kept.

It was Dr. Ellett's young staff engineers who hit on the dial method now used by Zenith. "When you make combination locks," Ellett explains, "you mass-produce identical parts but assemble them differently. 'Why,' we asked ourselves, 'can't we do the same thing electronically, with wires, switches and tubes mass-produced and assembled in different ways?'" Zenith engineers found that they could come up with 16,000 different combinations for any given TV program. Thus any given show can be unscrambled in a given TV set only by dialing the right combination on the decoding gadget for that show and that set.

While one group of engineers worked on the combinations, another group, called "The Safe-crackers," labored independently in an attempt to break them. Finally, Ellett was satisfied that the system was foolproof. In November, 1954, Zenith asked the FCC for authority to begin commercial operations.

Meanwhile a couple of other starters had entered the race. One was Matthew Fox. A millionaire movie magnate at twenty-five, he had pioneered in educational films, and had cornered the market on old movies for sponsored TV. Fox, now forty-four, made an agreement with the Skiatron Electronics and Television Corporation to use their patents and engineering organization. He then set up Skiatron TV, Inc., and acquired the rights to the Skiatron electronic-card system of toll TV, which is called Subscriber-Vision. In September, 1954, Skiatron, too, petitioned the FCC to hold hearings to permit Pay-TV to go on the air commercially.

The third entry into the sweepstakes indicated even more strongly that the great weight of an important segment of the movie industry was to be thrown into the fray. It began quietly with a

"If we don't get Pay-TV," says Frank Lane of the White Sox, "baseball will have i

small obscure company founded by David Loew, a member of the family that controls M-G-M, and Carl Leser-man, a veteran film executive. Hollywood at first considered the firm a toy of two wealthy men. But then, through the intervention of the New York banking house, Lehman Brothers, the powerful Paramount Pictures Corporation bought in. Overnight the little company became the International Telemeter Corporation, a multimillion-dollar subsidiary of Paramount, which owns 80 per cent of its stock. It soon became obvious that Telemeter was no toy to Barney Balaban, the head of Paramount.

Test Run on a Closed Circuit

For a long time, Telemeter remained a mystery organization. It ran its 1953-1954 test in Palm Springs, California—this was the experiment in which Stan Jalooff participated—on a closed-circuit basis; that is, the programs were piped into the 274 test homes through special cables, instead of going out over the air, so no competitors could get a line on what Telemeter was up to. Meanwhile, in the company's red-brick building in a remote corner of Los Angeles, some 30 crack scientists were at work designing a remarkable coin box that is a miniature electronic computer, whose "brain" receives signals over the air telling it how much money to accept before allowing the viewer to see the Pay-TV program.

Telemeter's "marquee" system startled the electronics world. It was the first time anyone had been able to send two separate pictures and two separate sound signals over the same wave length, and it opened up the fascinating possibility that someday a single station could simultaneously transmit one show for free TV viewers, a second show for Pay-TV viewers.

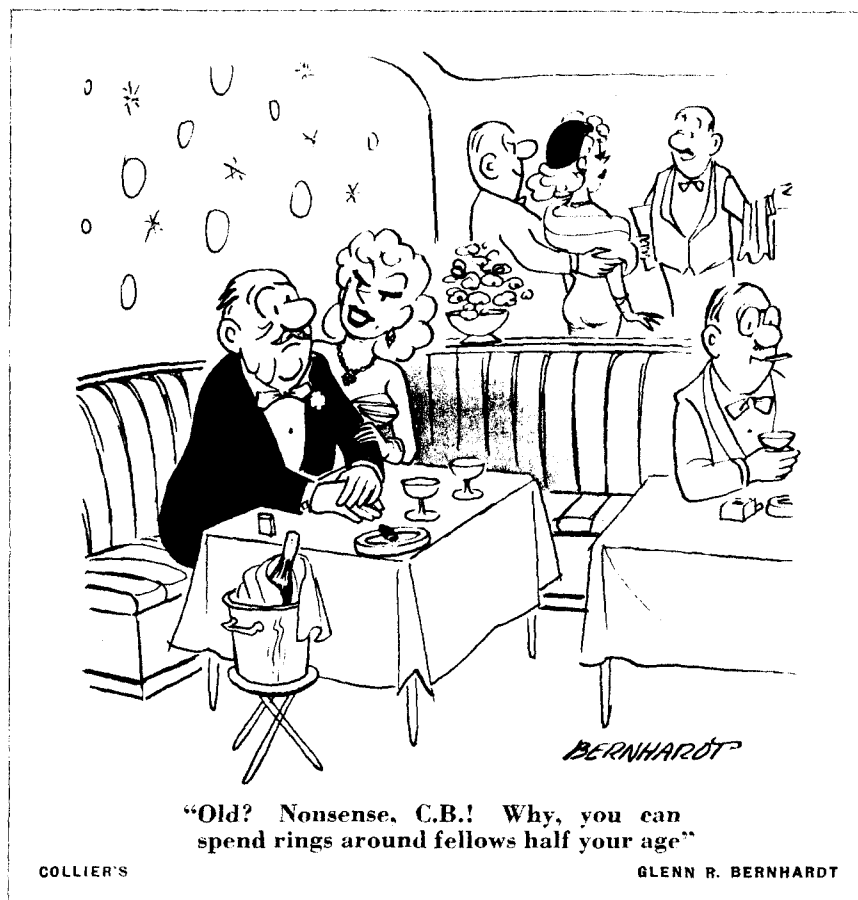
How did Telemeter scientists accomplish this? Irving Wieselmann, a UCLA physicist on the company's staff, explains: "When you transmit a TV signal, the frequencies bunch together leaving openings between them. Think of a piano keyboard, with its black and white keys. Until now, only the white keys have been used. We send the actual program on the black keys, and the 'marquee' goes out over the white keys."

In general, the TV networks and theater owners, busy providing entertainment for the public, paid little attention to these new developments. They were taken aback, when on February 11, 1955, the perplexed FCC asked all interested parties to submit "comments" on the proposal to authorize Pay-TV. It didn't take them long to gather their forces, however, and soon the Great Debate was on.

The FCC was swamped with briefs and, in addition, with 25,000 letters and post cards. FCC Commissioner Rosel H. Hyde told me: "I've been with the Federal Communications Commission longer than almost anyone else, and I've never seen such a volume of mail. But, after all, this is the most significant decision we have had to make in recent years."

In the furious attempts to influence that decision, the main arguments are these:

The Pay-TV people claim that they simply want the American people to



have a chance to see toll television in operation and then decide if they want it. "If they don't buy it," says Commander McDonald, "that's our hard luck—but why should we be blocked off from trying something new? It's the same as if the stagecoach legislated against the automobile to prevent it from using the public roads."

Anti-Pay-TV people take a dim view of this argument. Robert Kintner, president of the American Broadcasting Company, retorts: "Allowing Pay-TV in the market place would be like letting a camel get his nose inside your tent. Before you know it, the camel is in the tent and you're outside."

Frank Stanton, president of CBS, explains why: "We just would not be able to compete with the kind of money they can pay for talent. For example, I Love Lucy, one of the top-rated shows on TV, costs the sponsor \$85,000 a week. About 17,000,000 families watch it every week. If only one out

of the seventeen Lucy fans pays 25 cents to see the show, that will give the program a gross of \$250,000—or almost three times what a sponsor can afford to pay. At that rate of pay, how long do you think we could keep Lucille Ball or any of our other stars?"

To this, Skiatron's Matty Fox snorts: "There isn't anything on present-day TV that I would even want to buy for Subscriber-Vision—including all the so-called spectaculars lumped together. Except for an occasional magnificent moment like Peter Pan, everything on TV is second-rate."

Telemeter's Paul MacNamara adds: "I Love Lucy and Peter Pan provide one of the best arguments in favor of Pay-TV. At \$85,000, it costs the advertiser about a half cent per set to send Lucy into the home. If he spends more than a half cent per set, it's unlikely that he can sell enough of his products to make the outlay worthwhile. And when you see an occasional Peter Pan,

that's just window dressing. That show cost \$500,000. The networks can't even get a sponsor to spend that kind of money. They pay the difference themselves. I'm sure they will continue to take such losses just to fight us, but for how long?"

"Poppycock!" exclaims Robert Tapping of the Committee Against Pay-As-You-See TV. "I admit that TV programming was pretty bad when it first started, but now you're getting King Lear. Antigone. Marty. Patterns. The Saint of Bleecker Street. Ethel Barrymore, Helen Hayes, James Stewart. So what can Pay-TV give us that we're not getting now?"

Replies Joseph Wright of Zenith: "There are a hundred quiz shows and soap operas to every Marty or King Lear. With our system, even if you get one of TV's lowest ratings—say, a 3—that means that 1,000,000 people will be looking in. If they pay one dollar apiece, we could afford to give them the greatest shows in history, like South Pacific. We could even bring Broadway opening nights to the home TV screen."

"But it's technically impossible to present a genuine opening night on TV," says theater owner Alfred Starr of the Committee Against Pay-As-You-See TV. "You'd need so much room for the cameras that a special platform would have to be built over the entire orchestra floor, so there would be no room for an opening night audience."

"Granted," says Matty Fox. "It's unrealistic to think in terms of Broadway opening nights, not only because of the technical problems but because you never know if a show is a hit until after it opens. We'd be liable to get too many stinkers—and then we'd be right back at the level of present-day TV. As for myself, I feel that if we do nothing but present good films at a cheaper price, we'd be rendering an important service. But we could also bring great entertainment like the Sadler's Wells Ballet and London's Old Vic players to millions of Americans who can't see them now because when they tour the United States, they only play in about two dozen cities."

Attractions on Pay-TV

"Not only that," asserts Zenith's Pieter van Beek, "but we could show full-length films of the world-famous Oberammergau Passion Play in Germany, the La Scala Opera from Milan, the Edinburgh Festival. What network today can afford to clear three to six hours of soap-opera time in order to show these spectacles?"

"Clever propaganda," counters CBS' Dr. Stanton, "and I'm sure it will appeal to the intellectuals in the country. But if a promoter has two hours a day of Pay-TV programming, and he can present Martin and Lewis and gross \$10,000,000 or the La Scala Opera and gross \$250,000, which do you think he's going to choose? The same is true of the educational programs they claim they're going to offer."

"And what has present-day TV done for education thus far?" replies Zenith's Ted Leitzell. "The FCC has authorized 252 educational TV stations and only 14 are operating. Pay-TV can provide the educational stations with a source of income by allowing schools and colleges to offer courses in off hours."



op telecasting of its games altogether"

"But," says General Sarnoff of RCA, "the air belongs to the people. Any system of pay television violates the American concept of freedom to listen and freedom to look." ABC's lawyers add that authorizing Pay-TV would be a breach of faith to the 35,000,000 Americans who spent more than \$10,000,000,000 for TV sets on the promise of receiving free entertainment. "... broadcasting," ABC's brief to the FCC declared, "has developed in the United States on the concept that the people own the airwaves, that they have a 'natural right' to see whatever goes out over the air, and that this intelligence is available free of charge to all the public and not simply those who have the ability to pay. . . ."

Air Waves Used for Profit

"That's sheerest hypocrisy," says Telemeter's Paul MacNamara. "How can you say the air is free when it's used for profit by commercial wireless companies, by taxicab firms, by the promoters who use microwave to pipe heavyweight championship fights into theaters and then charge \$6.00 a head as admission?"

"I admit that the air isn't really free," says Bob Taplinger of the Committee Against Pay-As-You-See TV, "but if 80 opera lovers in Peoria want to pay to see a Mozart opera, why should the station be dark for 50,000 people who don't want to see it? That's not democracy." General Sarnoff adds: "There are 61 areas in the United States where there is only one existing or authorized TV station, and that means 8,000,000 people will have TV blacked out completely if those stations go to the pay system."

"All that talk of blackouts gets me angry," replies Ted Leitzell. "You'd think that everyone can see everything on TV. In the field of sports alone, more and more events are being taken off the air. Heavyweight championship fights can only be seen in theaters now; college and pro football telecasts are being seriously limited. The same is true of big-league baseball. The Cleveland Indians are a good case in point. When TV coverage of home games reduced attendance by nearly one-third, the Cleveland club decided to televise only road games in 1954, and attendance jumped again. But then the station which carried the games became a CBS affiliate, and with its network commitments, it could only clear time for twenty-five of the seventy-seven road games in 1955. Neither of the other two Cleveland stations could find time. So the people of Cleveland, with a pennant contender in their town, can see only one game in six on the home TV screen."

There seems little dispute that free TV has so killed the sports box office that it's driving sports off the air. Frank Lane, general manager of the Chicago White Sox, told me: "We stopped telecasting our night games after the 1949 season and the average attendance for night games jumped from 17,000 to 40,000, where it holds now. If we don't get Pay-TV, baseball will have to drop telecasting of its games altogether."

Walter O'Malley of the Brooklyn Dodgers goes even further. He says, "We need Pay-TV in order to stay in business. If we don't get this extra income, we may be forced to sell our

stars—or even move to another city."

But what about the movie houses? They, too, have empty seats as a result of television, and they are even more threatened if Pay-TV permits people to see first-run films in the home. Truman T. Rembusch, former president of an association of independent theater owners, gloomily predicts, "Pay-TV will destroy a two-and-a-half-billion-dollar investment in theaters all over the country. It will also destroy the merchants near the theaters who thrive on the patronage of movie fans." Producer Leland Hayward scoffs at this: "Two thirds of the theaters were so backward and outmoded that they would have gone out of business anyway. The other one third will continue to exist and they'll make handsome profits with top-drawer films like *Guys and Dolls* and *Oklahoma!* which just can't be shown to advantage on the small TV screen."

Sam Goldwyn, producer of *Guys and Dolls* and one of Hollywood's leading figures, seconds this. He says, "Even if I got \$9,000,000 in one night for showing *Guys and Dolls* on Pay-TV, my pride wouldn't let me do it. It just wouldn't be satisfactory on a small screen." However, Goldwyn adds: "There are many pictures that can be shown on television, and if the public is willing to pay to see them, producers should have the opportunity—if they choose—to show them in that medium."

Dore Schary, production head of M-G-M, thinks "it would be retrogression to go back to the 21-inch screen from the 100-foot screen. But we have 1,000 pictures in the vault and we would re-release some of them to Pay-TV."

A San Francisco theater owner, Samuel H. Levin, says, "I'm thinking of converting one of my top houses into a one-show-a-night theater, with reserved seats sold in advance. I want to make going to the movies a big event—like going to the legitimate theater. Let them see the run-of-the-mine films at home."

Problem of Collection

"But I refuse to believe they can make an economic go of Pay-TV," says Alfred Starr of the Committee Against Pay-As-You-See TV. "They can't lick the basic problem of collections. It will cost 60 per cent of the gross to collect the money from the coin boxes or to bill the people at the end of the month."

"That's ridiculous," says Telemeter's Carl Leserman. "The Brink's armored car people want to do our collecting for us. They've made exhaustive studies, and they estimate it will cost them 35 to 40 cents per home per month to empty our coin boxes."

"I think the whole thing is a farce," says Milton Shapp, president of the Jerrold Electronics Corporation. "My company has a gadget that can unscramble any Pay-TV system and allow the set owner to see the shows free of charge."

"Some of the country's finest scientists tried to crack our system and failed," says Dr. Ellett of Zenith. "Of course no system is infallible, but it would cost more than paying for the shows legally over a period of time." Paul MacNamara of Telemeter adds, "Besides, the government probably will

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be charging a federal entertainment tax on each pay-as-you-see gadget, so any 'bootlooker' would be in trouble with the FBI for violating a federal law."

And so the Great Debate rages. Throughout, one phrase keeps cropping up on both sides: "Only the people can decide." But so far there has been a noticeable lack of interest in culling the opinions of those 574 people in Chicago and Palm Springs who actually have experienced Pay-TV.

To fill that gap, I checked dozens of the Pay-TV guinea pigs—and found that out of 103 people from all walks of life, only two would not welcome toll television on a permanent basis, if they could get it. In Chicago, Victor Ceriale said, "There are plenty of good programs on all those free stations, so who needs it?" Another Chicagoan, Emanuel S. Hartman, said, "It's too expensive for such a limited demand. They could only come up with an occasional exceptional program that would be worth paying for."

More typical of the Chicago group's reactions was that of Mrs. John G. Seaman, a schoolteacher whose husband works for Sears Roebuck. She told me: "We couldn't afford a baby sitter and we found that Phonevision was great for entertaining our friends. We watched about two movies a week, but we were discriminating. If it was a bad picture, we didn't see it. I'd love to have Pay-TV back today, but if a better movie were showing at the neighborhood theater, we'd go there instead. We'd apply the same rule to regular TV. During the test, we never missed our favorite network shows, like Milton Berle."

Averaged Three Movies a Week

Another typical guinea pig was Harold Ward, a hotel electrician. "We averaged three movies a week during the test," he reported. "It was wonderful. My wife and I like to stay home at night. Where else could we get that kind of entertainment for a dollar? I haven't been to the movies in two years now, because I don't like to dress up to go out, and double features are too much for me. I fall asleep in the middle of the second picture. Also, I hardly ever watch TV any more because the commercials get me sore, always breaking in at some crucial point."

The same points were emphasized by the people who participated in Telemeter's Palm Springs test, three years later and 2,000 miles away. Since the Palm Springs experiment has been severely criticized for having taken place in a wealthy resort area frequented by movie people, I questioned only ordinary working citizens, from local storekeepers to trailer-camp dwellers.

I found that those tested paid an average of \$8.70 a month. The average was higher at the beginning of the experiment when top sporting events and first-run movies were shown. Later, when older second-rate films were offered, the average dropped precipitously; apparently people will only buy quality. The six top pictures drew an average audience of 44.5 per cent of the guinea-pig total. Projected to a national audience of 30,000,000 TV sets, that figure would mean that the six pictures would have grossed an incredible \$78,000,000 in less than a week.

Pat Barbara, who plays the saxophone in a night club, paid \$4.65 between December 27, 1953, and January 12, 1954—the beginning of the test period. From February 18th to April 1st, when poor pictures were being shown,

he paid only \$1.10. But from April 22d to May 26th, with re-runs of the good pictures, his payments jumped to \$4.00 again.

Another typical viewer was Mary Kemp, whose son is a clerk in a grocery store. Her baby-sitting duties for her son keep her home most of the time. The first monthly collection from her coin box was \$26.85; then it leveled off at \$8.85, \$12.50, \$6.70 and \$6.50.

Mrs. Lucille Mitchell, who worked for a Palm Springs accounting firm, told me, "What we liked best about Telemeter was the sports. If we drive to Los Angeles to see a football game, the trip costs us \$50. Then I never can resist going shopping, so it ends up costing us a lot more."

Perhaps the most surprising reaction in Palm Springs was that of Earle Strebe, owner of the El Rancho, the never-completed movie house which transmitted the Pay-TV films for the Telemeter test. "I'm in the entertainment business," said Strebe, "and I don't care where the people see my movies as long as they pay me. Apparently a lot of other theater owners secretly feel the same way; more than fifty of them have written to me from all over the country asking how they can get in on the ground floor of toll television. If it ever comes back to Palm Springs I have an agreement with Telemeter to run the franchise here. Then I'll only keep one 'class' theater and close down my other two."

Will toll TV ever come back to Palm Springs—and elsewhere? Much of the answer lies with the FCC. The agency is now receiving "rebuttals" to the 25,000 "comments" it received on the proposal to authorize Pay-TV. After that, its technicians must analyze both comments and rebuttals and decide whether or not the FCC should hold open hearings. That decision probably will come in November or December.

With 1956 an election year, many experts are convinced that the FCC will throw the Pay-TV hot potato to Congress, on the ground that it lacks authority under existing legislation to make the decision. Congress, in turn, may well stall until January, 1957, when it will either pass new legislation for the FCC to control Pay-TV or throw the potato back, telling the FCC it already has enough authority.

Whether by the FCC or Congress,

however, some ticklish questions will have to be decided sooner or later. Among them: Should commercials and advertisers be banned from Pay-TV? Should the FCC regulate the number of hours that a station can devote to Pay-TV and free TV? Should networks be barred from engaging in Pay-TV? Will only one of the three existing systems be authorized or will standards be set to make all three compatible?

But perhaps the key question concerns the entire legal status of Pay-TV. Is it "broadcasting," or is it a "common carrier," like the interstate telephone lines and commercial wireless companies? If it is ruled a "common carrier," the FCC could set rates, limit profits and stringently control all operations—much in the way the railroads are regulated by the government. No matter what the decision on this vital point, it's bound to bring on a long fight in the courts. Most experts don't expect any final decision on toll TV until about 1960.

Decision May Be Speeded Up

A few developments, however, might hasten the process. For one thing, many television stations in the ultra-high-frequency channels are in a plight. The public has refused in great numbers to buy the converters or the special sets necessary to receive U.H.F. stations, and these latecomers to TV are going out of business at an alarming rate. Their disaster has frightened all potential TV station owners. As a result, though 1,875 channels have been allocated, fewer than 425 are being used. This situation may make FCC heed the pleas of many U.H.F. station owners that Pay-TV is their only hope of survival.

A second factor that may hasten the FCC's decision is that even the strong independent TV station owners are growing restive under network domination. They live or die according to whether or not they have a major network affiliation, and the threat of losing that affiliation is a sword constantly dangling over their heads.

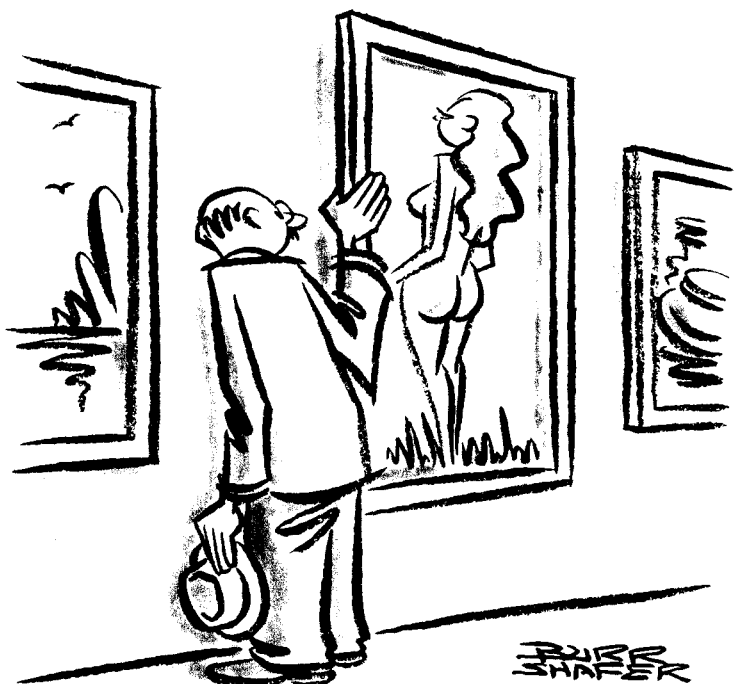
In constant fear of dependence on personal favor, the independents are looking around for another source of programs. Pay-TV might provide the source. At the May convention of the National Association of Radio and



"Your old man must have been nuts when he bought this!"

COLLIER'S

GUSTAV LUNDBERG



COLLIER'S

BURR SHAFER

Television Broadcasters in Washington, Zenith exhibited its Phonevision process. As I stood outside the door of the exhibition room, I saw a strange drama enacted. Station owner after station owner came to the door, looked furtively about, and removed the badges which identified them and their stations. Then they went inside and eagerly asked questions about the new medium. I counted scores of them in a two-day period. If enough of the independents break away from their association's stand against Pay-TV and put pressure on the FCC to authorize the system, the FCC may find it difficult to withstand the pressure.

A third source of pressure might come directly from the public. Zenith, Skiatron and Telemeter, aware of this, are racing to get Pay-TV operating in areas beyond the FCC's control. They reason that if people see Pay-TV or even read about it, enough of a demand will arise to force the government's hand. Zenith hopes to get Phonevision under way in Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand within a year. Skiatron has the same plans for Cuba and another still undisclosed country. Commander McDonald says, "Just like the Wright Brothers, we may have to go abroad to get recognition."

Will Start in Canada Soon

Telemeter expects to begin commercial operations in Canada soon through its fellow Paramount subsidiary, Famous Players, Ltd., of Canada. Thus thousands of Americans in cities near the Canadian line may soon be subscribing to Pay-TV from stations across the border. The FCC can't stop them if they want to lease Telemeter coin boxes and tune in on Canadian stations.

Telemeter is also determined to go ahead in the U.S. itself on a closed-circuit basis—piping Pay-TV shows into homes over special cables, a method which does not require FCC authorization. Before the year is out we probably will see such closed-circuit operations in at least two sizable Western cities. In both instances, the prospective franchise holder is a local hard-headed businessman, owning all the local movie theaters, and in one case the local newspapers and TV station as well. These men will show the

same films on Pay-TV as in their theaters.

If the FCC does authorize Pay-TV for the air waves, how will it develop? This question intrigues entertainment experts. Telemeter's Paul MacNamara forecasts: "It won't be an overnight revolution. We need a year of pump-priming to attract viewers and capital. We'll concentrate our initial effort in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, where there are some 9,000,000 TV sets. We can probably only manufacture 250,000 coin boxes in that first year, but as soon as we place them in homes, we're in business."

"The first programs we'll offer will be sports. Big-league baseball, NCAA football, the International Boxing Club—they've all committed themselves to come in at the beginning. Next, we'll show good first-run foreign films. The top foreign producers are ready, too, because they can't make satisfactory distributing arrangements in American movie houses. After that, the major studios will release older good pictures like *Going My Way* and *Gone With the Wind*. The dam will break when we get up to 2,000,000 sets. Until then, the movie producers will be afraid to antagonize the theater owners, on whom they depend. But suddenly some courageous independent Hollywood producer will open the breach—and then, brother, get out of the way. That will be two to three years, or sooner, after we get started."

What would happen when the dam breaks? That's the \$64,000,000 question in entertainment circles today. It's known that RCA is working on its own Pay-TV system, and Frank Stanton, the president of CBS, told me: "If Pay-TV is approved by the FCC and the people want it, we'll have to go into it, of economic necessity. If it comes to a knockdown-drag-out fight between us and the movie industry for control of Pay-TV, we'll have to battle their fifty years' experience with the imaginative electronics techniques in which we excel."

All in all, it will be a fascinating struggle for the American people to watch. As one show-business wag put it, "It will be not unlike locking Rocky Marciano, Davy Crockett and a wrestling bear in a room—and sitting back to see which one comes out." THE END

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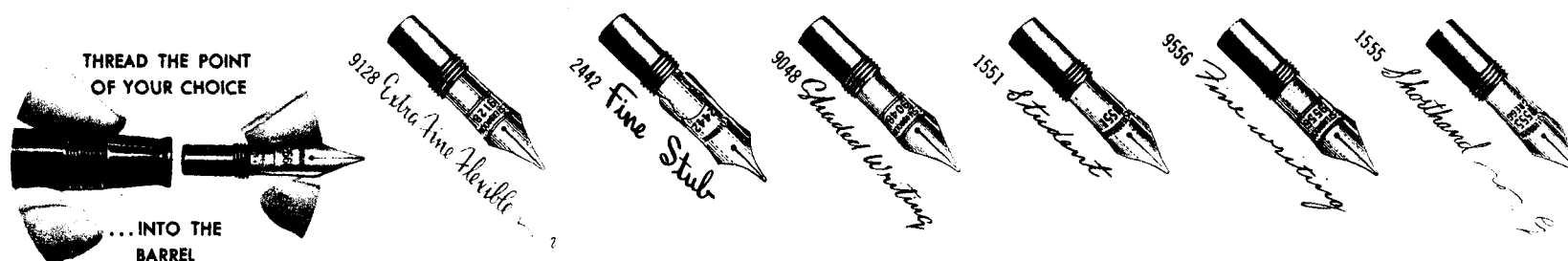
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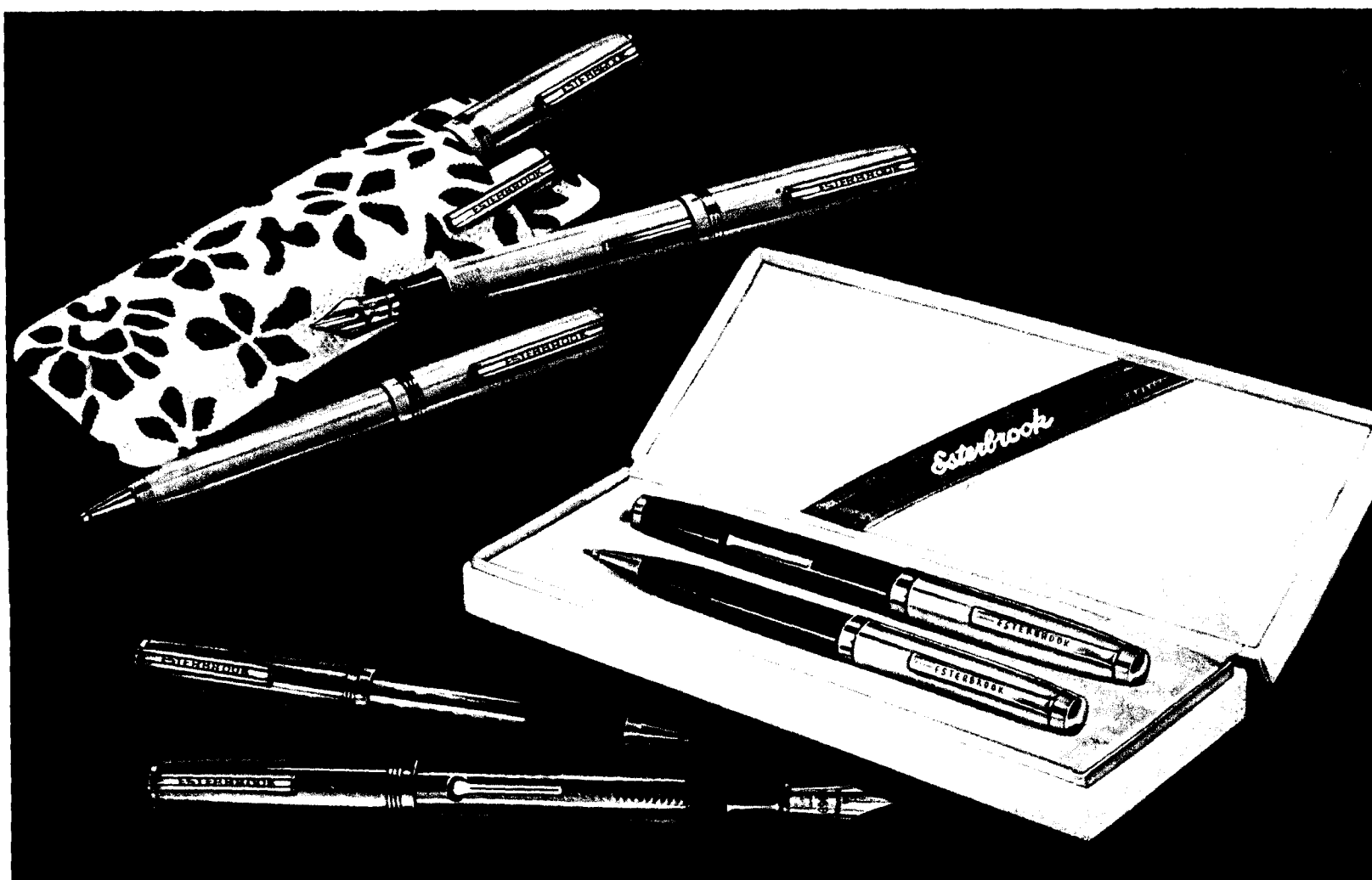


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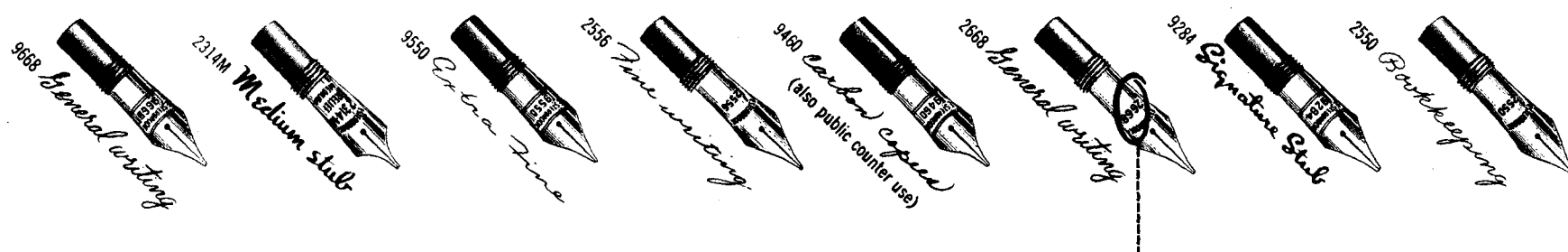
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Tucker's Awful Secret

By JOHN BELL CLAYTON

Something mighty strange was happening up on the hill. Teaberry didn't understand what it was, but Tucker did—and he was scared

THE September afternoon was clear and fine. Frost had not yet come, but autumn, in a soft and magic approach, had touched the mountainsides with brilliant scarlet and crimson. Tucker and Teaberry had first seen the Ford runabout when Tandy Green parked it near the lower end of the farm an hour or so after midday. Tandy Green was the constable; he lived three miles down the valley at the old Edmunds place. They watched him get out and walk away into the stand of cedars at the foot of Gardner Hill. It was a full two hours before he came back down the hill and got in his car and turned around and went off in the direction of home with a plume of dust behind him.

"You know what he's been doin'?" Tucker asked, his face serious.

"Still lookin' for that ole lost heifer, Ah reckon."

"He's lookin' for somethin' else too."

"Ah doan keer whut him lookin' for," Teaberry said. She was gazing intently down the road, her round eyes squinted in her chocolate face. She had a strong and personal dislike for Tandy Green. One day, in a stupid piece of teasing, he had slipped his big pair of handcuffs on her; she, believing she was going to be taken to jail, had streaked for the kitchen crying. When Tucker's father learned what was going on, he had given Tandy a tongue-lashing; he told him that if he did not have anything better to do than go around handcuffing a little colored girl he could stay off this property. Father said Tandy had no sense and no business being constable.

Dust from the runabout was still hanging above the brush beside the road when Tucker and Teaberry went down across the lower meadow and climbed up on the plank fence. Their faces were turned toward the fascinating two-room whitewashed shanty perched in an extensive clearing on the broad slope of Dunlap Mountain.

"Less us go up there," Teaberry said finally.

The decision was up to Tucker. He would be eleven next month. Teaberry, who was the daughter of Vannie the cook, was only nine. She

was his companion, almost his shadow, because she took very seriously the job of looking after him, which Tucker's father had given her in a spirit of jest, and for which he paid her a penny a day.

Tucker thought over Teaberry's suggestion. He had heard, from the men who worked for Father, sketchy accounts of the two strangers from West Virginia who had suddenly appeared as occupants of the old Tarrant shanty a month before and whom Tandy Green had been watching for half that time. The younger and taller one called himself James A. Garfield Gregory; and the other one, who was reputedly his uncle, had the rather incredible name of Remus.

"You know what they might be doin' up there?" Tucker asked.

"Stayin'," Teaberry said.

"I know, but what else?"

"That ole Tandy Green tell Mr. Jess Baskin they polishin' the moon."

"Aw, he never! He said he thought they were moonshinin'."

Tucker had heard Father say there was more moonshining going on in the mountains now than at any time he could remember. Tandy Green believed the Gregorys had a still back up in one of the hollows. He wanted to collect the reward the state had started paying officers for finding one and breaking it up.

"Ah doan keer how much they shinin' any moon. Less us go see 'em."

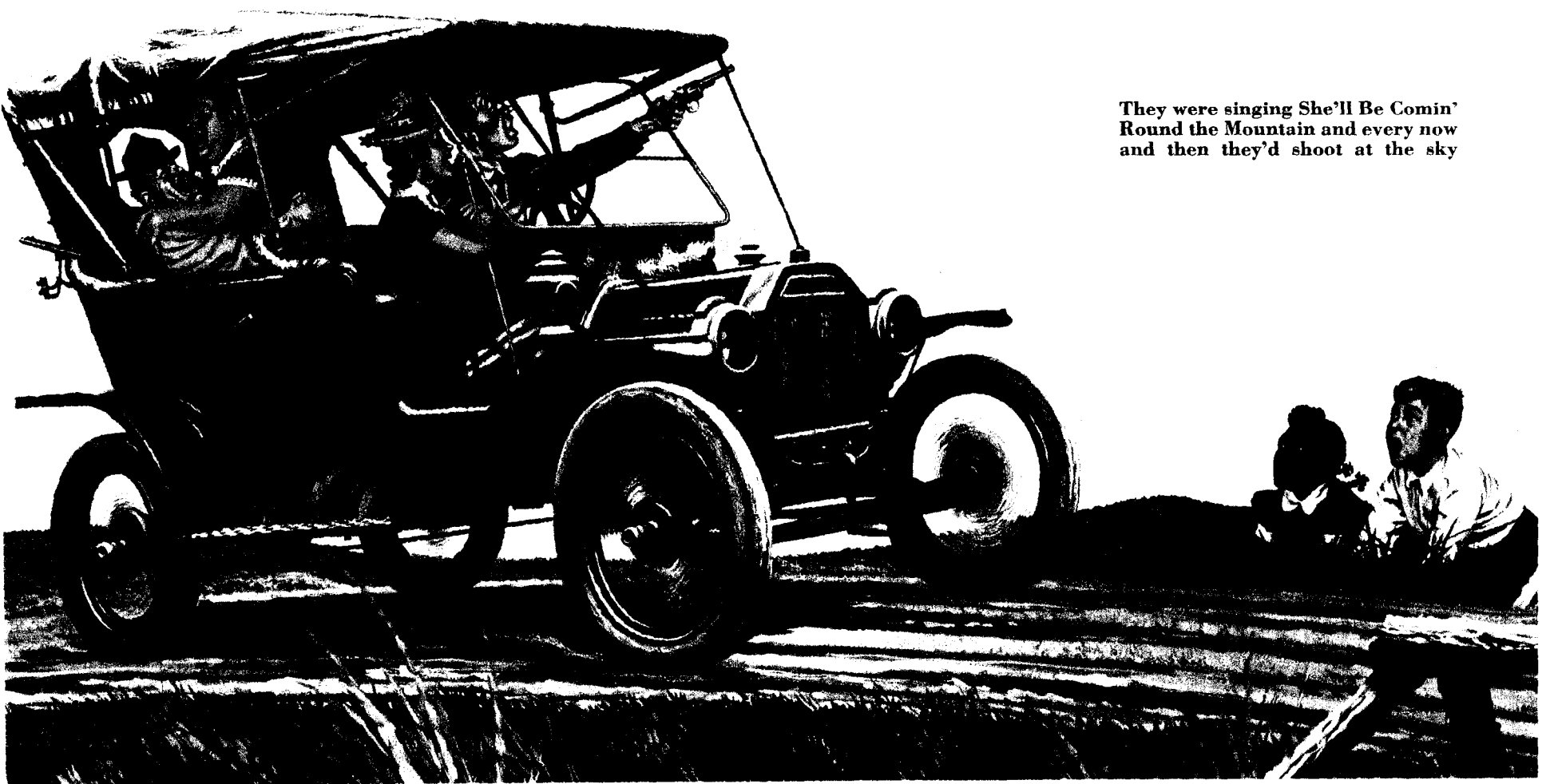
"All right," he said, climbing down, "but don't tell anybody at all."

An old rattletrap was standing under a big walnut tree out in the clearing. As they neared the shanty they saw their hosts-elect on the porch. The man Remus sat in a battered rocking chair assembling a double-barreled shotgun, while James A. Garfield lounged on the steps with a .22-caliber automatic rifle within reach. He was very lanky and his sprawl was absolutely lifeless. He was decked out in a blue serge suit, white shirt, red necktie and a boater straw hat.

"Which one Oncle Remus?" Teaberry whispered.

"That one." Tucker indicated the one in the rocker. He was a gaunt

They were singing *She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain* and every now and then they'd shoot at the sky



man dressed in overalls and a funereal black felt hat with a narrow round brim and a peaked crown.

"Whut time does him start tellin' them stories about Br'er Rabbit?"

"That's not *this* Uncle Remus!" Tucker said. "I told you that. Hush!"

In some more reasonable part of her mind, Teaberry must have known all along that the figure on the porch was not the kindly old gentleman who had told all those wonderful tales about Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Fox. But ever since she had first heard the name, it had just been one of those stubborn notions that sometimes got lodged in her pig-tailed head.

Remus was the first to greet them. He glanced briefly but malevolently at them and called out sourly, "You kids git thuh hell back where yuh belong!"

They stood stock-still in the clearing. James A. Garfield regarded them quite impassively for a few seconds. Then he turned slightly toward Remus and drawled, "Ah, bonehead, shet ap!"

Tucker began pulling up some broom-sage stalks and twisting them around his fingers and Teaberry took hold of his belt. Neither man paid them any further notice.

Remus picked two shells up off the porch and put them into his gun. He gathered up ramrod, cloth and oilcan and went into the shanty.

The .22 rifle was lying on the top step on a level with James A. Garfield's boater hat. With absolute casualness, he reached around with his left hand and picked it up. Not bothering to take a sight, and shooting like no man they had ever seen shoot before, he held it out with one long arm until it pointed toward the single pod of a tall milkweed beside a rail fence about thirty-five or forty yards away. The rifle spat and the pod leaped up into an exploding puff of white. James A. Garfield favored them with a brief grin that disclosed two fine gold teeth, laid the rifle down and slouched back into the recumbent posture.

At the same moment the saturnine Remus appeared in the doorway with the shotgun cradled in his arm. He growled at his kinsman, "If we're goin', less git a move on."

James A. Garfield picked up the .22 and hauled his long frame erect. On his way around the shanty he glanced at Teaberry, who was peeking from behind Tucker. "See you in the funny papers, Sis," he said.

"Ah gotta git home an' ring that supper bell," Teaberry said, and she was off down over the hill with her heels flying, moving if not as fast as light then certainly with the speed of sound.

THE next day Tucker and Teaberry found that for which Tandy Green had been searching for two weeks. Telling themselves that they just happened to be passing the Tarrant shanty on their way to the chestnut grove on top of the ridge, they skirted a slab pile left by a saw-mill years ago, and there it was—big mash drum, copper kettle and coils—screened on all sides by a rhododendron thicket.

It was no wonder Tandy had not found it. He had been scouring the hollows south of the shanty, expecting it to be located along the creek. But the men had not been using the creek. They were getting water from a spring-fed pond.

"That's a still," Tucker said. He had never seen one before. He simply knew it was.

By then he was already retreating. He was not exactly scared (and he knew Teaberry was not; she was not even impressed); he was surprised and confused. Not knowing yet that a moral problem had been placed upon his shoulders—that always unpleasant problem of whether or not to inform on a neighbor—his first thought was: I wish we hadn't found it.

"Whur yawl goin'?" Teaberry asked. "Less go git them ches'nuts."

"No. I don't want any."

He walked away with Teaberry trailing him. At the rail fence that separated Father's property from the Tarrant place, an old Ben Davis apple tree stood alone. He stopped under the tree, Teaberry still behind him, and picked up an apple and threw it at a big stone outcropping and reached for another and was preparing to throw that when he heard a voice asking: "Sis, you wanta hire a good apple picker?"

Sitting quietly on a rock just on the other side of the fence was James A. Garfield, with the .22 rifle across his knee.

"How about it, Sis?" he said, grinning a little and the gold of his teeth shining. "You need some help?"

"Nossuh," Teaberry said. "Ah ain' got no apples to pick."

Tucker sensed that the question had something to do with the magic rifle. He moved gingerly over to the fence and Teaberry came along behind him.

James A. Garfield pretended to be studying the Ben Davis tree. He picked up the rifle and placed it across his left shoulder, backward, the butt toward the apple tree. He gave his head a part turn, not seeming to look in any particular direction, and pressed the trigger.

"Wup!" he said. "Missed that apple!"

The walnut tree with the rattletrap parked under it in the clearing was at least a hundred feet away. Even as he was saying he had missed the apple he was grinning and looking in that direction now and Tucker heard, rather than saw, a walnut nipped loose from a topmost limb and



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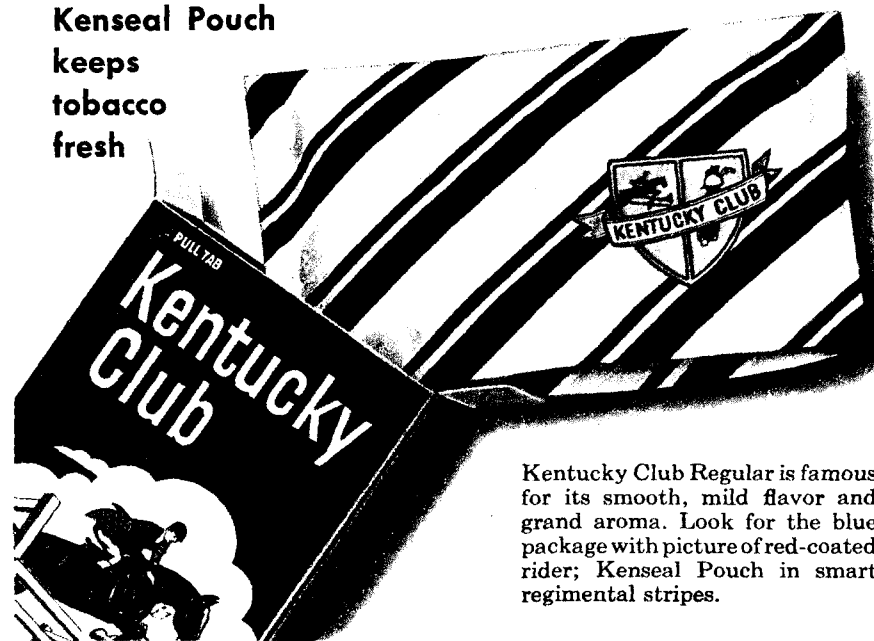
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ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

drop with a crack onto the hood of the rattletrap.

Up at the shanty the man Remus appeared on the porch and yelled, "Whatthehell you tryin' to do—shoot the country to pieces? Come on an' eat!"

James A. Garfield muttered, "Ah, bonehead, shet ap!" Then he glanced at Teaberry and asked, "Sis, you like taters and onions?"

Teaberry was sitting on top of the fence, not afraid of him, and not afraid of anybody else for that matter, but not knowing what to make of him either, just staring at him. "Ah ain' particular," she said.

James A. Garfield stepped toward the fence and reached out with one long arm and encircled her body and went carrying her in the crook of his elbow the way men sometimes carry small filled sacks. He carried her feet first. Tucker crawled through the fence and went along just behind them. He had some vague notion if not exactly of protecting Teaberry then at least of being along if anything happened to her. She was riding stiff and silent and he saw a question forming in her eyes.

"What do you want?" he whispered. "Ask him has they got any custard pie."

IT OCCURRED to him then that she was utterly without concern about the men or about the still or about the whole circumstance. He realized that she was simply not old enough to care.

James A. Garfield climbed the steps to the shanty carrying Teaberry, and Tucker had no course but to follow. He was a little fearful that something might happen once they were in the house. They went through the front room and into the kitchen where there was a kerosene stove, a packing case serving as a table and a half-dozen kegs that might be used for chairs.

Remus was already sitting at the makeshift table. He wore his hat and before him was a tin plate heaped with a sort of potato-and-onion hash. He glanced up with a ugly scowl, started to say something but grunted instead and then turned his attention back to his plate. James A. Garfield planted Teaberry on one of the kegs and got some spoons and three tin plates from a shelf. He filled the plates from the skillet on the stove, handed one to Teaberry and another to Tucker and sat down, his rifle across his lap.

Tucker set the plate on the table and got a keg from a corner. Teaberry had started to eat, watching Remus furtively but intently, as if she thought that at any instant he might tell a Br'er Rabbit story. No one uttered a word.

Remus finished first. He arose, rolled the keg away and went into the other room. A moment later he returned with his shotgun and, without wasting a glance at anybody, walked out the back door and disappeared up a path toward the mountain.

Then James A. Garfield got done. He got to his feet, kicked his keg away and wandered out the front way with the rifle in his hand. Tucker and Teaberry both finished quickly. They slipped down from their kegs and went through the front room. James A. Garfield was sprawled on the steps.

"Us better git on home," Teaberry whispered.

"It's not polite to go just after you've eaten," Tucker said.

It was even more than that. He was not anxious to get home. He supposed it was his duty to tell about the still. Some people said there were getting to

be more and more moonshiners and bootleggers all the time and it was the obligation of every good citizen to report them. And yet he had heard Father himself say, more than once, "You don't break bread with a man and talk about him behind his back." He did not fully understand that he had wandered into that dilemma in which to fulfill public duty was to violate private honor. He was acutely uncomfortable.

They sat down on the step below James A. Garfield, who did not seem to know they were there.

"There a car," Teaberry said in a moment.

Tucker did not hear it until it left the public road to begin the gradual climb up the lane to the shanty. For a second James A. Garfield listened too. Whether he heard it or was paying any attention to it, they could not tell. He reached up with one hand and brought the .22 down by his leg.

the shanty. Teaberry glanced appraisingly at Dennis. He was grinning.

The men walked down to the walnut tree and Dennis stood under it and James A. Garfield stepped a dozen paces out into the broom sage. Dennis had a cigarette between his lips. James A. Garfield brought his rifle up stiff-armed, holding it with his left arm only, and Teaberry suddenly clamped both hands over her eyes and the rifle spat and Dennis no longer had the cigarette in his mouth.

James A. Garfield told Dennis that he was now going to stand on his head and do the trick again, but he didn't because at that moment Remus was coming down the path from the mountain, heavily burdened with jugs. The other three men started up toward the shanty and then Dennis saw Teaberry.

"Hi, Miss Teaberry," he said. "You wait, I've got somethin' for you."

But he didn't stop and give her the coin. All of them collected in the

cellar. He was convinced there was going to be a heavy frost and he did not want the potatoes left on the ground.

The first news of the trouble at Deer Meadow came over the party-line telephone just after noon. Tucker and Teaberry were cleaning out one of the storage bins, sorting the old potatoes into those that were still good and those that would be fed to the hogs. The telephone kept ringing seven longs, which was the ring of Mr. Charlie Palmer, the deputy sheriff at Craig's Ford. When there was no answer, it finally stopped and then began ringing five longs and two shorts—for Tandy Green, the constable. Those rings went unanswered until Father finally took down the receiver.

They could hear Father shouting. "Yes, Walter! I can hear you pretty well. Go ahead, Walter! . . . I'll see if I can get him for you." It was Mr. Walter Lange, the storekeeper. Then Tandy must have come to his own telephone because Father shouted, "He's on the line now, Walter. See if you can make him hear you." Father stayed up there listening in for quite a while and then he came down and told the hired man what he had heard.

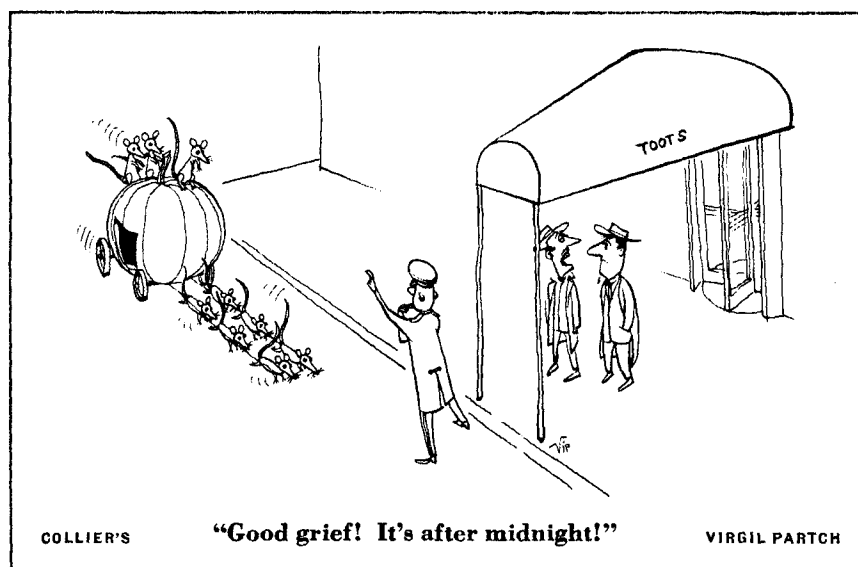
Father said that, as he understood it, Remus and James A. Garfield had been up at Deer Meadow visiting that redheaded widow, Mrs. Bill Gatemyer, and her rawboned daughter, Winona. The four of them were all there in the widow's cottage yelling and singing and carrying on until all hours. Then about daylight they had gone over and waked up the Holy Roller preacher, Mr. Pack Dowdysshell, and told him they had two marriage licenses and that they all wanted to get married right away.

MR. HANK MORRIS, who lived next door and still wanted to sleep, came out on his front porch half dressed and in a bad humor. He began arguing with the lot of them, and James A. Garfield called him something that was terrible and told him to get back in bed. Whereupon Mr. Morris promptly walked over and knocked James A. Garfield all the way off Mr. Pack Dowdysshell's porch, at the same time dislodging his boater hat and causing it to start rolling down the steps. Just as promptly, James A. Garfield whipped his revolver from under his coat and unaccountably pumped six bullets not into Mr. Morris but into his own hat.

That, Father said, although hard on the hat, otherwise seemed to resolve the whole situation quite nicely, because then everybody shook hands with everybody else and they went on into Mr. Dowdysshell's and held the ceremony, with Mr. Morris as a witness. Then all of them, Mr. Morris and Mr. Dowdysshell included, went on over to Mrs. Gatemyer's cottage, and that was when the celebration really began.

It must have kept up all morning. They were not only singing and having a fine time but every few minutes James A. Garfield, who had thought to buy more ammunition in town, went to the window and discharged a firearm. Half the people in Deer Meadow, Father said, seemed to be in a high state of alarm and it was only when the bridal party took a notion to leave the village and head down the valley that anybody thought it prudent to put in a call for the authorities. The fact that they had put faith in Tandy Green indicated that the village was excited. Father said, and then he and the hired man went back to the field.

Tucker and Teaberry went out in the front yard and they had no more than



"That Mr. Dennis Farley," Teaberry said. She recognized by sound, long before it was in sight, every car that passed the farm with any regularity.

Slowly the car came on up the hill and into the clearing. It was Dennis Farley, the great but unreliable pitcher for the Deer Meadow baseball team, and his brother Nelson. They parked under the walnut tree and got out and came walking up toward the shanty. Dennis was a lanky man who was usually grinning good-humoredly. Nelson just came up to his shoulders. He was lithe and quick and had a face twitch.

James A. Garfield got up lazily and walked down a few paces to meet them. They talked for a moment or two and James A. Garfield stepped to a corner of the house and yelled up toward the mountain, "Remus, bring down half a pound!" Then the men went on around the shanty.

"We better be goin' now," Tucker said.

"Ain' no hurry," Teaberry said. She did not move.

"I'll bet you think Dennis Farley's goin' to give you a nickel."

The previous summer Dennis had spent a month at the farm painting the barn, and during that time he had enabled Teaberry to earn forty-some cents with small chores. She would not admit now that she hoped for anything, but she would not move either. Before long they heard the men come in the back door.

The four men were in there for some time, moving about and talking and laughing. Suddenly there was singing. A moment later Dennis and Nelson and James A. Garfield came out of

shanty again, their talk and their laughing louder than it was before.

"We better be goin'," Tucker said. Teaberry shook her head. "Him said wait." She sat as if planted.

After a time, Remus came trotting out and down the steps, trying to hold onto his shotgun and struggle into a clean shirt at the same time. He got to the rattletrap, still dressing himself, and shouted back toward the shanty, "Git out here and git this started!"

The others came out taking their time, Dennis weaving a little by now. It did not look for a moment as if he was going to notice Teaberry, but just as he was going down the steps he stopped and dug into his pocket. "Miss Teaberry," he said, "show these fellows how fast you can run." And he gave her not a nickel but a quarter.

By the time Tucker got down to the fence, Teaberry was at the foot of the hill, and she kept going, not like something belonging to the ground but like a blackbird soaring low.

THERE were certain propitious times to discuss serious matters with Father, either to ask him a favor or to make a confession. Tucker was very good at judging such times by watching Father's face. But that evening Father was not in the proper mood to be approached. He was working on his account books and could not get them balanced; not even Mother or Grandmother dared bother him. Tucker went to bed with his secret in his heart.

The next morning was still not quite the right time. Father was very busy sacking and hauling potatoes to the

not there when they heard the car coming up the valley. "That ole Tandy Green," Teaberry said before the car was even in sight.

Then it appeared under the trees along the road at the lower end of the arm. But instead of coming on, it turned off and growled its way up the one leading to the Tarrant shanty.

Tandy was up on the hill just long enough to verify that the two couples were not there. Then he came looping down the hill and on up the public road toward the farm.

Then Tucker and Teaberry saw the other car coming down the road. At first it looked like a car and at times rounded like one. At other times it rounded a little like a Fourth of July celebration. It was throwing up a great cloud of dust and every few seconds there was an explosion of some kind.

TANDY stopped and pulled over to the edge of the road and sat waiting. Teaberry started across the meadow toward the road, not to be near Tandy Green, certainly, but just to be near excitement. Tucker raced after her and when they reached the saw trees they saw the rattletrap coming around the Gaylor turn. By now they could hear wild singing along with the recurrent explosions.

James A. Garfield was driving and the Gatemyer girl was beside him on the front seat. He was bareheaded and he was wearing what used to be his hat. It was hard to tell who was in back. It looked, at first, like the big-headed Gatemyer woman alone, waving her arms around and yelling and singing. Then they could see that he was sitting on Remus' lap, almost obscuring him. Every now and then James A. Garfield would haul out his revolver and take a shot at the sky, and when that was not going on Remus was ticking his shotgun up into the air and letting off a blast. They were all singing "We'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain."

Just as they rumbled across the plank bridge Tandy suddenly turned right out into the middle of the road, blocking it. James A. Garfield came up the abrupt grade and Tandy yelled at him to stop, but James A. Garfield did not stop. He banged on to the side of Tandy's car. He yelled something like, "Wup! Somebody hit it!" and he backed up and whammed to it again. He probably would have gone on whamming, but his motor died.

Tandy had hopped out of his car by then and was hanging onto the side of the rattletrap, demanding that they let him get out and submit to arrest for disturbing the peace. James A. Garfield got out, but instead of submitting to arrest for disturbing the peace he shouldered Tandy aside and went on around to the front of the rattletrap and began cranking it. Just as he got the motor going again, Tandy got up and informed him he was under arrest. Tucker expected that to put James

Garfield in a very dangerous humor, but it did not seem to. He was standing there towering over Tandy, grinning down at him. "All right, squire," they heard him say, "but you better let them cuffs on me to play safe. I never know what I'm goin' to do."

He stuck out his long arms with the cuffs together, and Tandy got the handcuffs off his belt and was going to snap them on. Suddenly James A. Garfield lifted his fists in the air and ought both of them down on Tandy's head like a pile driver. Wham! Tandy's knees wobbled like those of a man trying to carry something twice too heavy

for him, and he began walking in a circle, stunned and rubber-legged.

Tandy might have keeled on over there in the road, but as he made one of his turns James A. Garfield caught him under the arms, from behind, and yelled for the others to climb out of the rattletrap and give him a hand. The two women and Remus came piling out and Remus caught hold of Tandy's legs and he and James A. Garfield propped him up in the front seat of his own car.

Teaberry started back toward the house, not with the low soaring of a bird, but by fits and starts, running a few paces and then stopping and looking back and trying to see what was going on. Tucker was able to keep up with her with that kind of running.

James A. Garfield and Remus and the two women were clustered around Tandy's car. They must have held some kind of brief council of war, because they broke up in a moment and James A. Garfield stood outside the car steering it and Remus and the women got behind it and began pushing and Tandy's car went running down the bank into the creek with Tandy sitting up in it. It stopped in the creek and the rest of them went and piled back into the rattletrap and started up around the hill at an indifferent speed. They were all singing "We'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain" again.

Teaberry set sail for the yard then with Tucker after her. She swung up into a maple tree and he climbed up too. They could see the rattletrap going on down around the hill while Tandy was sitting up there in the middle of the creek in his own car.

Father had come up from the potato patch by then. He paused at the side gate watching the other car going on down the road and then turned and looked up toward Tandy sitting there in the creek. Father had a puzzled expression on his face. In a moment he cupped his hands to his mouth and called, "What's the matter, Tandy?"

IT TOOK Tandy some time to make up his mind to answer. He acted like he was having that fight with something and then he quit struggling and yelled, "They got me handcuffed to this damn' steerin' wheel!"

Father stood, arms akimbo, a moment more. Then he called out toward the barn. "Jess, bring the hack saw from the blacksmith shop. I'll meet you as soon as I see if I can get hold of Charlie Palmer."

Tucker knew Father was going into the house and do his duty and try to call Charlie Palmer. Unless the newlyweds got across the state line into West Virginia first, Charles Palmer would really arrest them. He did not take any foolishness from anybody. But Father did not seem to be in any great hurry to get in touch with him. The puzzled expression had left his face and Tucker was not sure but that he was chuckling.

And Tucker knew that, before the day was over, he himself would do his duty and tell Father about the still. In view of what had happened since, his secret did not seem important.

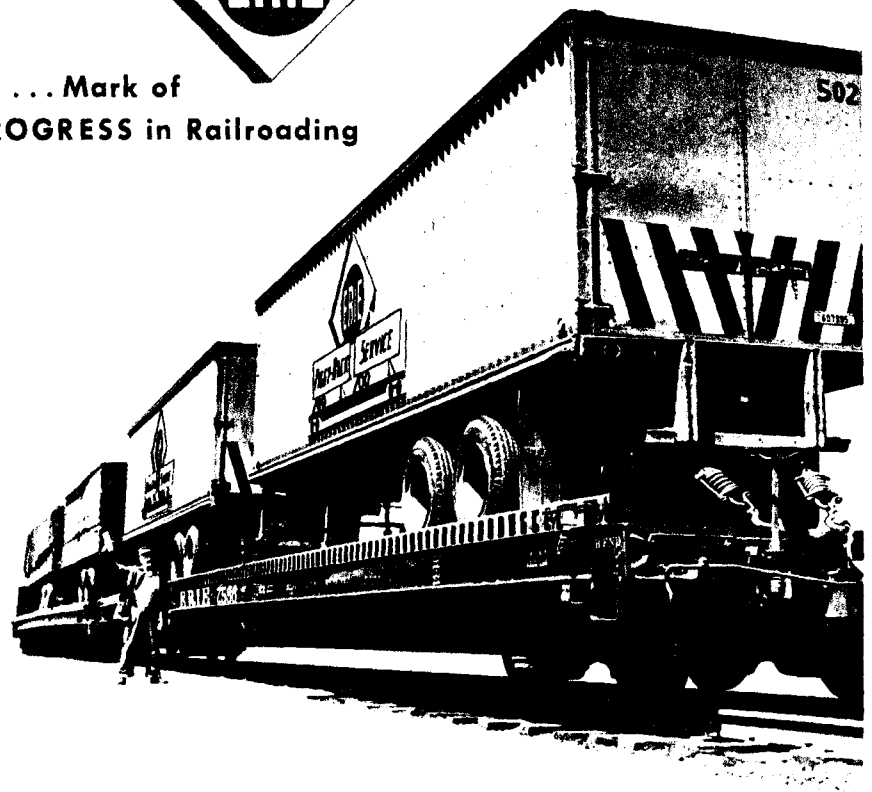
Teaberry was not watching Father or looking up toward the creek where retribution had caught up with Tandy Green. She was gazing with a peculiar sort of wistfulness, a kind of private poignancy, down the road where the rattletrap had vanished with only a light film of dust hanging over the road to mark its disappearance.

"Ah reckon him be tellin' all them stories to her now," she said.

—JOHN BELL CLAYTON



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PROGRESS in Railroading



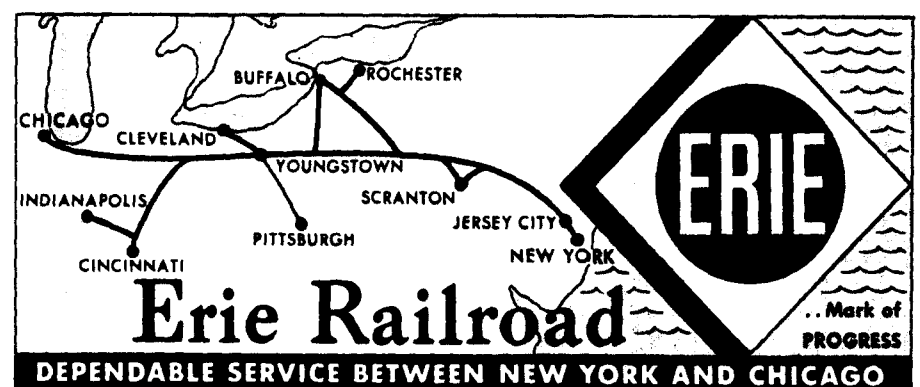
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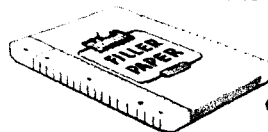


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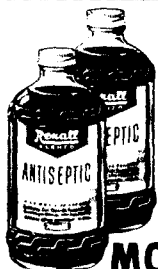
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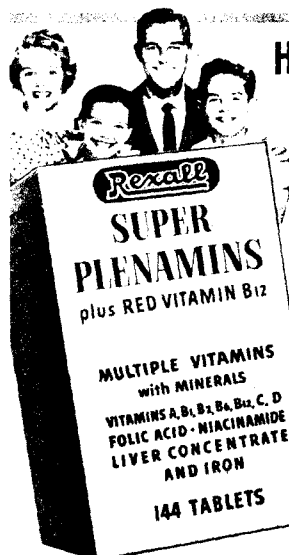
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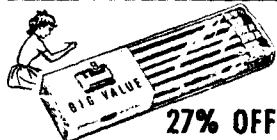
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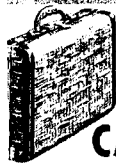


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JEAN MARQUIS



By JAMES DUGAN

THE most sought-after dumb animal on earth is *Latimeria chalumnae* Smith, a big, rough-hided fighting fish found at night in the Comoro Islands in the Mozambique Channel at depths beyond 500 feet. There is a standing reward for *L. c.* Smith of \$280, double if captured alive. He is "the most amazing event of the century in the realm of natural history," says a British scholar. The fish has dislocated the food supply of the Comoros, threatened a diplomatic incident between France and the Union of South Africa, and has scientists palpitating over his rare appearances. A four-volume treatise is being written on him. Such crowds press to see *L. c.* Smith in the Museum of Natural History in Paris that experts had to wait a year to cut him up for study.

L. c. Smith is a coelacanth. The furor is due to the fact that he is the oldest living being, a creature unchanged in at least 60,000,000 years. Up till recently the coelacanth was known only from his fossil impression in rocks laid down in the Devonian period and extending into the cretaceous era. The coelacanth (pronounced *see-la-kanth*) was entered on the casualty lists of animals that died out with the dinosaurs. Now *L. c.* Smith has come up fighting and snapping from the dark ocean to give evidence on the making of man himself. His discoverer says, "*Latimeria* is the closest relative of the fish (long extinct) that is accepted as the ancestor of all land animals . . . he is almost in the direct line of man's ancestry." Indeed the discovery "strengthens the hope that other creatures stated to be extinct may still survive."

The stunning re-entry of *L. c.* Smith came on December 22, 1938, at East London, a port in southeast Africa. A trawler came in with a load of sharks. The inquisitive curator of the local museum, Miss M. Courtenay-Latimer, went to examine the sharks and found among them the mauled body of a surpassing strange fish, weighing 127 pounds and over five feet long. It was steel blue with heavy scales, a powerful protruding jaw and padded fins that stuck out like limbs. "It was so peculiar," she said, "that I felt it had to be preserved by the museum." The trawlermen said it had been taken on a deep shark hook off the estuary of the Chalumna River on the east coast of Africa and it had made a hard fight.

Miss Latimer hauled the "heavy, dirty and oily" fish to the museum. There she could find nothing like it in her ichthyological references. She made a sketch and sent it to the famous fish expert, Professor J. L. B. Smith, at Rhodes University College at Grahamstown, South Africa.

Professor Smith, a wiry, field-seasoned scholar, who has discovered and named more than 100 species of fish in his career, looked at this one with something like shock. His brain projected pictures of many classes, orders and families of fish. This one belonged to none. Then in his mind he saw rocks splitting to shrewd hammer taps, revealing the concave outlines and organs of fish dead before the continents were finished. Those fossils bore a close resemblance to this fish. He said, "Even though it was difficult to believe so incredible a thing, I identified the fish as a coelacanth and named it *Latimeria* in appreciation of what Miss Latimer had done." Smith felt "a surprise which would have been little greater if I had seen a dinosaur walking down the street."

The coelacanth is a suborder of the animal kingdom derived from a class of fishes which have some bone structure. The class developed the European sturgeon and degenerate lungfishes, some of which still survive, but the more important and highly developed coelacanthidae were considered a lot deader than dodos. Now one had arrived alive, family *latimeridae*; genus *latimeria*; species *chalumnae* (for the river mouth where it was caught). Professor Smith was due the usual appendix as the identifier.

The news of *Latimeria chalumnae* Smith made an international sensation. The professor wanted to find other specimens. "Geologists may know fossils," says he, "but I know fish, and it was hard to believe (as

some scientists immediately said) that the East London coelacanth lived at any great depth. He looked like a fish of rocky ledges." Professor Smith thought that the fish lived "somewhere about Madagascar." He had no means to organize an expedition to hunt the fish, so he printed a descriptive leaflet in English, French and Portuguese, with a photo of the fish, offering £ 100 (then \$400, but now equal to only \$280) for another coelacanth. World War II blacked out his search, but afterward he and his wife hunted on, tramping the coast, sailing on fishing boats, and distributing the leaflets. Thirteen years passed without a clue but the Smiths continued to hunt the coelacanth.

In 1952, in Zanzibar, Mrs. Smith gave her coelacanth pitch to an Englishman named Captain Eric Hunt, who ran a trading schooner in the Indian Ocean. He professed interest and she gave him a pack of leaflets. The day before Christmas in Grahamstown the Smiths got a cable from Hunt: HAVE COELACANTH IN COMORO ISLANDS. COME AND FETCH IT.

It was 2,000 miles away at the peak of the Southern Hemisphere summer (would the fish decay?) and the professor had no money to charter a private plane. He appealed to Prime Minister Daniel F. Malan the day after Christmas. Dr. Malan agreed to give the professor a military transport plane to fly to the Comoros. A piquant touch was that Dr. Malan, who as a champion of white supremacy and a former fundamentalist clergyman officially denies the theory of evolution, had been talked into furthering a dramatic new proof of Charles Darwin's theory.

Different from First Fish

A tornado blew down telephone wires, delaying the prime minister's orders to the air force for two days. Then the plane, with Professor Smith aboard, broke its flight north to lay overnight at Lumbo, Portuguese East Africa. "It was so hot," says Professor Smith, "that I lay all night tossing in great fear for the fish." They flew to sea in threats of cyclones and landed on a short lava strip on the Comoros. Captain Hunt met them. He said the fish was on his schooner, and the French governor wanted to see Professor Smith. "All I wanted to see was the fish," Smith says. He hurried to the schooner. "To my unspeakable relief it was a true coelacanth, and it was different from the East London fish."

The fish was nine days dead, but had been embalmed on the fourth day by a French physician. It had been caught off Anjouan Island in 600 feet of water by a fisherman named Ahmad Hussein, who had beaten it with an oar getting the fighting monster into his tiny boat. Hussein had taken it to market, where a schoolteacher recognized it from Smith's leaflet and sent it by bearers 25 miles over mountain trails to Hunt.

Professor Smith's air crew feared the weather and hurriedly flew off with the enraptured ichthyologist and his prize. In the meantime international news wires were chattering with the story of the dramatic flight. Professor Smith let no one see the fish—that privilege was reserved for Dr. Malan. In Cape Town he informed the premier that he had the honor to announce that number two was clearly a different species of the coelacanth family and would be named *Malania* (for the prime minister) *anjouanae* (for the French island).

At this time the governor of the Comoro Islands received an astringent signal from the Colonial Office in Paris, asking him if he had been in siesta while foreigners had brazenly flown in and lifted a scientific treasure of France. The governor made the best reply he could, no doubt failing to add that he had helped Captain Hunt distribute the Smith leaflet in the islands. Professor Smith's peer among fishmen, Professor James Millot of the Paris Museum of Natural History, had entered the big fossil chase. This small, smiling Burgundian scholar designated the Scientific Research Institute of Madagascar responsible for all coelacanths taken in French territory. The institute duplicated Smith's reward, scattered a ton of reward leaflets, and set up fish-embalming stations at strategic ports in the Comoro Islands.

Then it turned out that the coelacanth was well known to the native fishermen; all their lives they had been fishing it as a rare delicacy, had given it the native name of *combessa* and used the tough scales to roughen patches on punctured bicycle tubes. The smiling black Semitic people of the Comoros had eaten untold thousands of science's rarest fish before science heard about it. Now it would not be eaten any more: in fact, all kinds of fish disappeared from the market that summer because the fishermen were baiting for coelacanths. The people call it simply *le Poisson*—the Fish. They told the scientists a rich assortment of folk tales about *le Poisson*: it lives in the mouths of submerged freshwater springs and rarely ventures into salt water. It is a man-eater. It crawls ashore a few minutes at night during the mating season.

A morsel of *roudi* (*Promethichthys prometheus*, similar to the Bermuda catfish) has been found in the stomach of one coelacanth—the fish are definitely carnivorous. All the fish taken so far come from depths



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The discoverer of the coelacanth: Miss M. Courtenay-Latimer, museum curator in Southeast Africa



South Africa's Prof. J. L. B. Smith, who identified and named fish, rests hand on second specimen. Airmen flew him to scene

ranging from 500 to 1,300 feet in a period from September to January. The largest so far was number one, which weighed 127 pounds. The smallest was 64 pounds. Comoro fishermen say they have caught coelacanth in the past that weighed up to 225 pounds.

The third fish was taken September 24, 1953, by Houmadi Hassani, a fisherman of Mutsamudu, an ancient Arab-Persian fortress town on Anjouan Island, Comoros. I heard the account from M. Hassani in his mildewed two-room lava-block house lost in the dark hall-alleys of the Arab town.

The captor showed me his boat, a typical Comoro pirogue, adzed out of a narrow log and with two crude outriggers. It was nine feet long and too narrow to admit an occupant. The solitary Comoro fisherman squats cross-legged with his hunkers on the gunwales, and paddles with a stick with a wooden disk lashed to it. In this craft at eleven at night, Houmadi Hassani fought an energetic 88-pound fish, weighing only 20 pounds less than himself. He had lowered his crude iron hook, baited with *roudi*, to a depth of 650 feet. He used a cotton line $\frac{3}{32}$ of an inch thick.

Hassani thought he had a shark—the animal fought vigorously. He played it in the depths, hauling in line from time to time. He maneuvered it to the surface after a half hour, and saw in the faint moonlight that he had *le Poisson*. The fisher carefully drew it to the boat. He was mindful of the authorities' desire to avoid disfiguring the fish in the boating battle, and quelled it with a few thrusts of a *crochet*, or eleven-pronged fork. He

Continued on next page

BACK TO SCHOOL

Our great educational system glides smoothly into action again

By STANLEY and JANICE BERENSTAIN



had only 400 yards to paddle to shore. He carried the big fish to his house and bade his wife guard it well, while he ran for Dr. Georges Garrouste, who had one of Professor Millot's embalming kits.

The doctor had been roused many a night by people who said they had captured *le Poisson* but had not, so he interrogated Hassani. Hassani said it was a big brown fish with white spots and phosphorescent eyes, a veritable *combessa*, really *le Poisson*. Dr. Garrouste had seen Smith's number two, a steel-blue fish with nothing notable about the eyes except chill and size. He told Hassani to run along and forget it, but the impassioned fisherman insisted. Finally the doctor dressed and went with him. He recognized a genuine coelacanth; and it was brown with white spots and it *did* have phosphorescent eyes. Undoubtedly a new species, thought Dr. Garrouste.

The doctor rang the island administrator, M. André Lehr, who was sitting up late in his white villa above the town, completing reports to Madagascar, which were to leave in the morning on the weekly mail plane. Lehr rushed to join the doctor, but they could not get his ambulance into the five-foot-wide streets of the Arab town. He and Lehr unhinged Hassani's door and carried the fish on it to the ambulance. The two Frenchmen worked all night, injecting seven gallons of formaldehyde in *L. c.* Smith number three. They ordered the government construction chief to build a stout crate, the airport to clear the roads for an ambulance race to the airport ten miles away. The pilot flew an old Junkers, a plane which will take off from the hill-cramped strips of the islands. He was also a leaflet reader. He suffered for science, and was almost etherized in flight by the fumes from the coffin.

A Virtually Undamaged Specimen

Professor Millot, waiting in Tananarive, Madagascar, got a virtually undamaged specimen, preserved within three hours of capture. The fish had turned steel blue and the eyes no longer glowed. But in physique it differed from each previous coelacanth: the limblike fins were developed differently than the others. Millot concluded that all were actually of the same species, and that the fish has an extraordinary capacity for individual variety. In fact the pectoral fins differed on the sides of the same fish. Now borne out, Millot's contention meant that there is no *Malania anjouanae*, and ex-Prime Minister Malan's one fling at evolution is a bust.

M. Lehr handed fisherman Hassani his reward in a public ceremony in the Grand Place at Mutsamudu. The winner bought a suit, some shirts, and used the rest to feed his family. The \$280 reward represents about three years' income for a local fisherman. Then the coelacanth boom was on. The fossil fish became an important export of the impoverished isles like perfume essence, artificial vanilla and sisal, which is used in France to tie up grape vines.

Since Hassani, eight fishermen have hit the jack pot in grounds off the Comoros. Governor Maurice Jex of Great Comoro Island was roused out at midnight on January 29, 1954, by the ar-

Collier's for September 16, 1955

h was just a delicacy to the natives

rival of number four. "It was very exciting," he told me, "rushing to preserve it, to build a case, to order a special plane from Madagascar. We finished up tired and proud at 4:00 A.M., then a man staggered in with an even bigger coelacanth. We went to work on it, and were loading the two boxes on the plane, when a third coelacanth was brought in. We were getting tired of fish." The governor figured he was in for a busy summer, so he ordered a big stock of formaldehyde from Madagascar. No more fish were caught for 10 months.

Prof. Smith Out of Luck

It was bad news for Professor Smith that all the fish had been found in the Comoro Islands. The coelacanth turns out to be French by overwhelming evidence. The South African catch number one was apparently a stray. The original discoverer has two beat-up specimens, while Professor Millot has eight well-preserved ones in Paris and Tananarive. The lucky Frenchman has been gallant about it. He wrote in a coelacanth article in the London Times: "Its capture, with which the name of Professor J. L. B. Smith, of Grahamstown, will always be linked, was rightly described as 'the most amazing event of the century in the realm of natural history.'"

Smith has not yet examined Millot's fish, nor have a dozen other big fishermen, who are lusting after a coelacanth of their very own. Millot has written a large monograph on number three and is preparing a four-volume study of the species. He says the French will "try to provide all the great scientific establishments of the world, who are interested, with examples of these remarkable fish and we particularly hope to be able to present the British Museum in London with one of our next catches, as an acknowledgment of the great courtesy which our British colleagues have never failed to show toward us."

On Great Comoro Island, I met a planter who had been "reached" by foreign fish agents, or at least by rumors of same. He stopped his station wagon on a lonely road at night and whispered to me. "Please inform the American government that I will get them a coelacanth for that \$5,000 reward they put up." I said, "Who did? What reward?" He said, "It is well known the Americans will pay \$5,000 for a coelacanth." I said, "But the fish is French national property. How will you...?" He tapped the side of his nose with his forefinger and made a little pouting noise. I gathered the coelacanth black market was ready if the buyers were.

Everybody wants in the act, including Italy. I heard about a dramatic Italian intervention in live-fossil ichthyology from an English captain named V. C. Harvey-Brain, in the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean. He has a small trading vessel, the *Marsouin*, available for burden and charter in that agreeable clime. We met in the Seychelles Club at Port Victoria on Mahé Island, "the earthly paradise." It takes airmail four months to get there (by boat), so the Seychelles have not been "spoiled" by tourists.

Last year, Captain Harvey-Brain said he had been running cloves from Pemba to Zanzibar, when he met the *Spedizione Zoologica Italiana*, a group

of Italian divers. They blew in from Kenya with clippings from the *Tanganyika Standard* announcing that they "are now under way for the southern waters that are rapidly becoming a focus for the world's scientists, who wait hungrily for another coelacanth to appear."

The *spedizione*, led by a zoologist named Franco Prosperi, struck a charter with Harvey-Brain, and he took them to the Comoros. Among the Italians was Masino Manunza, "Italy's best undersea cameraman and an ex-hero of midget-submarine warfare." Off Dzaoudzi on Mayotte Island, Harvey-Brain chose a likely spot to begin underwater photography, "a break in the reef which came up from great depths," he told me. "The actual depth was thirty feet, but the reef opened to 36 fathoms nearby. There was a huge coral head visible from the ship where they made their first dives. But the water was not really clear—it was greenish. Dr. Prosperi made a snorkel dive with a camera from a dinghy. I saw a commotion in the dinghy when Prosperi came up. They came aboard and Prosperi said he was sure he had photographed a coelacanth. The others were incredulous. It was too shallow."

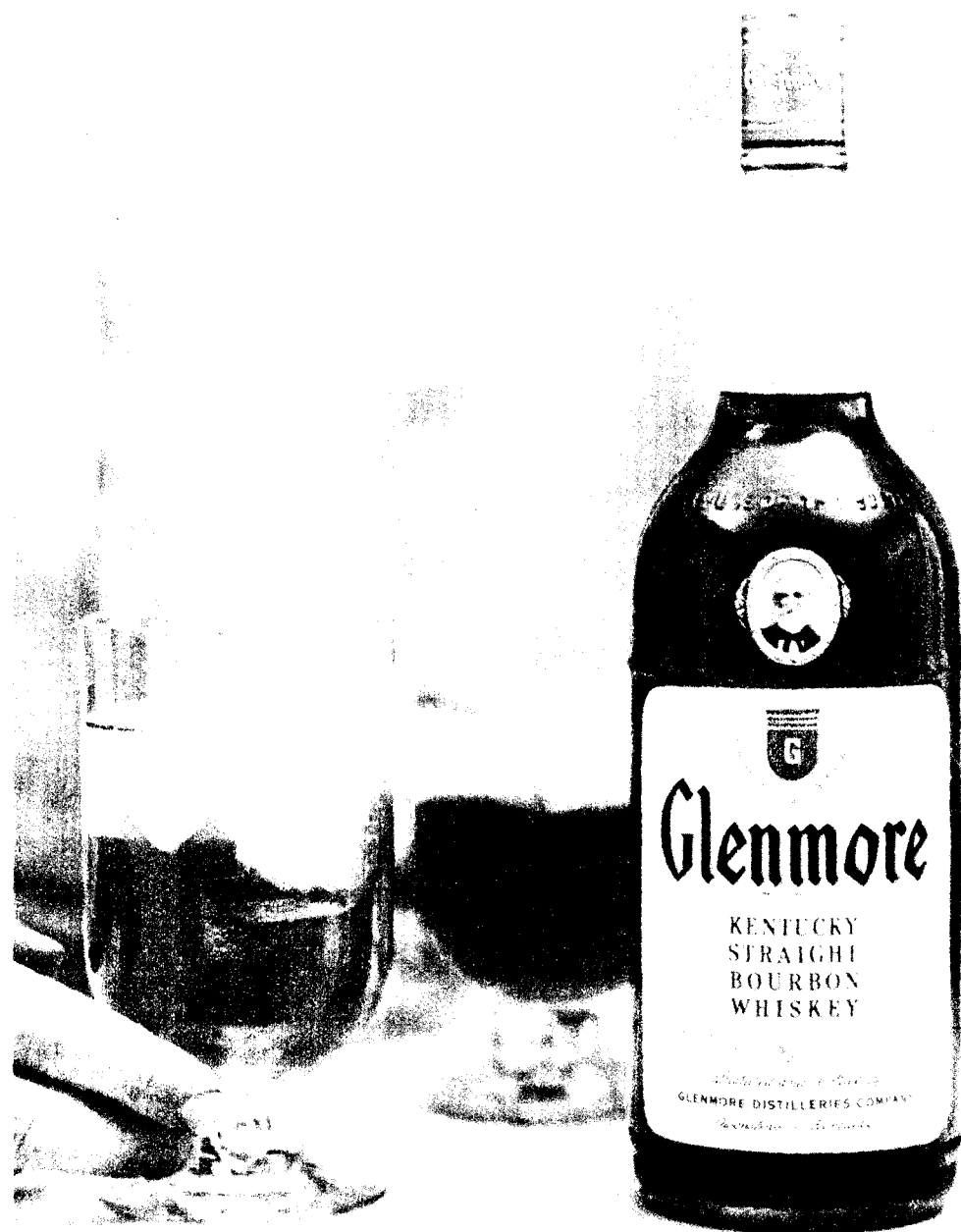
The photograph was printed large in Italy, by one British weekly, and very small in France. It shows a fish with coelacanth characteristics, seen in a three-quarter view from the front, and with Harvey-Brain's coral clump in the background. The negative has not been examined by Professors Smith or Millot. Smith has seen the photo in reproduction and finds "no reason why it is not valid." Millot states, "The published picture is strange. It evokes the flowing silhouette of the coelacanth, but with very disturbing details. The contour of the head and the curve of the body are not those of an authentic *Latimeria*. The pelvic fins and first dorsal fin, in particular, occupy aberrant positions. The photograph, by all evidence, has been heavily retouched and the relation of shadows and light is not correct." Millot also pointed out that all actual specimens came from depths of at least 500 feet and Prosperi's dive could not have been to more than 30 feet.

A Forbidden Subject

As I talked with Captain Harvey-Brain, the Seychelles Club bar filled up with English officials and French planters arriving for their sundowners and yarns. An island official I knew settled at an elbow's distance and called to the Parsee barman for a bottle of Dutch beer. As he overheard our topic, wrinkles impeded the flow of honest bureaucratic sweat running off his brow. He seized my elbow, and as Harvey-Brain turned to say hello to a newcomer, my friend whispered fiercely, "Don't mention *that* fish around here!" "But why?" I asked. He said, "By God, our fishermen are still catching fish for the market. They don't know about the reward, or we'd all bloody well starve while they tried to catch seely-cawnth!"

Professor Smith reserves the hope that the coelacanth is not wholly French and that he can catch some more. He and his plucky companion, Mrs. Smith, roam the islands and sail the monsoons, passing out leaflets and

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Professor James Millot of the Paris Museum of Natural History examines a coelacanth. He has eight well-preserved specimens

When a female coelacanth was taken alive, the whole town turned out to celebrate

talking coelacanth. They are trying to raise financial backing for an expedition, arguing that Millot has now enlisted the famous French under-sea explorer, Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau, with his research ship, the *Calypso*, and a 14-man Aqua-lung diving team.

I happened to be aboard the *Calypso* during its work in the Comoros last year with Cousteau and Professor Millot. They were not trying to catch coelacanth out of season. The *Calypso* was lowering automatic electronic flash cameras and bathythermographs into the haunts of *L. c. Smith*, which are beyond the range of divers. The French were studying the environment of *le Poisson*. The United States had got into the act: the *Calypso's* electronic flash cameras are built by Dr. Harold E. Edgerton at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Millot says it may be two years before full anatomical details of the coelacanth specimens will be known. However, he has been struck by the variations in the pectoral or side fins. "The orientation of these fins varies completely from one specimen to another and even from one side to the other of the same fish . . . This sheds fresh light on the all-important anatomical problem of how the fins of primitive fish were able to develop into the limbs of the terrestrial vertebrate, of which the human arm is one derivative."

Millot also finds that the heart of *L. c. Smith* is a living example of a very early stage of heart evolution. The tissue of the fish is "remarkable for its ordinariness," he says. "Any competent medical student could probably identify at first glance in the microscope most of the organs, the cells being disposed as in our own bodies."

The experts have hardly begun on the colossal riddle of how the fish survived the extinction of all known forms of its period. Millot found wide variation in the water temperatures in which coelacanths have been caught and says they owe their survival, at least partly, to their ability to live in different temperatures, as well as to "their great anatomical robustness and the great depth of their habitat."

The climactic coelacanth sensation came with the eighth specimen, captured at Anjouan on November 12, 1954. The fish was brought in alive. I first read of this event in a one-paragraph report deep in the New York Sunday papers. I wrote to Roland Julienne in Tananarive, a writer interested in *le Poisson* and asked him what transpired. My friend had little news. He said Professor Millot had immediately carried the fish off to Paris in a chartered aircraft. M. Julienne noted that it was a female.

I remembered my last talk with Professor Millot in the Comoros, as he left the *Calypso*. "All the specimens, unfortunately, have been males." He had wigwagged his finger before my face. "Ah, the female! She is the question now. If we find her with eggs, the embryos may reveal life forms receding to unimaginable epochs!"

So Millot had the female and she was alive! I went to Paris and called on Millot at the Laboratory of Comparative Anatomy at the Sorbonne. The lab is in a peaceful high-walled courtyard. It was the first day of spring, the lambent sun gleamed and birds sang in the quiet. Professor Millot took me into his office, a large room with sunlight fading the red floral carpet, and lighting on the yellow oak cabinetry around the room. I had a brief glance in a corner at what seemed a coffin covered with a cloth of golden plush. We sat down and Professor Millot was attentive and amiable about my quest.

"The eighth coelacanth," he said, "was pulled in from 840 feet at 2000 hours by the fishermen Zema ben Said Mohamed and Madi Bacari, of Mutsamudu. The sea was very calm and the tide ebbing—it was two days after full moon and the moon had just appeared when she struck. Zema, a truly professional fisherman, immediately guessed a coelacanth. He took a half hour to draw it in and made every precaution not to injure the *combessa*. Since I saw you in the Comoros, we have offered a double reward for live specimens and have adjured the fishermen not to beat them with oars and tridents. Zema decided to try for the reward for a living animal."

Towed Fish Nearly a Mile to Shore

The hunter threw for double or nothing. It was a sporting chance to split a reward with his friend, Madi. They elected to bring the living fish through the water nearly a mile to shore, despite the possibility of shark or barracuda attacks that might cut their prize to trash. Zema's hook was lodged in the back of the mouth and appeared firm as he brought *le Poisson* to the pirogue. The gambler hedged the bet by taking another line in his fingers, thrusting his hand into the mouth of the fish and threading the end through a gill slit, so that the fish was tethered by two lines to the frail pirogue. In the dark they got the fish back alive to the jetty—"though sometimes it was the fish that towed the pirogue," said Professor Millot.

Administrator André Lehr quickly provided a swamped whaleboat to hold the living fish, and the precious animal was put in the whaler almost uninjured. A net was thrown over the boat. Millot said, "The coelacanth did not try to escape. The greenish-yellow luminescence of its eyes was very pronounced and could be seen at quite a distance."

"Throughout the night—which the delighted populace passed in singing and dancing to celebrate the capture—the fish seemed to be taking its bewildering ascent to the surface very well, swimming slowly by curious rotating movements of its pectoral fins, while the second dorsal and anal served with the tail as a rudder."

"After daybreak it became apparent that the light and, above all, the sun itself was upsetting the animal very much, so that tents were rigged over the whaler to shield it." The water was constantly refreshed, but in daylight the fish "tried to conceal itself in the darkest corners of the whaleboat."

Professor Millot arrived at noon after a dashing flight from Madagascar. He noted, "At 1445 hours it was still swimming feebly; but at 1530 hours, it had its belly in the air and only the fins and gill covers were making agonized movements." The fish died. Millot thinks it died from photophobia, or sensitivity to strong light: "The sunlight seemed literally to hurt it." He added, "There can be no doubt that death was also due to decompression combined with rise in temperature." (The temperature of the fish's habitat is approximately 47 degrees Fahrenheit lower than the surface warmth, according to bathythermograph readings taken by *Calypso* expeditions.)

Unfortunately, the female carried no eggs. However, Millot disclosed that another female had been taken in March of this year—the tenth coelacanth known to have been landed. This female had 60 eggs, but Professor Millot shrugged off their importance. "They are interesting but too immature and all dead," he said. "We are slicing them and finding strange colors."

The professor walked over to the corner where I had glimpsed the coffin-shaped object as I entered. "Have you ever seen a coelacanth?" he asked. Although I had traveled about 50,000 miles gathering information on them, I had not seen one of the strange fish. Professor Millot removed the golden cloth. There, in a long glass tank of formaldehyde, was a gray, brutal fish nearly five feet long.

"This is the female that lived," he told me. "Now I am going to search out a baby coelacanth, the size of the ones Professor Smith knew only from fossils in his *grand coup* of identification. If the Comorians find that living baby, it may be a little history of evolution. In youth the embryo changes physically, casting off vestigial characteristics from day to day, which will perhaps permit us knowledge of the life form millions of years before the mother."

THE END

SINNERS and SHROUDS

By JONATHAN LATIMER

The noose was tightening around his neck. Clay had to find the real killer—before the cops discovered victim No. 2

The Story: SAM CLAY, Chicago Globe reporter, had blanked out while celebrating his divorce. He woke up Sunday morning in a strange woman's apartment, with the woman in the other bed—murdered. He didn't think he'd done it, but he wasn't sure—and so he ran. Assigned to the story, Clay learned the victim was MARY TREVOR, society reporter on the paper. On his own, he got a private detective, AMOS BUNDY, to help him re-create the blanked-out night, because all clues pointed to him. These were a brandy bottle and a man's hat, both found in the apartment, and the fact a man had answered the dead girl's telephone that morning. And Clay had found the girl's bracelet in his pocket and the scissors used to kill her in his apartment. Mr. Bundy discovered the girl had come from Fort Worth, where she had been known as Mary Baumholtz, and that her sudden wealth on leaving there indicated she was blackmailing someone. When Clay and Bundy found Clay had been with another girl besides Mary during the night—a PATRICIA BRUCE—but they couldn't locate her. They also traced Clay to several night clubs where he'd been seen with Mary. Clay found that about half the Globe staff came from Fort Worth, and several high-placed men had been dating Mary. But when he tried to pin them down, STANDISH, managing editor, and HANNEN, city editor, evaded him; and ADAIR, a columnist, beat him up. Another ex-Fort Worth staff member, BLAIN, told Clay there was a tie between the dead girl and an Oklahoma bandit of the 1930s, LARRY TREVOR, but he would go no further. Then Clay went to see LAURA PETERKINS, Mary's boss, who had made the call he'd answered—and found her murdered. When he got back to the Globe, SGT. STORM, an eager detective, was waiting to take him in—but Standish sent for the company lawyer. Clay was afraid this was it.

The Third of Four Parts

WHEN I. P. Geisel, the Globe's lawyer, arrived in Standish's office, he was followed by Lieutenant Diffendorf, the tough, honest detective in charge of the case. Diffendorf was carrying the felt hat Sam Clay had left in Mary Trevor's apartment. Right behind Diffendorf was a handsome red-haired woman in a chartreuse suit. She was not exactly beautiful, but there was a vitality about her that made her the most exciting woman Clay had ever seen. She was Mrs. Cornelia Gordon, owner of the Chicago Globe, who had just flown in from Washington.

Geisel went straight to Sergeant Storm. "We understand you have made a serious accusation against one of the Globe family, Sergeant."

"Murder," said Storm. "That's serious, ain't it?"

"It is indeed. And so is false arrest."

"Nothing false about this." Storm glanced at Diffendorf. "You want to take charge, Lieutenant?"

"You seem to be doing fine," Diffendorf said. "And all on your own, too." His voice was bland, too bland.

"Okay. It's my neck," Storm said.

Mrs. Gordon, sitting on an arm of the couch, kept her eyes,

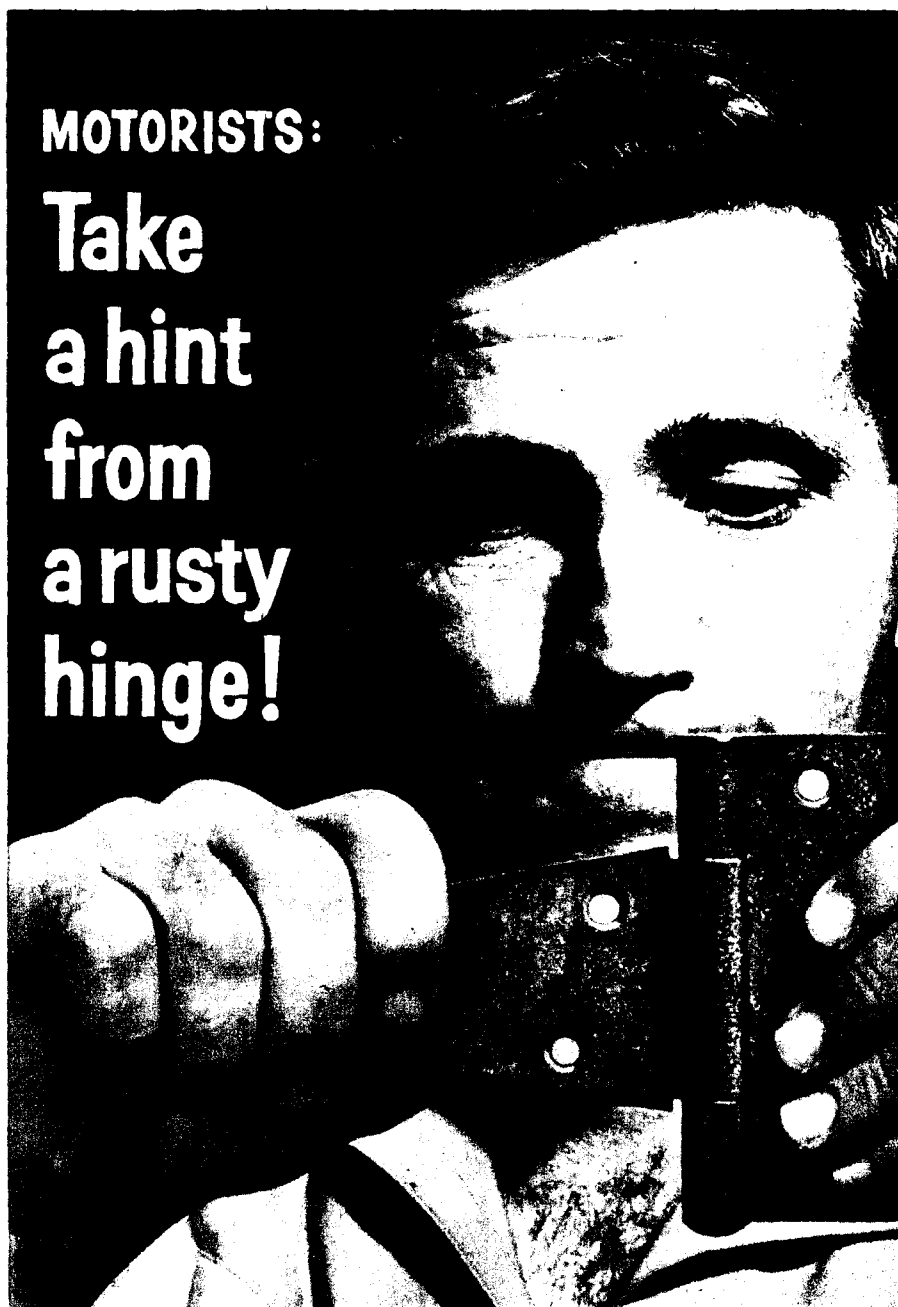
Clay dived across the desk, grabbing desperately for the gun in Mrs. Gordon's hand. "So sorry," he said mockingly

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neither friendly nor unfriendly, on Clay.

Diffendorf said, "Maybe you ought to ask a couple of questions before you start, Sergeant."

"What questions?"

"You might ask Clay where he was last night, and whether he killed the girl."

Everyone looked at Clay. "I didn't," he said quickly.

"No?" Storm asked. "We'll see. Marshak!" The young detective came into the office, and Storm said, "Tell us about the call you got an hour or so ago."

"No name," Marshak said. "But I recognized the voice. The elevator boy from the building where the Trevor girl lived. He said the killer worked for the Globe. That he'd seen him here."

Storm smiled and nodded, but Geisel said, "He named Mr. Clay?"

"No, sir," said Marshak.

"But he described him?"

"No. He had the jitters. Bad." Marshak glanced at Storm. "Rang off before I could question him. We think he's skipped."

"Am I to understand," I. P. Geisel asked, "that you are unable to produce this anonymous caller?"

"We got more evidence. Lots more," Storm said defensively and picked up the brandy bottle. "This, for example." He held it out to Clay. "Remember it?"

"Sure," Clay said guardedly. "If it's the one I saw up in the apartment."

"Brought up, you mean. It's got your fingerprints on it."

Standish blinked at Clay. "What about that, Sam?"

CLAY stared at the bottle, cold sweat running down his back. But before he could even try to reply, Diffendorf asked, "You handle the bottle while you were up there this morning, Clay?"

"Yes," Sam said, gratefully. "I knocked it over, picked it up. Kitty Kelly, the Tribune reporter, saw me."

Diffendorf nodded. "She told me."

Storm's voice was savage. "Whose side you on?"

"I saw the same report you did." Diffendorf turned to Mrs. Gordon. "Unfortunately, before I reached the apartment, and before the fingerprint

men came, reporters and cameramen were admitted. No damage done; it just meant we had to sift a few extra prints."

"Then you have the murderer's?" Mrs. Gordon asked.

"Who needs fingerprints?" Storm said. "I can prove Clay bought the bottle." He turned to Marshak. "Get Johnson in here."

Johnson was a tall, thin colored man. He was also the doorman at the Little Club where Clay had bought the bottle.

"See the man you had the beef with last night?" Storm asked.

"No, sir."

"Damn it!" Storm said. "Look around!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well?"

Johnson looked briefly at Clay. "It might be him." He looked back at Storm. "And then it mightn't."

"Didn't you tell me you'd know him?" Storm demanded.

"No, sir. Just said I might."

"But the man, when you wouldn't let him into the club, said he was a reporter, didn't he? And he went in and bought the brandy, didn't he?"

"A moment, please." I. P. Geisel turned to Johnson. "Whoever the man was, did you see him buy the brandy?"

"No, sir. I just saw the man come out carrying a bottle, and a lady sort of carrying him."

Sam Clay felt Mrs. Gordon looking at him.

Storm said, "He bought the bottle from a bartender named Jacques, who is out on a damn picnic!"

Mrs. Gordon said to Clay, "Are you in the habit of having ladies carry you around?"

"Just big ladies," Clay said.

I. P. Geisel frowned at Storm. "One witness has skipped. Another's on a picnic. A third is unable to make a positive identification. I only wish we were in court."

Trying to control his temper, Sergeant Storm told the doorman to go, and then crossed to Diffendorf. "Mind if I borrow the hat a minute, Lieutenant?"

"Go right ahead."

Storm handed the hat to Clay. "How about trying this for size?"

"What is the purpose of this?" I. P. Geisel asked.



Gahan Wilson

"What line of work were you in before you took up lumberjacking?"

COLLIER'S

GAHAN WILSON

Collier's for September 16, 1955

BUTCH



"I wouldn't even have to remove the letter. 'A' could stand for Alcatraz"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

"The hat was left in the dead girl's partment," Storm said. "By this joke-making killer."

"Is it your hat, Sam?" I. P. Geisel asked.

"I've got one like it."

The lawyer said, "I don't believe you can be required to put it on."

Clay took the hat. He couldn't see what it made much difference. The hat was his and he might as well admit it. Unconscious of everyone's eyes on him, he put it on his head—and felt it settle down over his ears like a burlesque comic's hat. It was at least two sizes too large. Someone had altered the adjustable band.

Storm spluttered incoherently.

Clay took off the hat. Together, he and Storm turned to Diffendorf. The eutenant's face was blandly interested. Too big, eh?" Diffendorf said as Clay handed him the hat.

"You had the hat," Storm said. "Couldn't be that you—"

"Why, Sergeant!" Diffendorf's voice was injured. "You know the penalty for tampering with police evidence."

Storm's normally ruddy face grew pale. "Well, if this ain't a dilly! Maybe don't live right." He took two deep breaths, his hands clenching and unclenching. "But I still got the big ace!" "Good," Diffendorf said calmly. "I as beginning to be afraid you'd made mistake."

"Marshak!" Storm yelled. "Bring in the dame."

There was a commotion outside and then Marshak came in, escorting a theatrical-looking woman in gray slacks and a mink coat. Long brown hair hung over her shoulders, lipstick made a vermilion slash of her mouth, and her eyes were glassy behind heavy mascara. Lay recognized her instantly from the wedding photograph he and his lawyer, Tom Nichols, had found in Mrs. Patricia Bruce's apartment—a wedding photograph of her and, oddly, Sam Clay.

Storm said, "This lady was at the little Club last night; she was there when the brandy was bought. She went with the purchaser to the Gavotte. And she was ditched by him at the Gavotte—for Mary Trevor!"

"Ditched?" said Mrs. Bruce lazily.

"I raffled him off to the highest bidder."

"This is Mrs. Patricia Bruce," Sergeant Storm said.

"Lovely people," Mrs. Bruce mumbled. "Hello."

"Mrs. Bruce," said Sergeant Storm, "will you please identify the man you were with last night?"

Mrs. Bruce nodded. "Which one?" she asked agreeably.

Storm pointed at Clay. "Him!"

Mrs. Bruce studied Clay intently. Then, in a bored voice, she said: "Him? Never saw him before in my life."

BACK in the city room, Clay sat at his desk eating a sandwich. It was the first food he'd had in twenty-four hours. He started to review the scene in Standish's office and, recalling Storm being led away, was forced to grin. But a good part of the scene was completely inexplicable. The doorman, undoubtedly, had really failed to recognize him. But what about Mrs. Bruce? No explanation. What about the hat? No explanation. It was two miracles and a bushel of blind luck. Too bad he couldn't quit while he was ahead, because it wouldn't last much longer.

"No one was there. Like smoke she'd gone . . ." whispered a hoarse voice.

Startled, Clay turned and saw Saul Blain, the old rewrite man, grinning at him. "That damn' ballad about Larry Trevor," he said. "Can't get it out of my head."

"I've been wanting to see you," Clay said. "I've got a tip, more than a tip, that some of the Trevor girl's jewelry was originally owned by our owner's late husband, old Simon Gordon. Twenty thousand dollars' worth."

Saul whistled. "When'd Simon buy the stuff?"

"August of thirty-six."

"Esther Baumholtz."

"You mean the woman who raised Mary Trevor?"

"That's right. Simon had a crush on her for years. Wanted to marry her, but she wouldn't have him. Be like him to give her expensive jewelry, something that a poor music teacher couldn't wear."

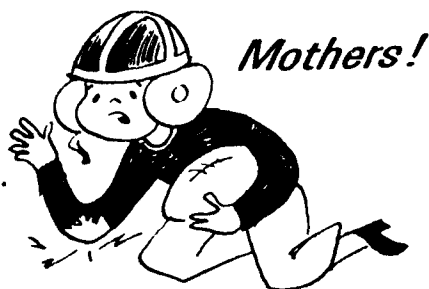
"And she left it to the girl?"

"Why not?"



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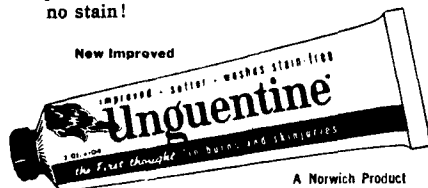


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ARTHUR GODFREY by John Crosby

ONCE upon a time Arthur Godfrey was the Huckleberry Finn of the airwaves, a folksy star with tens of millions of fans. But things have changed. He has been at odds with many members of his troupe, he has quarreled with the press, his ratings are down and his billings have shrunk from 27 million dollars to 15 million dollars. Today he works behind locked doors—in his own words, “a prisoner of myself.”

Why? John Crosby, noted radio and television critic, has been watching Godfrey's career for almost 10 years—since the sponsor-joshing redhead first emerged from the obscurity of a local radio program in Washington, D. C. Few men are better qualified to sift the Godfrey mystery.

Here is a searching, perceptive analysis of one of television's greatest and most complex stars, by one of his earliest admirers.

In *Collier's* September 30

On Sale September 15

Clay shrugged. It made sense. The report from Fort Worth had said the girl changed her name and began to spend money only after Esther Baumholtz died. It was certainly logical to believe she had inherited jewelry and cash. Both could be handed on secretly without being made part of the estate.

Saul was frowning. “It surprises me that Esther would accept jewelry.”

From the city desk came shouts; Hannen, the city editor, echoed by his assistant, Andy Talbot, was summoning reporters.

Saul hummed a phrase from the Larry Trevor ballad.

“I wish you'd stop that,” Clay said. “I've got a spooky feeling the murders have something to do with Larry Trevor.”

“Murders?” Saul asked quickly.

Clay cursed himself silently. He'd forgotten Laura Peterkins' death hadn't been discovered yet. “I meant murder.”

“Oh? Well, far as I know Larry's still in the Oklahoma pen.”

“What if the girl was his daughter?”

A curious change came over Saul's face. “If I were you,” he said evenly, “I'd forget that idea.”

“Why?”

“You might regret it.”

“Are you threatening me, Saul?”

“I'm giving you some advice.”

“It sure sounds like it!” Clay stared at him belligerently. “You know something, don't you?”

“I know I won't have Esther Baumholtz's name dragged in the mud! I loved her, but she wouldn't have me either.”

“For Pete's sake!” Clay said, “I'm not trying to drag her name in the mud! I'm trying to find a murderer!”

Saul thought for a moment. Hannen, at the city desk, was still yelling at the reporters. And then Saul said, “But if you're right about Larry Trevor, you couldn't keep Esther out of it.”

“She knew him?”

Saul shook his head. “No. But I've done enough already, opening my big mouth.” He started to turn away, hesitated. “Might talk to Elmo Peterkins.”

“Laura's husband? Why?”

“That ballad about Larry Trevor and the Hooded Nun,” Saul said. “He wrote it.”

CLAY watched Saul Blain go out of the city room. So now we get a new piece for the puzzle, he thought: Peterkins, ballad writer and recent widower, and maybe a brand-new suspect. He looked at his watch. It was almost seven thirty. By now Laura's body *must* have been discovered which meant no talking to Peterkins. It also meant the police would be coming for him. Hurriedly he dialed Amos Bundy's number.

“Not in,” Bundy's secretary, Miss Dewhurst, said cheerfully. “But he'll meet you here in twenty minutes.”

“I'll do my best. And in the meantime, give him a message: There's been another death.”

“He knows.”

“What!”

“Twenty minutes.” She rang off.

Dazedly, Clay hung up. He tried to think how Bundy could possibly know about Laura, but he couldn't even make a guess. His mind was exhausted. He was numb, dead, buried. He wished, momentarily, that he had done the murders. Then all he'd have to do was give himself up.

Andy Talbot yelled, “Upstairs, Sam. Mrs. Gordon.”

Clay got up and went into the men's room. He took his time washing and

after a while he began to feel better. He was tearing paper towels from the roller when someone came into the room. “Are you Mr. Clay?”

Sam turned and saw a small blond man, impeccably dressed, just inside the door. He was about forty, but he looked like a well-preserved choirboy. “Did you hear me?” he demanded petulantly.

“Yes, I'm Clay.”

“I have been waiting.” As Clay stared blankly, he went on acidly, “I am Horace Widdecomb.”

“Who?”

“Mrs. Gordon's executive assistant.”

“Oh, sure.” Clay began to dry his face. “I was just coming.”

“No need now. I have come to you.”

“That's nice.”

“I am not entirely satisfied with your story.”

FEELING the beginning of anger at this arrogant little stinker, Clay asked, “Why not?”

“You seem to have sources of information not available to the Globe.”

“What are you talking about?”

“The Dupont number in Washington. You called it, didn't you?”

“After a fashion.”

“And what did you learn?”

“What's this to you?”

“Just answer my question, please.”

Clay threw the towel into the container. “Okay,” he said. “I called; I

got some gent who wouldn't do anything except take a message.”

“And you don't know whose number it is?”

“No, but I'll find out.”

“You will drop the inquiry.”

“I will?” He peered at the man's pretty face. “It couldn't be your number, could it?”

“I shall not answer that.”

“When people hit you,” Clay asked, “does it take glue to put you together again?”

Widdecomb took a large pocket-knife from his jacket, pulled open a blade and began to clean his nails. “What have you found out about Esther Baumholtz?” he asked.

“Where did you hear about Esther?”

“I knew her quite well—once.”

“Did you know Larry Trevor too?”

Widdecomb's hands suddenly began to tremble. “Larry Trevor! I—I never heard of him.”

“The hell you haven't!” Clay moved a step forward. “Dupont number! Baumholtz! You've got some dangerous ideas rattling around in that tiny skull of yours!”

“I don't know what you're talking about!”

“Sure! Pure coincidence!” Clay shouted. “You come in here, put a cute little pinkie on the two most important points in the case, warn me to lay off, and go into a fit when I mention Larry Trevor, but you don't know what I'm

EUGENE KANNERMAN



Dr. Helmut von Zborowski, a German engineer now in France, with model of one of his coleopter designs

Next— “The Flying Barrel”?

IN a thirteenth-century monastery 20 miles from Paris, engineers are designing an airplane as modern in concept as their surroundings are ancient: the coleopter, otherwise known as “the flying barrel.” The coleopter, which has the advantages of uncomplicated design and simple operation, is based on the same principle as the doughnut-shaped flying platform developed by Hiller Helicopters, under the sponsorship of the U. S. Office of Naval Research (as reported in *Collier's*, April 29, 1955). Both planes have the highly efficient cylindrical wing; both rise and descend vertically.

The developers of the coleopter (from the Greek for “sheath-winged”) see it as the flying automobile of the future—capable of taking off in a back yard and landing at the beach, and costing about the same as a high-priced car. It can be powered by a piston engine and propeller, or by a ram jet—one of the simplest of all engines.

The French government has financed some of the work on the coleopter, which is being developed by an organization headed by Dr. Helmut von Zborowski, formerly an aircraft power-plant specialist in Germany. It has been put through laboratory and wind-tunnel tests by one of France's largest aircraft companies.

Naturally, although the coleopter can be adapted for use as anything from a sports plane to a transport, it's the military uses that most interest the French government. Zborowski says his design can be used as a high-performance jet fighter or as a guided missile.

The next step is to build the first full-size coleopter, and Zborowski is awaiting only the final word from French authorities. Meanwhile, he is unmoved by suggestions his machine may be too “radical.” “What,” he asks simply, “was more radical than the airplane?”

—JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

talking about! Where were you around four thirty this morning?"

"I was in—in Washington."

"Can you prove it?"

"I—I'll talk to you later."

"You'll talk now!" Clay stepped toward Widdecomb, and stopped. The knife, held expertly for an underhand thrust, was aimed directly at his belly.

"Try something," Widdecomb said. "Just try something! I used to gut pigs. It's fun." He turned and went out.

Clay stood still for a moment. The little creep, he thought, he really would have stuck me. Slowly he walked back to the city room.

Hannen called him over to the desk. "What's from Laura Peterkins?"

"Laura?"

"You went out to see her, didn't you? You asked her about the man who answered Mary Trevor's telephone this morning, didn't you?"

"Oh, yeah." Clay tried desperately to think of a convincing lie. "She didn't have much."

"She must have had something."

"She thinks—the man on the telephone—the one she talked to before he girl was found—was Standish."

"Standish! Well, damn!" Hannen grinned. "Wait till I tell him! But why'd he want you?"

"Because she thought you and some of the others, the old crowd that came up from Fort Worth to work on the globe, would cover for him."

"Little does she know!" The smile faded from Hannen's face. "Nobody here's covering for anybody. It's dog eat dog." Then he added ominously: "Somebody's been checking up on me and on Standish. You wouldn't know anything about it, would you?"

"Me? Why would I?"

"I took a call for you. From an Amos Bundy. Looked him up. Private investigator."

"He's a friend of mine."

"Yeah? Well, if I find you've been investigating me, you're going to need a friend."

"Harry, I wouldn't—"

Talbot called, "Sam, telephone."

"I'll get it at my desk." Talbot shouted after him: "Alice the ex-wife's been trying to get you too."

CLAY picked up his telephone; a hoarse voice said, "Sam, remember me, Tom Nichols, your lawyer?"

"Where are you?"

"Never mind where, just grab a pencil and write down everything I tell you," Tom said. "When I go home to my wife, I may take all this hard-won knowledge to my grave."

"You mean Mrs. Bruce's friend, Cleo, finally talked?"

"Talked!" Tom said. "She overflowed! Seems she was with Mrs. Bruce and you most of the night. Cleared up one thing quick. The wedding photograph of you and Mrs. Bruce that we

found was a gag picture taken at River-view Park."

"I sure have a cute sense of humor," Clay said.

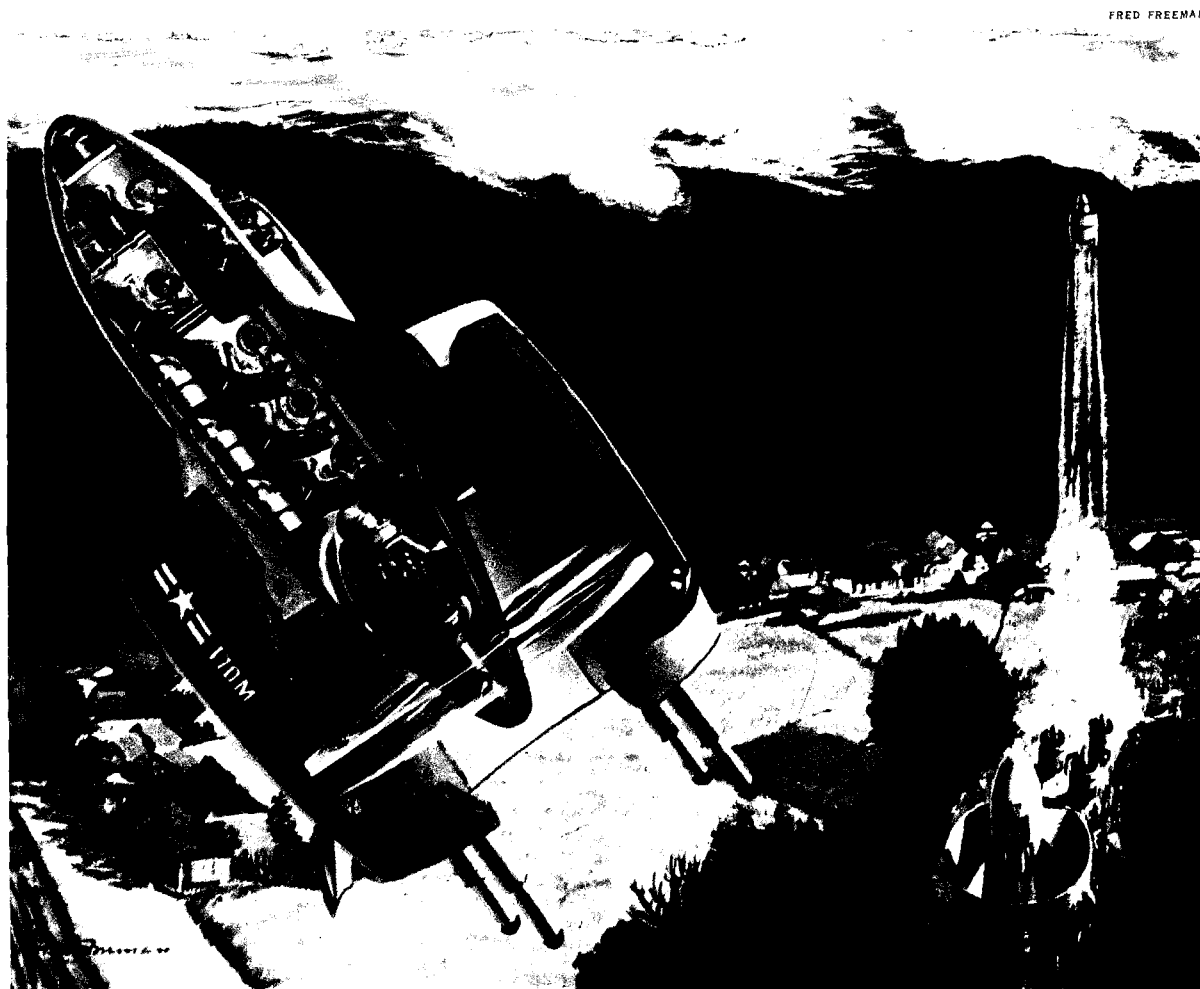
"And after Riverview, the three of you ran into the Trevor girl at the bar of the Gavotte." Tom paused. "Now get this, it's important. According to Cleo, the Trevor girl was scared of something. Didn't want to go home alone. So she glammed onto you, recognized you from the Globe. Well, Cleo said that while she and Trevor were in the ladies' room, Trevor put in a call to Washington. She told whoever she talked to that the evidence was safe with—only Cleo didn't catch the name. Then Trevor hung up, muttered something about a mechanical man."

"Mechanical man?" Clay asked.

"That's what Cleo said. Mechanical man. And then Trevor got an airplane schedule out of her purse and began looking up flights to Washington. Like she had to get there quick, Cleo said. And then Cleo and Mrs. Bruce left."

Clay wanted to ask Nichols about a million questions, but Andy Talbot grabbed the telephone out of his hand and slammed it onto the cradle. "Mrs. Gordon says now!"

Mrs. Gordon's outer office resembled the living room of an elegant apartment. Sam Clay, sitting in a corner of the couch, drowsily watched



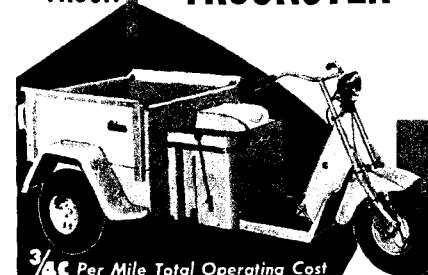
FRED FREEMAN

Artist Fred Freeman, after consulting military experts, painted this picture to show how barrel-shaped coleopters might be used in battle. In the foreground, a coleopter transport carrying members of a marine guided-missile unit comes in tail first for a vertical landing. Other members of the unit, already on ground, have just released a jet-propelled coleopter guided missile. It will be radio-directed to target area by forward observers stationed on the hill in background overlooking enemy positions

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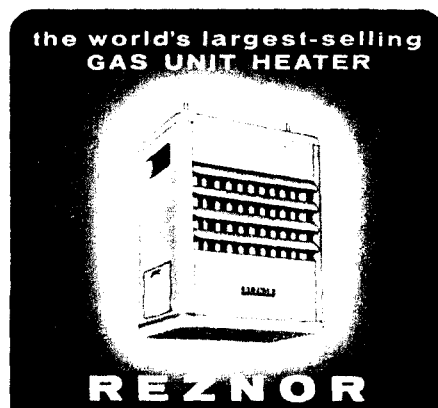
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Betty Lou Converse, the pretty secretary, get ready to go home.

Clay asked, "Are you-all fixin' to leave me here alone, Betty Lou?"

"Why, it's almost nine o'clock!" Betty Lou said. "And the man wants me to stay!" She began turning dials on a machine that looked something like a Dictaphone. "Don't you fret. Her Majesty'll get around to you."

"Who's in there now?"

"Widdecomb, Standish and a Lieutenant Diffendorf," she said. She touched a switch on the machine, picked up the nearest telephone and listened. Clay could hear a woman speaking, but he couldn't make out what she said. After a moment Betty Lou put the telephone back in place.

"What's that gadget?"

She smoothed her skirt, and then picked up her purse. "Telerecorder." She came around the desk.

"What's a telerecorder?"

"For incoming calls," she said. "Answers the phone, records what you have to say and then hangs up. For Heaven's sake, don't touch it."

"I won't."

"By, now," Betty Lou said, and left.

CLAY settled back on the couch and started to think about the Gavotte and what Cleo had said about Mary Trevor's call to Washington—the first of two calls to Washington, counting the one from the apartment at 4:31 A.M. He tried to visualize himself at the bar with the three women, but the blackout was still in effect. Irritated, he went to the desk and picked up one of the telephones. The machine clicked, hummed and Betty Lou's voice said: "Mrs. Gordon's office. This is a telerecording. Please give your name and message." He tried another telephone, got a dial signal and called Bundy. "Sam Clay," he said when Bundy's secretary, Miss Dewhurst, answered.

"Oh, Susan, I'm so sorry!" she exclaimed in her prim, clipped manner. "Susan?"

"I know I'm late, Susan, but Mr. Bundy is being interviewed."

Sam got it. "Police?"

"Right!"

"Can you give him a message?"

"Why, yes, Susan, I think so."

Clay gave her a quick summary of Nichols' information; the call to Washington, the "evidence safe" line and the reference to the mechanical man.

"That's terribly exciting, Susan," Miss Dewhurst said. "A most interesting person has the Dupont number."

"Who?"

"Tell you when I see you, dahling. Must ring off now."

Clay put down the telephone, wondering why the police were questioning Bundy. It could be about some other matter, but it didn't seem likely, not with Miss Dewhurst acting the way she had. And if they were after Bundy—

Widdecomb came out of Mrs. Gordon's office. His eyes widened as he caught sight of Clay. "You!"

"Why not?"

"Mrs. Gordon didn't tell me she—she—" He started to go back into the office and then glanced again at Clay, suddenly alarmed, and hurried out of the room.

Standish and Lieutenant Diffendorf came out next. Standish scowled at Clay. "Detectives! Lies!" he snarled. "Judas Iscariot!" He went out into the corridor.

Diffendorf, pausing to light his pipe, said quietly, "You ain't very popular."

"I guess not."

"Anything you want to tell me?"

Clay shook his head.

"Pity. Storm's a little on the trigger-happy side."

"I imagine."

"Might plug me too after what happened with the hat." He gazed at Clay thoughtfully. "Could be we're playing on the same team."

"I hope so."

"You wouldn't want to swap information?"

"I'll call you later."

"You mean it?"

"I promise."

Diffendorf broke the match and dropped it into an ash tray. "That Storm," he said. "Couple of police maxims he doesn't know about. One is arrest in haste, repent at leisure."

"And the other?"

"I hope it don't apply," Diffendorf said. "But it starts out: give a man enough rope—" He nodded and sauntered out the door.

Clay felt his knees shaking. Diffendorf, not Storm, was the cop to worry about. He was playing cat-and-mouse. The hat proved that. And when he decided to pounce, the case would be as nearly airtight as a case could be. And once he learned about Laura Peterkins! What in hell gave with that, anyway? She'd been dead almost four hours.

From the inner office a voice called: "Mr. Clay."

Behind a huge desk in a room twice as lush as the reception room sat Mrs. Gordon, her lovely face composed, bland, inscrutable. "Close the door and sit down," she said.

He sat on one of the couches. It was unfair, he thought, for a woman to look this good and also control three newspapers, five magazines, a national wire service and forty million dollars.

"A drink?"

"No, thanks."

She watched him for a moment with detached curiosity and then, in a low voice, she asked: "Why did you kill Mary Trevor?"

FOR a moment there were only the city sounds thirty-one stories below. Somewhere a clock was striking nine. Then Clay said, "What makes you think I killed Mary Trevor?"

"Weren't you with her last night? She told me you were."

"She told you!"

"The Dupont number you're so curious about is mine."

Clay blinked at her in astonishment.

"Miss Trevor telephoned me at five

thirty this morning. From her apartment. And mentioned you."

"She made the call at four thirty."

"Not Washington time, Mr. Clay."

As his surprise diminished, Clay realized he shouldn't have been surprised at all. He should have guessed from everybody's agitation—Standish's, Hannen's, I. P. Geisel's, Widdecomb's—whose number it was.

He said, "I'd like a drink."

"The panel with the bronze knob. Scotch on the rocks for me, please," Mrs. Gordon said.

He poured Scotch over ice into two old-fashioned glasses, added soda to one and carried them back to the desk. He put her glass in front of her and asked, "Why did she call you?"

"I think you'd better answer my question."

"Why I killed her?"

"Of course you'll say you didn't."

"That's exactly what I'll say. In fact, I'll say it. I didn't kill her."

"But you were with her?"

"Before I answer that, I'd like to know something. Have you told the police about the call?"

"Not yet."

"Why not?"

"I felt that you, as a Globe employee, were entitled to tell your story first," she explained.

"And if I won't?"

"Then you won't."

He stared at her serene face, realizing that to her he was just a cog that had slipped. He sighed, drained his glass. "I guess it's tell."

"Get yourself another drink."

He filled his glass, and then started at the very beginning, with Tom Nichols at the Drake, celebrating the final decree from Alice. From there he went on to the dinner with Andy Talbot, to the Victoire and Mrs. Bruce, to the Little Club and Cleo and the brandy, to Riverview Park and the wedding photograph. He found the story flowed smoothly, the earlier gaps now filled with the information supplied by Bundy, Cleo and the various people encountered along the way. He paused to make a third drink for himself, a second for Mrs. Gordon, and then, quoting Nichols, re-created what had happened there at the Gavotte. For the first time Mrs. Gordon seemed interested. She made him repeat the business about the airplane schedule and the call to Washington.

"Frightened," she said. "And trying to get help."



"I am Professor Sampson, 34, happily married, and father of three fine children, ages..."

COLLIER'S

DAVE HIRSCH

"Where were you when she made the first call?"

"In bed. I'd left instructions not to be disturbed, and she didn't give the outler her name."

"I suppose the schedule meant she was thinking of flying there."

"She was afraid of someone in Chicago. She told me that."

"Did she say who?"

"No."

"What did she say?"

"Don't you know, Mr. Clay?"

"I don't know anything. That's the trouble."

Coolly she asked: "In that case, how do you know you didn't kill her?"

"Because—" He was about to tell her of his discovery of Laura Peterkins' body, but he suddenly realized he couldn't. The coincidence there was too much to expect anyone to believe. Because," he repeated lamely, "I wouldn't."

"Do you recall being in the apartment at all?"

"Yes," he said, and told her of waking up and finding the body. From here he went on to his discovery of the bracelet and, later, the bloodstained hears. He also, at her suggestion, poured two more drinks. He told her about Gwen Pearson, his neighbor and co-worker, seeing him come home at five in the morning and go out again; about Mr. Bundy's blackmail theory; the janitor at Mary Trevor's building claiming he saw the Angel of the Lord; Saul Blain's rendition of Larry Trevor and the Hooded Nun, the Fort Worth report on Simon Gordon's purchase of the bracelet and clip, about Esther Baumholtz and the girl's sudden wealth after Esther's death and the changing of the girl's name to Trevor.

WHEN he finished, she said, "I'm to believe all this?"

"You can check most of it."

"I suppose," she said. "Have you any idea how the girl got my late husband's jewelry?"

"I'd guess through Esther Baumholtz," Clay said.

"He bought the jewelry in August of thirty-six?"

"Yes."

"The year we were married," she said reflectively. "He might have given me money, too."

"Saul Blain says she wouldn't have taken it."

"He could be right, of course," she said. And then, after a moment, she went on: "I think I should tell you of my two conversations with the girl."

"Two?"

"One was in the office here. About three weeks ago. She told me then she was having trouble with someone in the organization."

"Not me. I didn't even know her!" Clay said.

"I think it was someone higher placed than you. Mr. Clay, someone in authority. She wanted to know how I'd feel if the trouble came to a head. I told her, of course, that I'd stand by her, if she were in the right. I'd do it for anyone."

"Low-placed reporters?"

"Even low-placed reporters," she said, a hint of laughter in her husky voice. "I tried to find out who it was but she wouldn't tell me. All she wanted, she said, was an assurance that I'd be impartial. But it was obviously someone influential."

"Hannen," said Clay. "Standish."

"Both deny it." She smiled. "Vigorously."

"Including the mink stole?"

"A platonic gesture."

They looked at each other and then she said, "The second conversation was over the telephone, the call we were discussing. I won't try to give her exact words. She was a trifle incoherent. I gathered, though, that she was in danger, that she was badly frightened and wanted to see me. I urged her to call the police, but she said she was safe for the moment. She had—and that is where she mentioned you, Mr. Clay—a temporary protector."

"I sure did a great job."

"She asked me if I'd be home at two thirty Washington time. Apparently she had a certain plane in mind. I said I would."

"No clue as to who she was afraid of?" Clay asked.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I suggested that instead of coming to Washington, she see Horace Widdecomb since he was in Chicago. And she said no, not Horace Widdecomb! It sounds queer now when I think about it. She was so emphatic."

SOMETHING besides whisky and the nice way he and Mrs. Gordon were getting on warmed Clay's stomach. Horace Widdecomb! It was an unlikely name for a murderer, but he'd certainly fit into a blackmail angle. And murder, the way he handled a knife.

He asked, "How long has he worked for you?"

"Since thirty-seven. Simon hired him in Fort Worth."

"Somebody ought to talk to him, and I'd be glad to volunteer."

"You've done enough already."

He asked, puzzled, "By that you mean you don't believe my story?"

"Curiously enough, I do."

He felt a surge of elation: tried and found not guilty. "This calls for a drink!"

As he was reaching for her glass, she said, "Just one more question, Mr. Clay. What about Laura Peterkins?"

His hand never got to the glass. "Laura Peterkins?"

"What was it she had to tell you? I know you told Hannen she thought the man she talked to was Standish." She regarded him steadily. "But that wasn't true, was it?"

"No."

"What is true?"

"I—I never talked to her at all."

"I didn't think so." She relaxed, friendly again. "I'm glad you decided not to lie."

"So am I," he said. He was so glad he went to the bar, poured himself a straight shot and downed it.

"It will be interesting to find out what Laura has to say," Mrs. Gordon said. She held out her glass. "She and Mr. Peterkins are having dinner with me." He touched her hand taking the glass. The skin was cool and smooth.

"Probably say it was me." He discovered, going back to the bar, that the room had tilted a little. He took ice from the silver bucket. "What we've got to do is find the murmurer." He turned. "Did I say murmurer?"

"Yes."

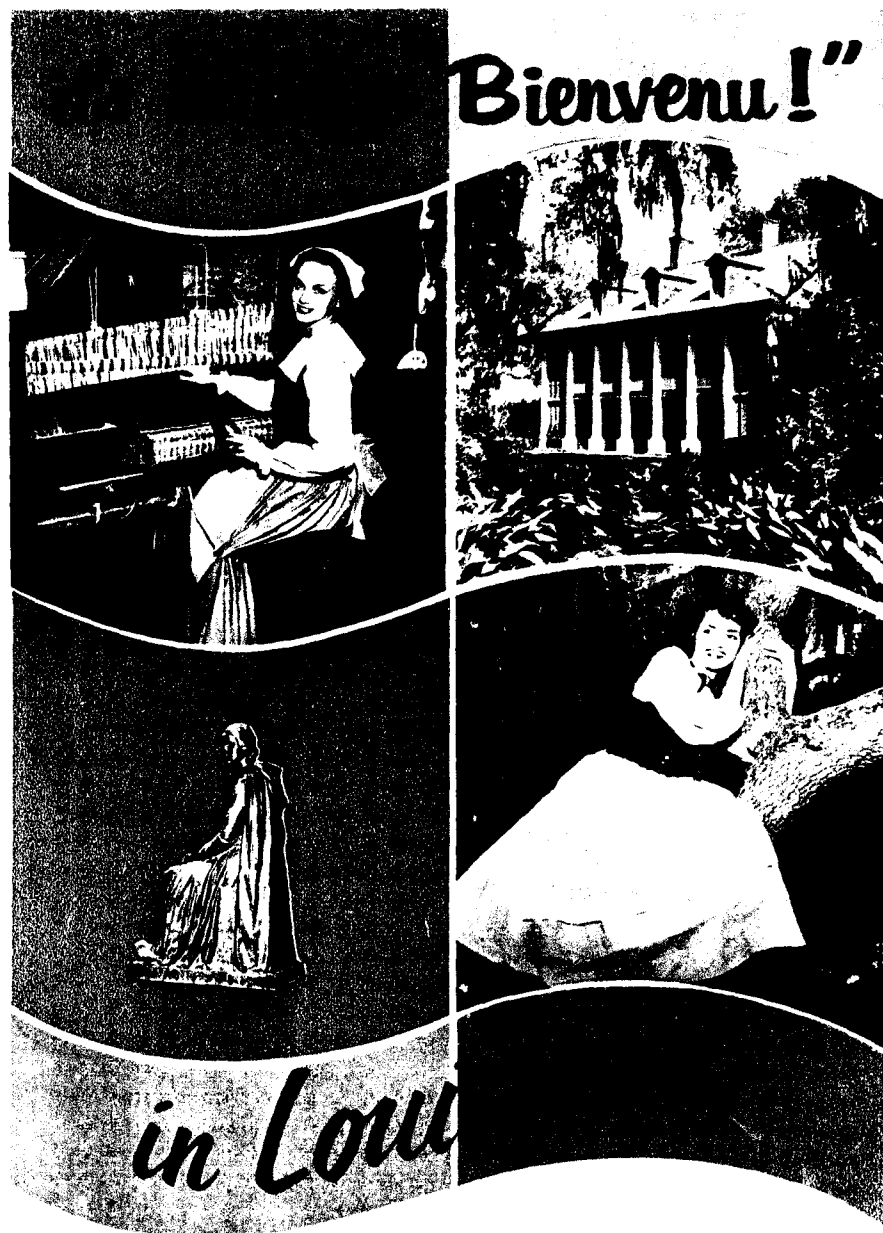
"I mean murderer. Killer!"

"I understood."

Drunk, he thought disgustedly, drunk on four drinks. Or was it five? He poured Scotch in her glass, soda and no Scotch in his. "To detection," he said, handing her her drink.

"To detection." Her eyes were smiling. "And to your speedy release."

"Release? Release!" He banged his glass down on the desk. "Release from what?"



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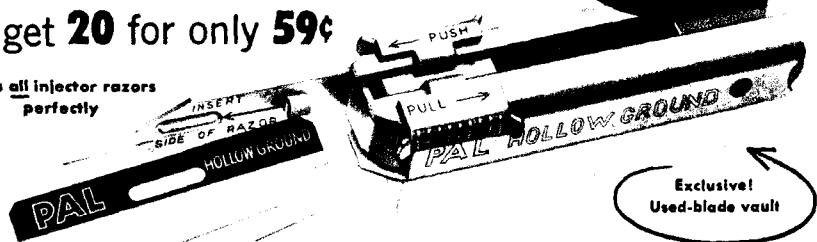
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"Come now, Mr. Clay," she said. "You can't expect me to shelter you."

"You said you believed me."

"I do. But consider my position: if I let you go, and you proved to be the murderer, I'd be an accessory after the fact."

"Not going to prove to be the murderer!" It sounded too loud as he said it and he added, "Okay. So it's a gamble. Be human. Take it."

"I'm not human, Mr. Clay. I'm an accurate, unbiased news story. As a woman, I might gamble. As a publisher, I can't."

"Then what?"

"You'd best go to the police."

To hell with that, he thought. He said, "What do you think would have happened if I'd called the police when I found the body?"

She didn't answer.

"I'll tell you. They would have found the bracelet in my pocket, the scissors in my apartment; they would have talked to Gwen, half a dozen other people, brought the elevator boy, the Little Club bartender, Mrs. Bruce, and the Gavotte hat-check girl to identify me; and with all that evidence they would have beat hell out of me until I confessed. That's why I'm not going to the police until I have to!"

"Circumstances have changed since this morning."

"Because why? Because I've been around to stir them up. And there's still stirring to be done."

"And stirrers," she said. "Your Mr. Bundy. Your friend Nichols. The Globe staff. I. P. Geisel. Me."

"Fine. But I'm going to stir to the last drop, too."

"But how can I let you go now?"

"Easy. You never saw me."

"At least four people know I did."

"Okay. You saw me. We exchanged credentials, a few jokes, and I left."

She considered this. "I would certainly have asked you about being in the apartment when the girl called. That's my only excuse for not having already told the police." She shook her head. "No, Mr. Clay," she said. "Jokes won't do."

"They've got to do! Because I'm walking out of here. Now. And I might add, cold sober."

He put down his glass and had reached for the door when she called softly, "Mr. Clay. Come back." He turned. She was pointing a Luger at him and she looked as though she knew how to use it.

Slowly, he went back to the desk walking around it toward her. "Not too close," she said. "It's on safety. But don't think for a second—"

HE DIVED across the desk, grabbing desperately for the gun. His impetus swung her chair around and tumbled both of them onto the carpet. He rolled, hearing air whoosh from his lungs, and then he twisted the pistol out of her hand. He threw it blindly away, heard a sharp crash of glass and a second later heard the sound of the pistol striking the parapet on the twenty-ninth floor. He got to his feet steadying himself against the wall.

"I'm sorry," he said mockingly. "But there's no other way."

"You fool!" She pulled her legs under her, not bothering to straighten her skirt. "You crazy fool! Can't you see I'm trying to help you?"

She stood up, pulled down a lever on the telephone call box, picked up the telephone and said, "Operator."

From behind he caught her suit jacket, dragged her from the desk and swung her to one side. He felt the jacket's buttons give, heard the rip of torn fabric. He bent over the desk and pushed the lever back in place.

She was on her way to the door, head high, back straight, walking, not running. This time he hooked an arm around her waist, and pivoted to put himself between her and the knob. He stomach, bare from skirt to brassiere because of the torn jacket, was like boy's, the muscles firm and flat. "Look," he said. "Just give me five minutes' head start."

She spun within the circle of his arm and brought her knee up. Pain blinded him and she tore free and started back to the desk. He caught her by the shoulder.

TIZZY



"I don't mind your talking to other girls, Arnold, but not from my house on my phone"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

ers with both hands. "Damn it!" he yelled, shaking her.

She tried to knee him a second time, but he turned away. She clawed at him, her expression furious, feline, insane. He grappled with her, holding her close by neck and waist. She was solid and strong, and she smelled of lavender.

Still clutching her, he fell across a corner of the cocktail table, and she went free. As he started to get to his feet, she came for him, her nails aimed at his eyes. He caught her wrists in time, but her body's weight flattened him back against the floor. She jerked her arm loose and ground her knuckles to his lips, bringing blood to his mouth. He twisted the wrist he still held until she slid off him, and then he forced a leg between hers for leverage and rolled on top of her.

He caught her free arm, pushed it and the other back over her head, and let his weight rest on her. She struggled frantically, legs thrashing, hips twisting, back arching, and then, abruptly, she was quiet. She exhaled a long sigh; her eyelids fluttered, her body trembled, she moaned once and then lay still, her face remote and mysterious.

He released her arms and got to his feet. She watched him, not moving, breathing evenly like a sleeping woman. He crossed to the desk and jerked the telephone wire from the control box. The movement hurt him. Walking stiffly, he crossed to her again and stood looking down at her. She looked back, her eyes large and luminous and blank. He said hoarsely, "A rope?"

She made a faint negative movement with her head.

"Your stockings'll have to do then."

"No." Her voice, deep in her throat, was muffled. "Five minutes. I promise." The words got clearer. "And then, heaven help you!"

He debated, conscious of the pain in the pit of his stomach, and after a second made up his mind—or the pain made it up for him. Another kick would finish him. He walked around her to the door, paused with his hand on the knob. "One thing."

She sat up, brushing back her reddish-brown hair. "Yes?"

"If I clear myself," he said, "I want a raise. Big raise."

THE reception room of her office was empty, but the door to the corridor was swinging slowly shut. Clay t to it just as it latched, pulled it open and got into the corridor in time to see Grace Widdecomb, his apprehensive airboy face turned so far over one shoulder he seemed to be running backward, vanish into Charley Adair's office. Damn little lizard! Clay thought viciously. Getting an earful! He would have liked to have gone after him, but remembering the five minutes, he went past the door to the elevator and pushed the call button. To his amazement, the bronze doors opened instantly, disclosing a statuesque, vaguely familiar-looking blonde in a pink dress. "Sam!" she exclaimed.

He blinked at her.

"Well, aren't you going to speak?"

"Damn!"

"You needn't act as though I had a rose."

"Alice, look," he said. "I'm in a terrible hurry." He stepped into the elevator. "If it's about the silver or something, I'll call you later." He pushed the button, and the car started down.

She said, "You're not very polite. Suppose I don't want to go down?"

"Look," he began again, and then

said, "you'll never change, will you?"

"And neither, apparently, will you."

The light slid down the figure column on the control panel: 21, 20, 19 . . . She said, "Even an ex-wife deserves some respect."

"If you'll stand back, I'll genuflect."

"You're bitter."

. . . 12, 11, 10 . . .

She said, "You know in your heart divorce was best for both of us."

"Sure."

"We were so young, so inexperienced when . . ." The elevator slowed to a halt. ". . . when we married," she continued. "So immature."

The doors opened. The lobby was empty. "Good-by," he said.

She caught his arm. "Sam. Can't we be friends?"

She'd always talked like a grade-B movie, but this was a new low, even for her. He felt a sudden rush of sympathy. "Alice," he said, "I don't mean to be abrupt. But I'm in a jam."

"You can spare two minutes."

"I can tell you we're friends in two seconds. We're friends. I like you fine, Alice, and I—"

SOUND erupted in the lobby. A gong clanged on the rear wall. The telephone by the street doors began to ring, insistent and shrill. A deep voice on a loud-speaker somewhere said: "Attention, all Globe employees—"

"Sneak!" he exclaimed. "Double-crossing sneak!"

Wounded, Alice released his arm. "Sam Clay!"

Another bell joined the clamor. He headed for the doors, hearing the deep voice say: "—detain reporter Sam Clay. He is wanted"—he quickened his pace to a dog trot, not quite able to run—"for questioning. Wanted for—"

Alice called, "Sam!" in a different tone of voice. He went by the ringing telephone, thankful there was no guard on Sunday, and out the doors to the street. Double-crosser! he thought again. Her and her five minutes! The loud-speaker voice said: "Attention. Detain reporter Sam Clay." He started up the street toward the river.

"Sam!" Alice came through the doors, running after him. "Sam! Wait!"

Realizing he couldn't lose her without running, he slowed his pace. She caught up with him, calling, "Sam!"

"Damn it," he said when she was beside him, "stop yelling Sam! Yell Tony or something."

"I didn't know—"

The deep voice, muffled by distance, said, "Attention Globe employees—"

"I told you I was in a jam."

"Here." Breathing hard, trotting to keep up with him, she fumbled with her purse. "What I've been trying to reach you for." She thrust an envelope at him. "From Laura Peterkins."

He stopped walking. "Laura!"

"Terribly important, she said."

He started walking again. "How did you get it?"

"She couldn't find you—so she sent it to me—by messenger. Said nobody else on the Globe must see it."

He stuffed the envelope into his pocket. "Thanks."

"If there's anything—"

"Beat it. Before you get shot."

She halted, wide-eyed, and he went on alone. The loud-speaker called after him: "Wanted for questioning. Wanted for questioning . . ." He heard it long after he was out of hearing range. And then he heard a police siren coming up Michigan Avenue, and he began to look desperately for a taxi.

—JONATHAN LATIMER

(This is the third of four parts)

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and an old competitor with a new look is
going all out to win a bigger share*

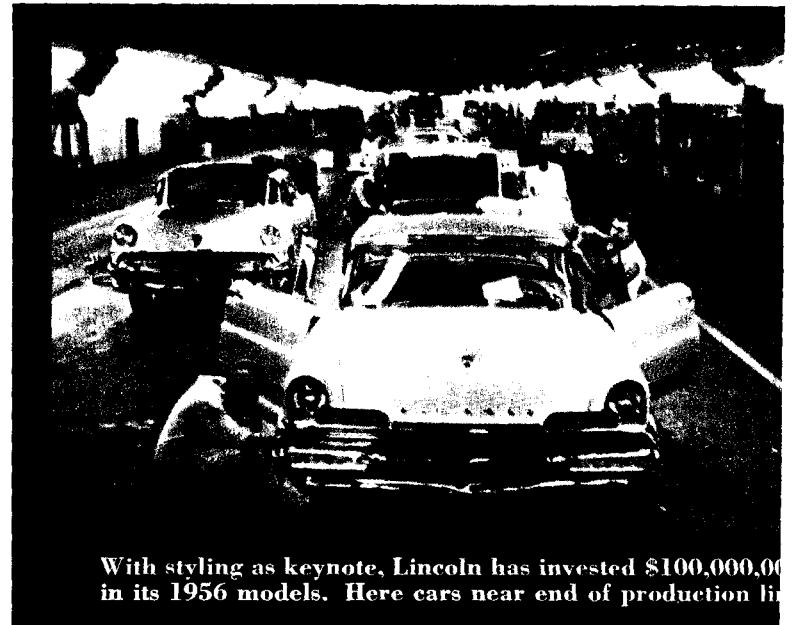
By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

OVER the next few months, in dealers’ showrooms throughout the nation, the 1956 auto models will make their debut. Some 6,000,000 buyers are expected to succumb to the appeal of the sleek new lines. The great majority of sales, as always, will be in the lower-priced field, but the continued national prosperity and the American tradition of constantly seeking something better has led to a new interest in the so-called luxury-car class. The automobile has become more than a means of transportation; today it is a symbol of social status.

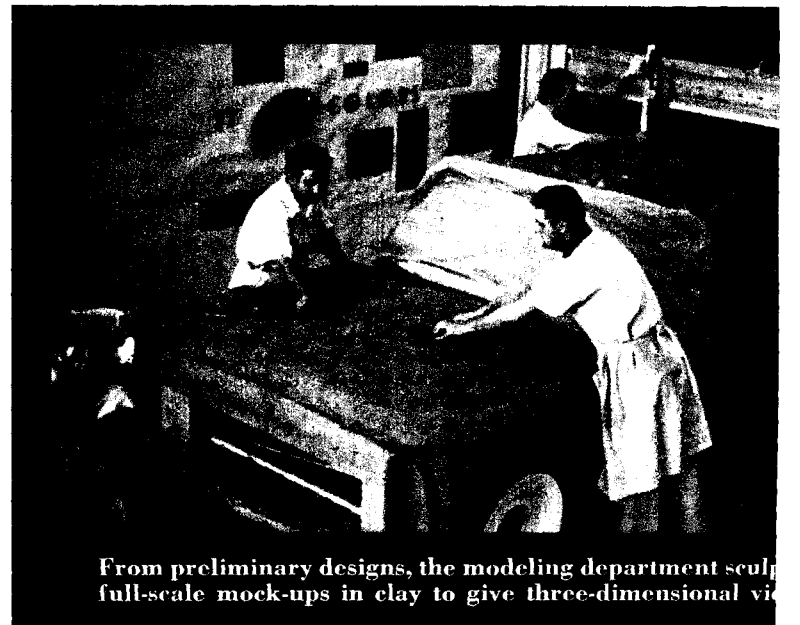
For years, and by a wide margin, Cadillac has been the leader in the fine-car field. But Cadillac’s position is not going unchallenged. In 1955 Chrysler Corporation boldly made its bid for the luxury market with its big, handsome Imperial. Now another challenger makes its move—Lincoln Division of Ford Motor Company, whose line of Capris and Premieres will be the first 1956 cars to land in the showrooms.

The Lincoln has been completely redesigned from tire tread up. It represents a \$100,000,000 gamble in production costs, promotion and new tooling. “But,” says Lewis D. Crusoe, executive vice-president of Ford Motor Company, “we are playing for big stakes. Ford is determined to be second to none in any sector of the auto market.”

A good deal of prestige attaches to production leadership in the fine-car class, and prestige is an important commodity to any company. But



With styling as keynote, Lincoln has invested \$100,000,000 in its 1956 models. Here cars near end of production line



From preliminary designs, the modeling department sculpts full-scale mock-ups in clay to give three-dimensional view

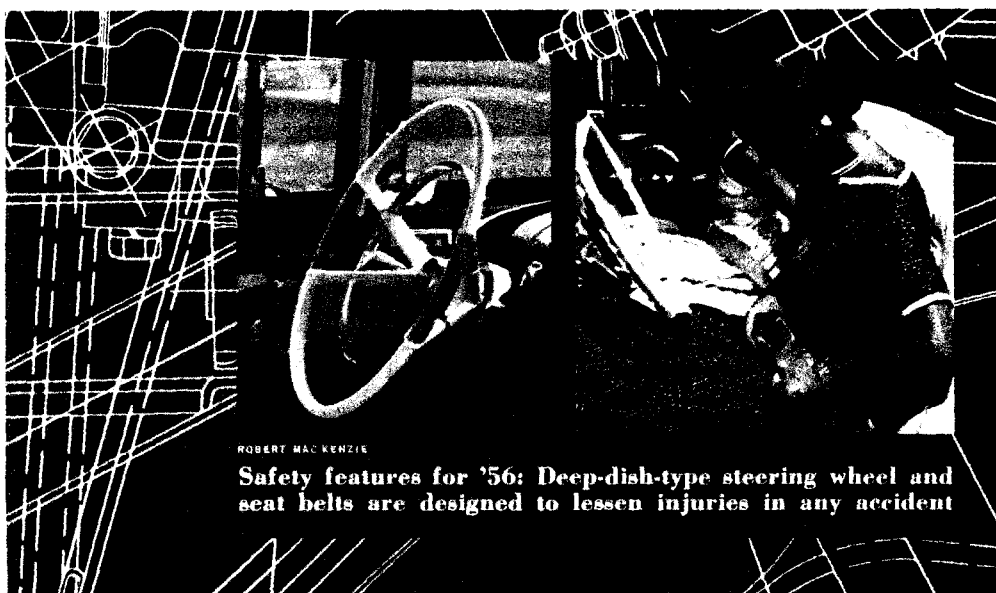
Lincoln’s attempt to penetrate the big-car market more deeply is based on more than prestige. There is gold in the luxury field today and Lincoln is out to get it. Unit-wise, this field (200,000 to 225,000 cars annually) amounts to only four to five per cent of total sales, but in terms of dollars it comes to more than a billion a year, a sizable chunk even in the fabulous auto industry.

Ford’s top management is not kidding itself about the job ahead. It took Cadillac 20 years to reach its current position and Cadillac will not be easily dethroned, but the Ford Company is convinced that it can become firmly entrenched in the fine-car market within three years through an all-out promotion campaign and, more important, by turning out the last word in luxury-car styling and performance.

Lincoln admittedly faces an uphill battle. Today the car ranks 16th in the industry sales list, and it is running a poor fourth in its own price field—behind Cadillac, the Buick Roadmaster and Chrysler’s New Yorker and Imperial. But Lincoln is pinning a lot of its hopes on the 1956 design; the division hopes to get one per cent of the total market—some 60,000 sales, more than double the 27,222 units turned out in 1955.

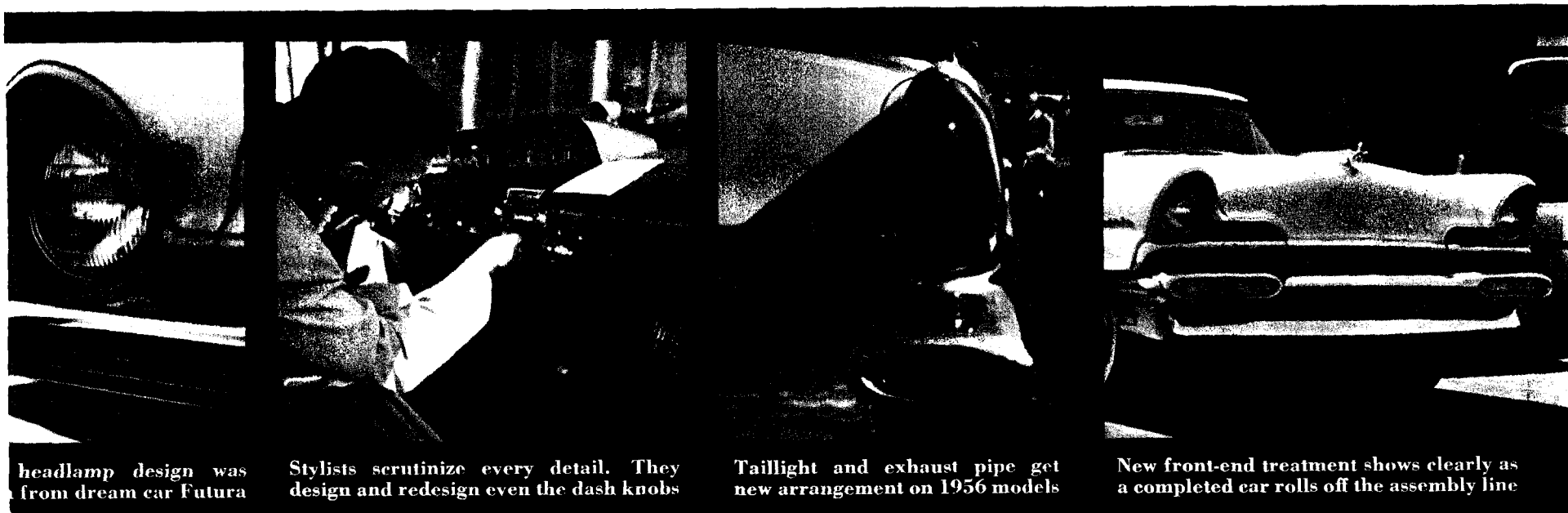
The new Lincoln is a big car, yet, paradoxically, it conveys an impression of small-car maneuverability. Barely five feet high, it has a “ground-hugging” appearance. A long chrome “side spear,” coupled with forward swept headlamp hoods, makes it appear longer than its 223 inches. Similarly, the front end, a series of horizontal chrome lines broken by a massive “impact bar” (bumper), creates an illusion of width beyond its 80 inches.

There are other changes and innovations. Horsepower has been boosted to 285. And new safety devices are being introduced, designed to reduce the number and severity of crash injuries—a new type of steering wheel, safety door locks and, as an optional accessory, seat belts, first in the industry.



ROBERT MAC KENZIE

Safety features for '56: Deep-dish-type steering wheel and seat belts are designed to lessen injuries in any accident



headlamp design was from dream car Futura

Stylists scrutinize every detail. They design and redesign even the dash knobs

Taillight and exhaust pipe get new arrangement on 1956 models

New front-end treatment shows clearly as a completed car rolls off the assembly line



men are working on interior styling, which gets as much attention nowadays as exterior design

Fabrics once used only for fine furniture now go into cars. Those above may be considered for future models

Styling chief George Walker, color shop boss Herman Brunn (r.) confer

What is needed in a car whose destiny is to challenge the position of the leader in the field? How is the design arrived at? What is the process by which a new car is born? I recently visited Lincoln's styling studios in Dearborn, Michigan, and retraced the steps leading to the development of the nation's newest luxury car.

Designing a new auto entails thousands of man hours of research, market study and actual design work. It involves a careful analysis of the "styling trend," the likes and dislikes of the buyer. Hundreds of sketches, covering everything from the over-all lines of the car to such minutiae as the hood ornament or the cigarette lighter, are drawn, discussed, modified and rejected before the final design is approved. Models are built, studied, criticized and rebuilt. Countless hours of deliberation go into the selection of colors, interior and exterior.

Designing a new car is anything but a dull, routine job. There is a flavor of excitement in the styling studios, for the company and its dealers fail or prosper according to how well the designers do their work. A new design is always a big gamble, involving millions of dollars in tooling changes and millions more in auto sales.

"The style's the thing," George W. Walker, vice-president-styling of Ford Motor Company, told me. Like most designers, Walker doodled constantly while he talked, sketching grilles, fenders and headlamps. Stylists think in terms of design all day long, on duty and off. "Performance is important, of course, but the customer nowadays takes it for granted that any new car is near-perfect mechanically, so design becomes the competitive sales feature. A catchy new design may turn a moderately popular car into a best-seller; a styling mistake can be ruinous."

The design history of the 1956 Lincoln goes back to April, 1952. At that time, Lincoln's sales position admittedly was weak. Price-wise, the car was among the more expensive; design-wise, it lay in a nether region between the larger medium-priced cars and the big "fine car." Dealers

were grumbling that they did not have enough of a "package" to do a good sales job.

"We decided to give them more of a package and go all out to crash the fine-car market," said Richard E. Krafve, now general manager of Ford's Special Products Division, which is exploring the possibilities of coming out with a new line of cars, but then in charge of the Lincoln program. "We felt we wanted a bigger car, with the utmost in comfort and luxury, but at the same time we wanted to match or better the performance and handling characteristics of the smaller Lincoln."

With that basic idea as a guide line, the styling and body-engineering experts were told to go to work. First step was to set up the framework—the over-all body dimensions. It was decided that the car would be longer (by more than seven inches), wider (by about two inches) and lower (two and a half inches) and that the engine would need another 60 horsepower (to a total of 285) to get better performance in the bigger and heavier car. The increases in dimensions do not sound like much, but a skilled stylist can do a lot with a few inches. Through design tricks, he can create an illusion of length and width out of all proportion to the actual size increases.

First designs of the new Lincoln came from the advanced-styling studio, the "Buck Rogers boys," a small group (six to twelve stylists) which spends its time dreaming up futuristic designs.

"The body stylists work years ahead of actual production, but we work years ahead of them," said advanced-styling manager Rulo Conrad. "Right now we're working on designs that might appear in 1961 or 1962."

"Our job is to let our imaginations loose and project design trends several years forward," added Don Stumpf, one of Conrad's assistants. "We don't turn out finished designs; we try to get the styling 'feel' for a given year. Maybe portions of several different designs will be merged into one model."

Continued on next page

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To designers, 1956 cars are old st

The advanced-styling people do not confine their "dreaming" to paper work. Some of their designs are worked up into small-scale models, and on occasion full-scale operative automobiles are constructed—such as the Futura, a \$250,000 dream car built by Lincoln to assay public reaction to its advanced lines. The Futura is too radical a departure from the styling trend for public sale, but stylists borrowed one of its features—the headlamp arrangement—for the 1956 Lincoln.

From some 60 to 70 advanced-design sketches, those which seem closest to the "feel" of the 1956 Lincoln are selected and turned over to a new group, the production stylists. It was their job to "tame down" the sketches, redrawing here, modifying there, merging parts of one with parts of another until only a few designs remained.

Stylists "Just Noodle Away"

At Dearborn, I visited the studios of these production stylists and watched them at work.

"The '56 is old stuff now, of course," said executive stylist L. D. (Dave) Ash. He pointed to a row of drafting tables where eight designers were busy sketching. "They're working on '57 and '58. We give them the basic direction and then they just noodle away. We take one step at a time; we might work a couple of months on a front end, for example, plowing through a hundred or more designs until we get a few that look promising."

By late 1952, the styling group had weeded out hundreds of sketches of various components for the '56 models and merged the remainder into two promising over-all designs. Now came the next step, making the clay models.

"No matter how good a design looks on paper, you can't be sure of it until you see it in three dimensions," Ash explained. "So we build full-scale clay models in exact detail." A strong wooden skeleton, called a "buck," provides the base for the clay, which is molded to the desired shape by skilled modelers. The models are smoothed to the exact design configuration, painted and "chrome" added (the chrome is actually tinfoil of the candy-wrapper variety).

Modeling manager Arthur Karpeles and an assistant, Edward O'Brien, were busy putting the finishing touches to a clay model of some future Lincoln when I visited them. I asked Karpeles how he goes about building a model.

"We shellac the wooden buck so the clay will stick to it," he replied, "then dump on three or four inches of clay and mold it by hand and tools to the pattern in the sketch and to dimensions sent over by engineering. Our modelers are highly skilled and they can reproduce the exact design. They're actually sculptors of a sort; most of them have art training.

"A finished model will have about 2,500 pounds of clay on it. To keep it pliable, we heat the clay in ovens to a temperature of about 130 to 150 degrees, then smear it on."

"By hand?" I wanted to know.

"Sure," O'Brien chimed in. "It's a little hot, but you get used to it."

Throughout the early styling stages of the '56 models, the heads of Lincoln Division and the Product Planning

Committee—a group of top-echelon Ford executives—had been looking over the shoulders of their designers to make sure the car was progressing in the proper direction. With the completion of the first set of clay models, top management took a more formal part in the design evolution. In January, 1953, there began the long series of "showings," which would continue for 18 months, sometimes as often as once a week.

These showings were held in the styling rotunda at Dearborn, a circular showroom with special lighting to bring out every feature of the design. Usually, the models were shown with another car, either the preceding year design or the current model of a competitive car, for contrast. Each member of the styling committee or to executives voiced his approval or rejection of each design feature.

"I think the hood on No. 1 is too coffinlike," someone might say, or . . .

"Shouldn't the windshield on No. 1 wrap around more?" Or . . .

"That impact bar on No. 1 seems frail to me. Should be more massive. Or . . .

"No. 2's grille seems too 'open mouthed.' We should close it up."

Every part of the design was gone over carefully at these showings, agreement reached on the changes necessary and the models sent back to the studio for rework; then another showing was held on the modified design. Finally, June, 1953, one of the models was selected as the basic design and the stylists retired to work out the detailed configurations of the alternate body styles—the hardtop and the convertible.

This initial approval covered on the exterior design. A lot of work remained. The production stylists prepared several models of interior styling and put them through a new series of showings. The trim and color showed over hundreds of fabric designs to select the best possible interior decoration and weeded out hundreds of possible exterior colors. The most promising colors were painted on small plastic Lincoln models and narrowed down another series of showings until final color selections were made for each body style.

Color an Important Sales Feature

"Over the last few years, color has become more and more important as a sales feature," said Herman Brun, chief of Lincoln's trim and color showings. "We not only change once a year, but sometimes we throw in a fresh spring line."

Just as important, he added, is the interior trim. "We're now in the 'interior decorating' era of auto design. We feel that the interior styling of the automobile should follow the pattern of home interior decorating, not only in color but in fabrics as well. We are now using fabrics which for a long time we used only for fine furniture."

The exterior stylists were still busy too. Although their basic design had been approved, there were still details to be ironed out: body ornamentation, door handles, accessories, ornaments—each requiring as many as 20 design submissions before approval.

"These may seem like unimportant

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you're working on '57 and '58 models

ails," said Ben D. Mills, vice-president and general manager of Lincoln Division, "but nothing is unimportant when it comes to putting a new design on the market. Redesign involves a lot of money and a lot of future sales. Our attitude is that nothing is too minor to draw our full attention."

In July, 1954, 14 months before the '56 would appear in the showrooms, design for '56 was "locked in"—it was it. From the finished clay models, engineering took the detailed dimensions of the new car and drew blueprints. In the experimental game the engineers built hand-made prototypes which would undergo thousands of hours of testing—in the laboratory, on the test track and under all sorts of driving conditions throughout the country.

Cars Camouflaged for Tests

For tests outside the guarded confines of the Ford track, the cars were camouflaged, for the design had to be kept secret until the showroom date. The engineering cars were "blackened"—stripped of chrome, painted black, all identification removed and noticeable design features disguised and driven thousands of miles in an effort to spot any "bugs" before full production started.

To get a firsthand look at the new Lincoln's performance, I rode with test driver C. N. Reuter at Ford's Dearborn test track. We tried acceleration from a standing start to 60 miles an hour, and averaged 10.5 seconds for four tries. Earlier, we had made the same tests in a '55 Lincoln, which was lacking in performance. Time: 12.5 seconds average for the four tries. Speed? We hit 120 miles an hour on the straightaway, hugged the top of the curve at 100. "We could do a little better if we had more track," Reuter said laconically. Engineering had been busy as the stylists.

After months of testing the engineering prototypes, Lincoln Division decided the new car had performance to match its last-word styling. The word given to start production, with one-minute addition. To insure that the '56 Lincoln had the utmost in sales appeal, it was decided that the car would be the first of the Ford line to produce the company's new safety equipment.

For more than four years Ford had been conducting research on automobiles, trying to devise means of making cars safer. At the Dearborn test track, cars occupied by lifelike dummies, built to the height and weight specifications of the average motorist, were rammed into heavy timber barriers or into other cars. The dummies retained electronic instrumentation that the forces of the blows they received could be automatically translated to an instrument truck following the crash car. High-speed cameras also filmed the movements of the dummies in impact.

One thing we found out is that there is less chance of injury when the driver and passengers are held securely in their seats," said Alex L. Haynes, head of Ford's safety program. "This led to developments: safety belts anchored to the floor, which will be optional equipment on the 1956 Lincoln and other Ford cars, and new-type door

locks to prevent the doors from popping open in a crash."

The safety belts have an added advantage for the driver, Haynes said. It was learned during the crash program that sometimes a driver is so jolted in a minor accident that he loses his grip on the steering wheel, resulting in a secondary collision which might be more serious. The research program demonstrated that a driver restrained by a safety belt is less likely to lose control of the auto.

For further protection of the driver, who faces the additional hazard of being impaled on the hub of a steering column in a crash, Lincoln engineers came up with a new steering wheel which minimizes the chances of such an accident. In this design the wheel has a "deep-dish" effect—the rim of the wheel is four inches higher than the hub and it will give slightly with the shock.

There was one final step before the new Lincolns headed for the showrooms—the dealer show, which the designers "sweated out" as nervously as they had the frequent management showings.

"The dealers represent an informed cross section of the buying public," said Gene Bordinat, now chief Mercury stylist, but who had been in charge of the '56 Lincoln styling throughout most of its development. "If they didn't like our car we could be pretty sure that more than three years work had gone for naught."

The dealers' show, on July 25th, started with a \$150,000 Broadway-type extravaganza at Detroit's Masonic Temple auditorium, in which high-class professional entertainment was interspersed with pep talks, business statistics, discussions of future outlook and the first showings of the new Lincolns. The theme was, "This is the year for Lincoln." The climax came when a dozen Broadway choristers sang a Detroit version of What's New? while through a water mist sprayed from beneath the stage floor came a beautiful lilac-colored 1956 Lincoln Premiere hardtop. It was the dealers' first look at the car upon which their own financial futures depended. The applause was deafening.

The Dealers Approve

Later, the 2,000 dealers congregated at Ford's styling rotunda at Dearborn and studied their new products up close. In the company of some very tense stylists, I mingled with the dealers and watched their reactions as they pored over the dozen new Lincolns on display. Bordinat had nothing to worry about.

There were a few sour notes. Some dealers thought it still had too much Ford in it. Others felt it was not as different as they had anticipated. But the consensus was heavily against the dissenters. It was obvious that the dealers thought they had a car that could compete.

Chief Lincoln stylist John Najjar sighed audibly.

"I heard a few negative remarks," he acknowledged, "but for the most part the dealers were as enthusiastic as I am—and that's pretty enthusiastic." He looked at his watch. "I've got to get back to the studio—to get busy on the car they'll be looking at a couple of years from now."

THE END

"...without Me, YOU Can Do Nothing"



It would be hard to convince some people that these words of Our Lord apply to them.

Like the Pharisees of Christ's time, they attribute their successes to their own merits. They may concede that they "got the breaks" now and then, but in the main they vainly think they have succeeded because of their own superior qualities. "Oh, sure," they may say, "God has been good to me"... but most of the credit they take unto themselves.

In this age of self-glorification... when so many seem convinced of the necessity of "tooting their own horn"... the Catholic Church may seem out of step in preaching its 2,000-year-old message of humility. And likewise unpopular with some people will be the Church's reminder that the sin of Pride still ranks first among the seven capital sins condemned by Christ.

Our hope here, however, is not so much to convince the wilfully arrogant of the error of their ways. Our purpose, rather, is to point out that the capital sin Pride covers a multitude of other sins which are subtle and not easy to recognize. The Catholic teaching in this respect may not appeal to those afflicted by Pride, but we think it will be received with a spirit of good-will and approval by humble people of all faiths.

Pride, for example, can be a worse sin than murder under certain circumstances. It was the Original Sin. It is often the besetting sin of the individual who demands to see the divine credentials and assumes to judge God. And there are sins prompted by Pride which violate no civil law, yet are deeply offensive to God.

The Catholic Church constantly reminds its people to acknowledge their weaknesses and confess their sins... to realize that human merits are from God and are not due to the worthiness of

the individual. This confession of unworthiness is among the very first prayers uttered by the priest and the people at Mass, when they proclaim to God and to "all the saints" in heaven that they have sinned..."through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault."

Catholics, of course, are exposed to the same occasions for sinning as other people. And like others, they have the God-given free will to choose between sinning and not sinning. On the other hand, they have the guidance and help of the Church... and the Sacraments... in the struggle against temptation. How this help works with respect to the Seven Capital Sins... Pride, Anger, Sloth, Envy, Covetousness, Gluttony and Lust... is shown in a helpful pamphlet which we will send you free on request. It will be mailed in a plain wrapper; nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. C-34.

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MEL HUNTER

Hello, Down There

EARTH-BOUND SINCE HIS BEGINNINGS, prisoner of the air he breathes, man has always looked upward. He has longed to unlock the sky, to get a picture window on space. Now at last he may have it, and more. With the President's announcement that in 1957 or 1958 the United States will throw a man-made satellite into the outer edges of our atmosphere, man stands at the door of immense discovery, perhaps of his greatest adventure. After his first "bird" will come others, more elaborate. One day, probably within our lifetime, man himself will follow his robots into space.

The first satellite may be shaped like a ball, or a cylinder or a cone. It will be small, perhaps no more than 18 inches in diameter and weighing less than 100 pounds. It may be solid or it may be hollow, crammed with instruments telemetering back to earth secrets which man as yet has only surmised. It will go more than 200 miles into the dark void above us, so high and so fast that for a few days or weeks it will be free of

earth's gravitational pull. Before its final flash of extinction it will orbit the earth on a north-south path 16 times during each of our globe's 24-hour rotations. At five miles per second it will cross from Canada to Mexico in about four minutes. At dawn and dusk, some scientists say, the satellite will be visible to the naked eye. And in some remote places men who have not heard of it may watch this tiny earthborn star hurtle across the sky and wonder: What is this new omen, what does it mean?

Even the scientists could give only the barest reply, for they too are seeking answers. From the satellite they hope to learn more of the composition, temperature and density of the upper atmosphere. With it they may explore the electrified layers of the ionosphere which reflect radio waves and on which our communications greatly depend. They will be able to study cosmic rays and solar radiation and all the mysterious forms of energy that beat upon our earth. They will be able to define more clearly the pre-

cise shape of the earth, to plot more exactly the positions of its land masses, to note the great movements of terrestrial weather. From a vantage point beyond the earth's obscuring atmosphere, astronomers finally will gaze unhindered at other planets and remote stars.

Like all scientific advances, this too will have a twin potential for good or evil depending on how man chooses to use it. The mission of the first satellite will be peaceful research. Yet the very fuels to catapult it into space are in part the result of military rocket development and the race between the United States and the Soviet Union to achieve an intercontinental ballistic missile. Long before the first man follows the first mouse and the first monkey into space, man-launched satellites would be capable of serving as great super-bombsights vectoring hydrogen missiles accurately on targets across the world. With mounted telescopes and television cameras, such satellites may be able to keep the whole world under routine daily surveillance, an unblinking eye staring at us from the heavens.

Mindful of these threatening possibilities, some of our senators and public officials have questioned the wisdom and authority of the President to place at the disposal of all scientists, including those of the Soviet Union, the knowledge which the little satellite may bring. In view of the Soviet Union's past record of conquest and duplicity we respect their caution. Still, we believe that it is the President who has had the greater vision to see that the time may well have come when the frightful dimensions of future war have proscribed its use as an instrument of any nation's policy. Perhaps indeed, to use Winston Churchill's bitter but hopeful phrase, we are at the point where "safety will be the sturdy child of terror and survival the twin brother of annihilation."

Rather than gain a possible temporary advantage by withholding what we learn, the President has chosen to make this new knowledge a gift to all men, a token of our intentions—and such a gift can have a power incalculably greater than if kept secretly locked in a vault. It will emphasize again that knowledge is open to all, and that men are interdependent in seeking it. The earth-made satellite will be a climactic event in the International Geophysical Year in which 40 countries, including the Soviet Union, are preparing the most exhaustive common study ever made of our planet earth. With monitoring stations in many countries throughout the world, with scientists of many nations assessing the results, the satellite will be a demonstration that we can learn more together than we can separately.

That small object in the sky will be not only a symbol of the wonder and curiosity of earth's most magnificent parasite, man, it will be a reminder of the decisions we face, probably the most crucial in man's brief history. With the awful power of the atom and a bombsight in the sky, man can destroy his earth. He can also summon to himself limitless powers. We stand not between the spear and the catapult, between crossbow and cannon, but between an obliterating danger and an opportunity of whose dimensions we can only dream.

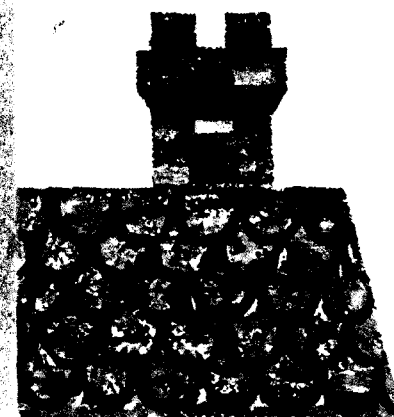
We shall be looking not only outward, but inward. It is not outer space alone that is being opened to man's gaze. For the first time he may have a vantage point from which he can look down physically upon his little planet and see it whole. It is there that he faces his greatest and ultimate conquest—himself.



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